November

1941

The Cambridge Review

Cambridge High and Latin School

Cambridge, Massachusetts

November 1941

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

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The Cambridge Review

CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL

NOVEMBER 1941

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

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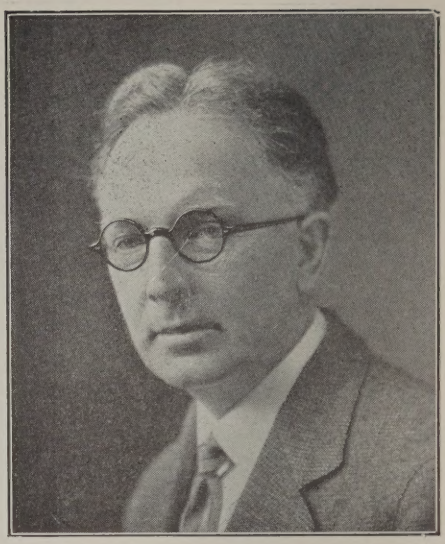
AN APPEAL TO YOU .....

UNFORTUNATELY Cambridge Latin School has, in recent years, acquired the distasteful reputation of having no school spirit. Class after class has graduated from this school leaving behind these challenging words ringing unpleasantly in the ears of the undergraduates: "The thing which gripes us most in Cambridge Latin School is its complete lack of school spirit." Although, in this statement, these classes have not offered any suggestions for the solution of this problem, they have, at least, clearly pointed out a glaring defect in our school life. At the same time, they have flung in the faces of the upcoming classes a stinging challenge. However, we it must shamefully be admitted, draw back timidly at their challenge and nod regretfully in acknowledgement of this fault; we make no visible effort to correct it. It is difficult to believe that such a deplorable lack of enthusiasm is allowed to exist in a school providing such excellent opportunities for a spirited student body. The root of our difficulty, we believe, is buried in the fact that the individual student is convinced our plight is irreparable and that it is not in his power to improve it. This is, truly, a sad misconception. The individual student must be made to realize that the power and duty of reviving our school spirit rests directly on his shoulders. Indeed he holds the key to the solution and yet accepts a defeatist attitude without realizing the good he can do. To the individual student, therefore, we make this desperate appeal. Come to life! Whether you are a Freshman, Sophomore, Junior, or Senior, do not hesitate to take the initiative in doing justice to a fine school. You have before you a long year in which much may be accomplished. Make the best of it. Support your athletic teams, clubs, newspaper, and social affairs. Give the Senior class this year every right to comment enthusiastically in their questionnaire as they leave the school: "What makes us most proud at Cambridge Latin School is its wonderful revival of school spirit."



We should like to extend a rousing welcome to Mr. Downey as our new headmaster and offer our congratulations to the the school as a whole rather than to him on his appointment for it is we who shall derive the benefits from his guidance and enjoy the fruits of his labor.

A MASTERPIECE WE SHOULD ..... NOTICE .....

ONE day last year, when I was a Sophomore, I wandered down into the youthful corridors of the freshmen floor. As no one had informed me that there was a war memorial in our school, I was surprised and pleased when I saw, glistening in the bright light of the corridor, a monument to the men killed in the first World War.

Diligent first-year students toiled breathlessly to their classes, never glancing at the piece; seniors ambled along, discussing tests or affairs of the day, all of them too preoccupied to notice it.

If anyone were to speak of Cyrus Dallin, no doubt those same students would "oh" and "ah," exclaiming about his excellent pieces of scupture; yet they have repeatedly passed by an original work of that famous artist.

Mr. Dallin's adventurous life began in Utah, in 1861. Living in the West, he became familiar with the American Indians and their rugged ponies, which he has portrayed so elo-

quently in several of his finest works. The statue in our building has, however, an entirely different subject matter. Instead of emphasizing realism, the sculptor has stressed the symbolical aspects in this piece. It is interesting to interpret the meaning of the pose.

On a stalwart charger is seated the figure of a devout knight, with hands pressed together in prayer, just as many a hero of old prayed before starting a crusade. The meaning is clear enough; our boys went into the first World War as if it were a crusade, praying that they would not fail in the task of keeping alive peace and happiness.

The statue embodies the desire for freedom, which we all possess, and the courage to defend it with God's help. In times like these, the spirit of the piece is especially significant, and it would be well worth the while of every student to pause and remember the ideal which it represents. DIANA ELIZABETH KELTY, '43

THE FINE ART OF WASHING THE ... DISHES.. ....

WASHING the dishes is a postprandial occupation, which recognizes no boundaries, but inflicts itself on all, regardless of sex, age, I. Q., or common sense. An individual assigned to this onerous task is confronted by a pile of dishes, which in size and manifoldness of individual strongholds resembles the Maginot Line. Unfortunately, the analogy stops there; a collection of dirty dishes has no Sedan section.

This line of fortifications can not be taken by siege, but must be stormed. The first preparatory step is obtaining hot water. A person who desires to waste time in the hope that some more efficient member of his family will become disgusted and wash the dishes himself can spend between one-half and two hours just procuring hot water. If this well laid plan meets with no success, the individual must reconcile himself to his fate, and go to work. The dishes have to be washed and then scalded. The scalding of an assemblage of plates and saucers requires as much courage as does swimming the Hellespont or climbing Mt. Everest. Water heated to a temperate of 212 Fahrenheit, (or 100 Centigrade) is, to say the least, unpleasant to the touch. However, one must be ready to sacrifice all for the good of the state, and so he scalds the dishes.

When this irrevocable step has been taken and lotion applied to the wounds, one more phase remains before the job is completed. The dishes are to be dried; this is the sole pleasant duty of an otherwise invidious task. At this point, everyone satisfies a long suppressed yearning to be a juggler. Previously sluggish people produce feats of legerdemain, unequalled by Houdini in his prime. Nevertheless, pride cometh before a fall, and just when the person is beginning to wonder why he didn't go on the stage, instead of hiding his talents under a bushel, the blow falls. A dish is broken, and washing the dishes is again a hateful assignment.

But the real art lies not in washing the dishes; it consists of being able to evade washing them. This is the sign of true genius. Any male may become an Einstein in the particular field merely by asserting that it needs a woman's touch, or that it is good for her hands, and that the talk about dishpan hands is mere propaganda of the soap companies.

HUGH BARTLEY, '42

I KNEW HE WAS A TRAMP ....

HIS lagging walk first told me that he was a tired wanderer. His well worn shoes scuffed along the road bringing him on and on. I could not see his face, but his tired shoulders drooped and were met by his long, thick, tawney hair, that escaped from the battered, well scorched hat that was pulled over his eyes. He was dressed in merely a dirty pair of brown trousers and an old shirt which was covered by a moth eaten sweater. His head was bent but suddenly he looked up with a pair of steel gray eyes. They were tired looking eyes and were encircled with dark shadows made by many sleepless nights. A square jaw strengthened his face and his dark skin was covered with tiny wrinkles. There was no laughter in his eyes and presently he bent his head and walked on.

NANCY SALVATO, '44

RANDOM HARVEST .... *by* James Hilton

James Hilton should be crowned the master of strange and beautiful tales. His new novel is every bit as good as his previous great books "Lost Horizon" and "Goodbye, Mr. Chips."

To tell even a brief summary of the story, I feel, would spoil this unusual tale for the reader. I am sure anyone who reads this book will find it exciting and thrilling. It's a good story, not a great one, but it is superbly told. The climax far surpasses anything Mr. Hilton has ever done.

ROBERT GUEST, '43

STUDENTS' BREAKFASTS ....

SINCE, in our family, there are three different types of students, there must necessarily be three different breakfasts. There is no doubt in my mind that this procedure is not carried out in many families in our neighborhood, but as our "happy little home" is considered to have many peculiar customs, it is not out of keeping that we do not conform to the conventional morning meal. As to the classification of students, first there are my youngest sister and brother who attend grammar school; then come Barb and I on the second rung of the ladder of education, which is commonly known as high school; last of all, is eldest sister, Anne, who occupies top place in the search for knowledge, a college student.

When the children arise in the cold, grey dawn of early morning, a breakfast which is as substantial as one a burly truck-driver would devour, awaits them. They eat heartily from the first sip of their orange juice continuing through steaming oat-meal and cream, eggs and bacon, toast and jam, and enough milk to keep Mr. Hood securely in business. With this breakfast are digested the latest episodes of Mutt and Jeff and events of other current comic strips.

As they race down the hall-way on their way to school, the sound of their foot steps wakes Barb and me like the thundering roar of Hannibal's elephants crossing the Alps. Noting that we have a scant thirty minutes in which dress, eat, and arrive safely and sanely at the intersection of Trowbridge and Broadway, we hurriedly snatch our orange juice and vitamin B energy pills, left on the front hall table by our understanding mother, and gulp them down while poring over miscellaneous remnants of unfinished assignments

As Barb and I trip down the stairs to catch the bus to this noble edifice of learning, the resounding slam of the door behind us arouses Anne from her heavy slumber. While she sits down sleepily at the breakfast table to scan the headlines, she slowly sips hot coffee with the late news, in the hope that this will keep her enough awake to search for the keys to the family car.

Thus we students start our day.

MARY SULLIVAN, '42

ART ....

THE application of skill and taste to production according to aesthetic principles is a dictionary definition of art. This definition, although correct, is, in my mind, too ponderous and involved to portray immediately the exact meaning of the word. The definition should be brief and at the same time it should bear enough conviction to quell any arising uncertainties. Art, then, is anything on which the eye alights. Although it need not be, it is usually thought of as being an effort by man to portray, through his own talents, something pertaining to the aesthetic. With that the whole history of Art, as it has come to us today, was started.

That art was inherent in man before the induction of civilized habits and customs is apparent by the crude and hardly discernible wall-carvings left to us by the pre-historic man of the Stone Age. From this beginning art took its start and gradually grew. Its progress during the supremacy of the Greek and Roman Empires was rapid, indeed, and gave us some of the world's finest sculptors ever to be had. Advancement was slow in ensuing years, especially in painting, a phase of art which, up to that time, had not been aware of its great possibilities. The main reason for holding back in this phase was restrictions imposed by the Byzantine style. But Giotto broke away from this tight style, and there were sowed the seeds of the famous Italian Renaissance, which produced such famous figures as Michelangelo, Da Vinci, Raphael, and Andrea del Sarto. Following this flourishing school, art moved northward with civilization, producing the French and Dutch schools. Like a pricking conscience, it followed man in his exploits to the new, western world, and there grew with the country. Today we find art sated with this new movement called Modernism, or Impressionism, which is, after all, like many other things today, something new, revolutionary, concurring with modern industrial and scientific advancement; and it must be tolerated with a true, Christian attitude.

Art, in all is phases, is a never ending source of interest and discussion. Like an author's prose style, it, too, discloses the inner feelings and personality of the Artist. It is always before you, defiantly obvious, minutely inconspicious, glaring in its subtleness, beautful in its ugliness, perpetual in its universality —Art.

RAYMOND FITZ GERALD, '41

This Thing Called Swing . . .

WELL, you C. H. L. Swingsters, here we go again on another year of this thing called Swing . . . Vaughn Monroe pays tribute to Cambridge with his new release called "Harvard Square" . . . Bonnie Lake, Artie Shaw's new vocalist, is the sister of Harriet Lake better known as Ann Sothern of Movie and "Masie" fame . . . The old master has done it again, I mean Mr. P. I. Tchaikowsky. He has made the Hit Parade four times with "Moon Loves", "Our Love", "Isle of May", and "These Things I Love" and now he makes another bid for Hit Parade fame with his "Piano Concerto in "B" Flat", better known as "To-night We Love" or "Concerto For Two . . . not bad for a composer who has been dead for forty-seven years.

Gene Krupa's vocalist, Howard De Lany, is Uncle Sam's newest recruit; Johnny Desmond takes over Howard's vocal arrangements . . . You swing fans who are also movie fans will see many of your musical favorites in the flickers this fall. Among those on view are Glenn Miller, Alvino Rey, Louis Armstrong, Charlie Barnet, Jimmy Dorsey, etc. . . . Speaking of Glenn Miller, he makes his third return to New York, "Hotel Pennsylvania", this Fall . . .

For some swell recordings give a listen to: Harry James "Duke's Mixture", Vaughn Monroe's "Harvard Square", Glenn Miller's "I'm Thrilled", Les Brown's "Jiltin Joe DiMaggio", Bing Crosby's "Whistler's Mother-in-Law", Charlie Barnet's "Swing on Nothin" . . . Gene Krupa loses three pounds every time he makes a recording . . . Ginny Simms has been signed for the lead in R. K. O.'s "Playmates" . . . Frank Sinatra has written a book called "The Art of Popular Singing". It is to be published by his boss Tommy Dorsey . . . Lionel Hampton is the latest orchestra leader to add violins to his band . . . Recommended: Terry Allen's vocalizing with Will Bradley's orchestra.

Dinah Shore will record an album of her favorite songs for Victor . . . If there are any questions you C. H. L. Swingsters have regarding "This Thing called Swing", please write them on a slip of paper with your name and home room and leave it in the Review Office. I will do my best to answer your questions. Will you also write the name of your favorite band and male and female singer and leave it in the Review Office? We will count them and give you the results and a little information on the winners . . . and here are some potential hits . . . Watch for: "From One Love To Another" . . . "A Gay Ranchero" . . . "Two In Love" . . . "Misirlou" . . . "A Pretty Co-ed Has Gone to My Head" . . . and "Yo-Te-Amo".

ROBERT GUEST '43

SOUNDS IN THE CITY . . . . . .

AS MAN walks, his feet, like drumsticks beat out a mighty rhythm against the pavement. This rapid, beating rhythm is the theme of the greatest symphony of all times. It is a symphony, not even rivaled by those of Beethoven, for it is a work, not of a century or an age, but of life, inscribed only in the "Annals of Lives," heard only by a heavenly audience, and directed by Him, the immortal Conductor, wholly unseen by his musicians. Such is the "symphony of the city."

It is remarkable, this "symphony of the city" in the variety of its music and the scope of its tones. Within the scope of one movement, from dawn to dusk, may lie the tragic music of the wailing child, heartbroken at some calamity of childhood, or the happy music of the rippling laughter of young people, swinging along the sidewalk, their faces shining in the light of neon signs. Meanwhile, the tones pass from the low heavy sound of overladen vans moving clumsily over the cobblestones to the high pitched, protesting scream of the rubber against stone.

As one listens to these sounds of the city, vibrating through its crowded streets, he is enchanted. The selection is completed by the deep bass of the "Elevated," rumbling by overhead, and the flute-like tune of the wind, winging past tall needles of the stone and steel; the cello of the dust clouds driving against the swaying, straining clotheslines of poorer homes, or the trumpeting horns of the automobiles; the low, monotonous chatter of countless voices, forming the background for the lone, wandering "Pan" of the city.

Even with all these varied tunes and events, there are no curtain calls, because the work is never finished. Players may tire and cease to play but others always come to take their place and to each is alloted only a small part. This "symphony of the city" once heard is never forgotten, for it is life, itself.

AARON KRUTE, '42

SCRAMBLED EGGS AND COFFEE . . . .

BREAKFAST in the American home is not accorded the full consideration it deserves. Gone are the days when hardy souls scooped with a great flourish generous quantities of "Wheaties" from deep china craters, for now modernists swallow some tidbit and reinforce it with a few fluid ounces of coffee, and then scurry to their morning appointments. Doctors frown on these people, expounding theories about intestinal disruptions, gory ulcers, and gastric disturbances caused by the rapid reception into the stomach of foolish foodstuffs. They point with disgust to that person who furtively spanks the surface of his coffee with a morsel of pastry and then, the greatest of all sins, consumes the sponge like substance. However, I am sure the medicos agree with my method of eating breakfast as well as the breakfast itself, scrambled eggs and coffee.

To secure true appreciation, I attach great ceremony to this meal; I groom myself psychologically for it by giving it a romantic background. I conjure picturesque scenes, rich in color, of the origin in the tropical South American lands of the coffee. I see dusky hands split open the cherry colored cylinders and pour forth the fragrant beans. Then I envision bales being swung aloft from exotic wharves into the holds of tramp steamers after which those ships go ploughing through the placid Caribbean up to New York, there undergoing the meticulous examination of a government inspector. Finally I visualize a brisk young man holding aloft a bag filled with roasted beans and inquiring "Drip or regular"?

I give perhaps less color to the other member of the compound. I see a stalwart New Hampshire farmer stealing among his poultry, gathering eggs, eggs which are then sent to Boston where they are put in a refrigator for two weeks and then deposited in neat cardboard boxes, each bearing the legend "Strictly Fresh."

After such background has been established physical preparation begins. Such preparation consists of going to bed at an unseasonably late hour in order to induce greater reluctance to getting up in the morning and such fatigue that one will require an incentive, some efficacious food to bear the day's troubles.

But now the preparation is over. I hear the faint rumble of coffee percolating; I smell its pungent fragrance striving for supremacy over that of the eggs. I sit myself down, hovering over the mixed vapors. I take sugar and convert that limpid pool of deliciousness into a sweet Charybdis; I take butter, rivaled only in color by the nuggets of gold nestled in a little pile on a shiny plate. Into this I plunge and find a tepid tastiness surge into my mouth. I am happy for on one hand there is a fountain of youth and on the other my Eldorado.

FRANCIS SULLIVAN, '42

HERE WE ARE AGAIN

WELL, HERE WE ARE AGAIN, FELLOW STUDES WITH A NEW BATCH of HOT SHOTS ABOUT OUR FIRST 3 MOOTHS OF SCHOOL!
OH-H-H! GIT TH' NUMBER OF THAT TRUCK!
BILLY COLLINS, TH' JAYVEE'S QUARTERBACK, GOT THROWN for A LOSS THE OTHER DAY AFTER AN UNEXPECTED MEETING WITH A HUSKY BLOND IN TH' CORRIDER!
TUXEDO-- $3.50 AND SHOES $4.50
$5.45 TAXI SMITH HOUSE AFTER CORSAGE, I GUESS
AND THEN THERE'S EVER-POPULAR BOBBY NAUFFTS WHO'S REPEATING HER SUCCESS AS CLASS SECRETARY~
SCHOOL BUILDING IMPROVEMENTS— FOOEY!
GRIND SCRATCH
- EXPECT TO SEE SOME ABSENCES DUE TO NERVOUS BREAK-DOWNS - THE FELLOWS THAT ARE GOING TO THE G.A.A. FORMAL—
VOTE
SEEMS AS IF SOME of OUR LENGTHY SENIORS~ 'DUTCH' GAYNOR and 'EMMY' LYNCH for EXAMPLE~ ARE HAVING QUITE A TIME NAVIGATING THE OLD ASSEMBLY HALL WITH ITS NEW SCAFFOLDING!
HEARD TELL THAT MARJORIE KELLY IS QUITE THE GIRL WITH TH' CLUBS—
SWISH!
A BIG SET of CONGRATS TO PAUL O'ROURKE~ THE NEW SENIOR PRESIDENT!
HERE'S ADVANCE BEST WISHES TO THIS YEAR'S HOCKEY SQUAD!
GIT OUTTA MY WAY CAUSE I'M SENT!
GULP: WISHT I WUZ BACK HOME! SNIFF
WHAT HAVE I DONE TO DESERVE THIS?
NOTES from ANN
GUY BROWN~
O BOY! COULD WE USE A COUPLE OF OUR EX-FOOTBALL MEN WHO HAVE JOINED UNCLE SAM!
AND WE JUST COULDN'T LEAVE OUT SPEEDY DAVE MESSENGER - THE ORIGINAL "NOW-YOU-SEE-HIM-NOW-YOU-DON'T" MAN
LEAMON

WHAT IS GOING ON AROUND ME ....

SINCE my arrival in this country in September, 1939, ten days after the outbreak of the second World War, I have observed with increasing interest the attitude of America toward this conflict, regarded as one of inhumanly brutal tyranny with admirably complacent democracy. At that time, isolationists formed by far the majority. They regarded the new struggle as a purely private European affair with which it was none of our business and not to our interest to interfere, even to the extent of lending aid to the side with which everyone sympathized. Had we not suffered by England's failure to pay her debts after the first World War?

However, gradually the public opinion changed to such an extent that now isolationists are not only decidedly in the minority but merely tolerated instead of approved. Every possible aid is being given to England (and even to Russia). Even though the initiative for decisive action did come from the government, which deemed it necessary to interfere in the war in that fashion for our own interest and found it an impossibility to prolong complete isolation, yet the people are now certainly willing to co-operate in producing, shipping, and delivering safely the needed products.

In other words, the people feel now that the struggle is theirs, too; that a distance of three thousand miles has become wholly insignificant; that the war is very near our shores. The daily reports of strikes, debates, and protests may make my view of the situation seem rather optimistic; but as a stranger, whose only function and political right is to be a spectator and who endeavors the more to understand the mentality of a new people, I feel the general attitude I have described to be predominant now.

What is my own opinion on the subject? I beg leave to withhold it. For a short, incomplete exposition would only be unsatisfactory and subject to easy criticism; for a long, complete explanation, on the other hand, I lack the space.

EVA SCHIFFER, '42

Frank Rossi, C. H. L. S. '37 has written a play which is to be presented in Boston during the month of November.

THE THINGS I WONDER ABOUT ....

"ALL the world loves a lover" is a pet phrase oft repeated by people who never read Shakespeare. Who am I to differ with the world's greatest dramatist, to say nothing of his comedy? Love is a subject about which I, and every other girl my age wonder. A dream man exists in my imagination. Will he be tall? Will he be dark? Will he be handsome? According to statistics, the greatest liars, I hold, he will not. The modern version of the knight on a white charger is a Yale man in a Buick convertible. In my day dreams or night dreams for that matter, I watch myself waltz by an envious stag-line in the arms of a twentieth-century Lancelot, sought after by the fairest of fair co-eds, but captivated by my effervescent charm and sparkling personality. A vision of youthful happiness under a sky, twinkling with dancing stars, floats in a mist incessantly before my hazy view. At times this mirage is shattered when I look around about me and ask whether the males are men or mice. I am afraid they are men, for I am in mortal terror of mice, enemy of the cat. Lancelot, where are you? Must I return to King Arthur's Round Table to vamp you? Was Guinevere the only charmer able to attract the fancy of my dream-man?

Guinevere, I would wager any sum, had in her wardrobe a fur coat, among a few diamonds and other trifles. I wonder when my otherwise benevolent parents will allow me to purchase the treasure I am longing for, a coat of the skin of any animal from a skunk to a sable. At football games I glance about, getting greener by the moment, at the coats like unto my own with the exception of a few yards of fur. My fitted reefer shrinks with shame beside the lynx to my left and the beaver in front of me. Even the enormous chrysanthemum on my shoulder offers no consolation to my wounded pride.

My pride is left unmolested but my intelligence is hurt when I watch, in the movies, a jungle maiden glide through the trees, her tresses falling gracefully over her shoulder and her white blouse impeccably clean. I wonder whether the movie magnates think I am an uneducated person, a moron in student's guise. On an uncharted island in mid-Pacific the movie crooner serenades a beautiful shipwrecked girl to the accompaniment of a twenty-piece orchestra, usually the favorite dance band of the hour. I wonder why I can-

not, right in the middle of a thickly populated city, sing, or attempt to anyway, and hear the strains of a violin, the blare of a trumpet, and the sound of other instruments chiming in perfect harmony, out of nowhere. Why is it considered incorrect in real life to drop a handkerchief accidentally when, in reel life it is done in the best of circles?

Handkerchiefs are used for colds or dust on ordinary days. Ah, dusting is such a uninteresting task, as I keep telling my mother. I have been wondering for unending years why she will not just close the door to my room and imagine that on the other side is a spotless boudoir. I can imagine this to perfection, without even trying. Why does dust collect in my room and not in other chambers?

From this dirt no flowers sprout but from the earth outside grass grows. Why, I wonder? Why is it green? Why is the sky blue and not the ground? I wonder why blondes are popular, why my father will not increase my allowance, why I always leave my week-end homework until Sunday night, and even why I like brown better than blue? In fact, I wonder why I bother to wonder.

JANE HAYES, '42

THE ABSENT-MINDED GHOST . . . . . .

SOME years ago, while I was a reporter on the "Morning Bugle," my editor informed me of persistent reports of spiritual manifestations in an old house on the other side of town. Although the people of the vicinity really didn't believe in ghosts, so they said, they did give the place a wide berth. And so it happened that I arrived there about dusk to gather data for an article which a slight inspiration had moved me to entitle "Night Life In A Haunted House."

The ancient two-storied structure was situated far back from the road and loomed black and strangely forbidding against the fast-darkening sky. However, the cheerless aspect of the place bothered me not at all. Walking briskly up the long path, I knocked loudly on the solid oak door. To my surprise it was opened by an elderly white-haired gentleman who bade me enter.

I first began to suspect that all was not well when my host floated absently up to the chandelier and regarded me thoughtfully from his perch before asking my business. I related it truthfully, adding that I would like to see the ghost if possible. Whereupon the old gentleman murmured, "Oh dear!" and in a flash changed into an orthodox ghost wearing a long, white night-shirt. "Frightfully sorry, old chap," he apologized, "my confounded absent-mindedness, you know!"

Now all this surprised me slightly, but being a cocky young reporter, I was equal to the occasion; favoring him with an indulgent smile, I replied "Not at all! Not at all! Let's get on with the interview."

"Well, if you don't mind," said he, "I'll just ramble along and you can take down what you want.

"My name was Robert Cartigan. I was born in 1841 and died about 1790; I don't recall the exact date."

"That's queer," I interruppted.

"What?" he snapped.

"That you died fifty-one years before you were born."

"H'm'm'm . . . does seem a bit odd. Perhaps it was the other way around. Yes, I think it was. Well, to continue: for about a century I have haunted the old mansion in Salem where I died. I had the place pretty much to myself and I was quite happy there. But all good things must come to an end, I suppose, and my solitude was no exception. About two months ago, Mr. Browing came to live in the mansion. Well sir, the moment he moved in my peaceful existence ceased.

"First there came a crew of men who raised a dreadful hubbub about 'wiring for electricity' or something of the sort. I didn't pay much attention to them till a few weeks ago when I tripped over one of their confounded boxes and fell down a flight of stairs. Then the following week I was wandering about in the form of a wisp of smoke when a nasty little device snatched me up and beat me till I was black and blue. I think they called it an electric fan. Then and there I resolved to move. So when a friend of mine, one of the Salem witches, offered me a ride on Hallowe'en, I readily accepted.

"We searched all night for a suitable house and when I saw this one, I forgot about being on a broomstick and walked right off. Fortunately I am already a ghost for the fall would surely have killed me. As it was I landed in a tree and escaped with a few scratches.

"You may quote me as saying that the old houses of your city are of a very superior quality and ideal for all around haunting."

WALTER CREMENS, '43

MY—OH MY—OOH MY! . . . . . .

by MISS MANNERS . . . . . .

YOU may be the most delightful person in the world, but how is anyone to know it if you're so awkward when you're being introduced that you blush and stammer and mumble and then lapse into deep silence? First impressions are important . . . and what are yours . . . successes or failures?

"Well, what can I do?" you mutter. I hate being introduced and I loathe introducing others. I get mixed up and I forget people's names and never know whether to say 'Hi' or 'Mr. Jones' or 'How do you do'. And I never know which name goes first when I'm doing the talking. It's easier just to keep still and not have to be embarrassed. You don't know? Then here's your life line . . . We know, and we'll be glad to let you know too; then you won't have to be embarrassed at introductions, and instead of burying you own, real, pleasant personality

The first thing you can put down as a blanket rule for introducing people is that the person to whom more deference should be paid is the one TO WHOM the other is presented. If you are introducing two girls of the same age, the order doesn't make any difference. But you should always introduce the boy to the girl . . . "Miss Jones, may I present Mr. Smith?" unless the man is somebody as important as the minister of your church, the principal of your school . . . or the President.

Still following your rule, who goes first, a girl of your age or an older woman? Eh? That's right; you present the girl to the lady.

Then, if you are being introduced yourself, always say "How do you do" to a person older than you, and now that we are out of grammar school, let's say the same even to people of our own age, unless circumstances allow informality, in which case you may say "Hello" or "Hi."

The way in which you should address people after being introduced depends on how they are presented to you. If you are among people of your age and a boy is presented to you as David Smih, you are pretty sake in calling him David. If he is presented to you formally as Mr. Smith, you'd better stick to that until he tells you his first name. Adults you should always address as Mrs. Smith or as Miss Smith.

The next problem which we're going to solve for you in no time is that of making a good first impression by talking. Here it's not how much you talk that matters, but how you say the things you do say. The weather is rather a worn-out topic, so avoid that if you possibly can. You probably don't like persons who start rattling away about themselves the minute you've been introduced to them . . . so don't tell others your family history. If the other person starts talking first, listen intelligently and show some interest by throwing in remarks or asking a question occasionally. After a while, you might add something of your own ideas or experienc that fits his subject or leads to another.

If the person is as embarrassed as you have been till now, you'll be able to sympathize with him. Draw him out of the tight spot by asking him about himself, making some joke, perhaps about yourself, which is safest, or using some information about him you have obtained from the person who introduced you. As soon as you have started him talking, be again an intelligent listener. Have something worthwhile to say just now and then, and you'll be surprised what a good impression you'll make.

Don't forget that you should always show respect in speaking to a person older than you. But whatever you say, maintain your own personality. Don't be a spineless yes-man, even with a brand new acquaintance. Be yourself.

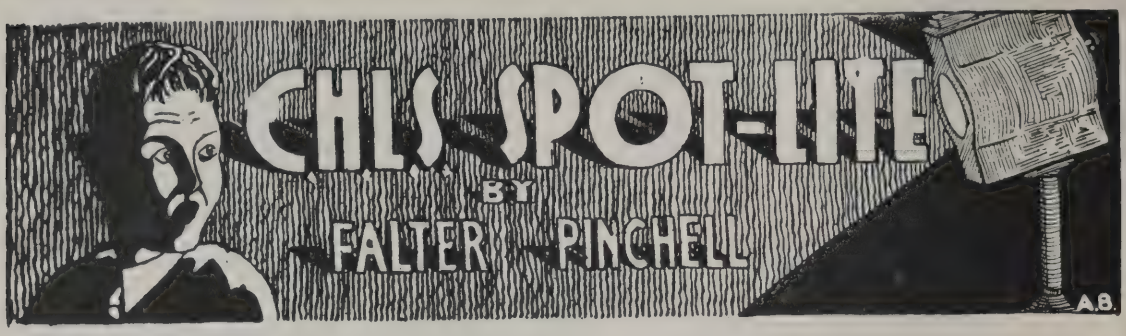
In taking leave of people, you "hope to see again" a person of your own age, or you "are glad to have met" him or her. If now you are good friends, you merely say "So long." An older person you assure politely that you are very glad to have met her.

Well, we hope from now on you'll just love to meet people and introduce others. Now that you know how . . . or do you? . . . there's no reason for being embarrassed about it. Remember that embarrassment can kill your charm . . . absolutely dead, and that no one is going to say "I'd like to see you again" if on first acquaintance you appear to be a dope. So, absorb this, our first lesson; make its points part of your technique and be smooth!

SENIOR HONOR ROLL . . . . . .

Almeida, Edna
Davin, Stanley
Krute, Aaron
Markante, Thalia
Osterberg, Ruth
Principe, Michelina
Rodrigues, Anthony
Schiffer, Eva
Schneider, Katherine
Sullivan, Mary Ellen
Tahmizian, Isabel

Y MAISIE! WAY !!
MOMMY!
GOO!
I HEAR THOSE "FEET DRAGGIN' BLUES" (PUFF) (PUFF)
DANCING FRESHMEN
MY PUPS ARE HOWLING!
1-2-3-NO! 1-2-3-NO!
RBARA MURPHY
NTING THE MOBS
FRESHMEN
JOAN McCONNEL AND MARALYN McNIEL WERE SOPHOMORE HOSTESSES;
EVIE FITZPATRICK AND GERI NOLAN
-O-H-H-H!
SIG-H-H
SHUCKS! I ONLY MORE LIL MUDPIE WAS LOOKIN'
MARION BEKOS
MARY MESSINGER HAD LOADS OF FUN!!
TERESA DUBUQUE
A SWELL WALTZER~
ARDYS
KARBAUM
UERA CHVANY.



THE SPOTLIGHT ....
Aunt Falter's First Fault(er)

WELL, Latinites we're in again to watch and listen from every corner of dear, old C. H. L. S. Of course, we might miss some corners, so fellow Latinites, just dash your news off on a slip of paper and put it in the box outside the Review office. As you know, we've got a new force of sleuths to bring in the facts and cracks about you and you— Wow! are we going to have fun. Enough for the introduction, — let's get down to brass tacks. Diana Yankos should know about tacks because she accidentally had an unpleasant meeting with a tack one fifth period. Ouch! . . . Could it be that I hear a husky voice coming from the wee person of Joe White, who by the way can find many disadvantages in being small . . . Joe isn't the only one who has developed manly tones, Paul Hanlon seems to be reaching the depths, too . . . Alice Donovan is that brunette version of Daisy Mae with the beribboned strands of hair hanging down her back . . . Al Tuscano is a wonderful athlete, just ask him . . . Frances Minkel knows all about the story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" . . . Jean Nugent finally came out from behind those dark glasses, but from all appearances Doris Coughlin should borrow them . . . Has Cambridge found a "Quizz Kid" in Julian Moynihan? He seems to know all the answers . . . Dorothy Waters is that Southern belle from Alabama. How y' all Dorothy . . . Another to enter the portals of C. H. L. S. for the first time this year is Janet Atkinson . . . Here 'n there: Betty Morris, our efficient K. B. president rushing everywhere . . . Dutchie Gaynor almost on his knees coming through the old Latin School hall under head-splitting boards . . . William Sullivan struggling with a tray full of dishes . . . Mary and Betty Faulkner still punching the cash registers in the lunch room . . . Aaron Krute's new nickname is "Genius" . . . Teddy Edwards, Edward C. Edwards to his more "poisonal" friends, swinging (if you can believe it) "Piano Concerto" . . . Wait till I tell Tchai . . . Incidentally, the Spotlite is again confronted with the problem of a rival scribe who is none other than our old friend, Jean "Hostel" McConnell . . . Many seem to be trying to forget those V's on report cards . . . Cheer up, V stands for victory . . . We may be a little late, but we'd still like to welcome the Freshmen, and may their four years (maybe five) be happy ones . . . We also want to congratulate the Senior officers . . . Anthony Roderigues is the male version of Tillie the Typist . . . Thalia Markante is that eyeful of charm who haunts famous personalities . . . I might consider giving you my autograph sometime . . . By the way, I hope you students have read the editorial written by our capable editor, Paul O'Rourke, who is also Senior president . . . One way to keep up your school spirit is by attending the G. A. A. Formal, eh Pat Dias? . . . Art Thomas is the energetic manager of the Football team . . . He has taken over the post vacated by Johnny Mahoney . . . Walter Seally and Bill Keough are the two debaters of football games you hear coming from room 201 . . . Ann Farr is looking for someone to draw her posters for coming elections . . . Eileen Prebensen and Frances Green have taken a sudden interest in the song "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes" . . . Mary Noyse and Marjorie Kelley of 229 converse about almost everything during study periods . . . Saul Klashman can tell anyone, anything about Current events . . . Donald St. John is just so, so, studious . . . Have you noticed how many books he takes home . . . Jeanne Founier and Grace D'Agostino are two of the tiniest girls in the school . . . Stan Hollis always said that good things come in small packages . . . Georgina West and Nellie McCallum can be seen speeding home on bicycles immediately after school . . . They have nothing on Marion Day . . . George Bruen is the proud advertising manager of the "Review"

. . . Len Bugler can tell you anything about hydrogen . . . Dot Arthur is the same old jitterbug . . . In fact she's better than before . . . Freddy Shea was seriously ill this summer but now he's playing for the J. V.'s . . . That goes to show you that you can't keep a good man down . . . Perry Polinski is quite an artist . . . Eddy Wise is taking care of Bill Moriarty's campaign for junior office . . . Have you heard of Arty Corey's Junior R. O. T. C.? . . . David Messenger is in one place one minute and the next he's some place else . . . Jimmy Cazanos has the difficult job of subbing for "Rocks" Leary on the football squad . . . Johnny Cahill is the one that asks all the questions in his English class . . . Walter McCluskey is an ideal synonym for slow motion . . . Bill Farrell is so talkative . . . Dorothy Holmes is just the opposite . . . Why, she's so quiet I wonder if she can be laconic . . . Julian Perry and Arthur are always arguing over who plays the better game of football . . . Glad to see Bill Anastos and Dick McCabe keeping up their honor work . . Margaret McGuire is receiving compliments on her tan jacket . . . It really is smooth . . . Prudence Perry can be located by asking for June Louragan . . . Joe Sullivan moves slowly but surely . . . as Joe puts it "haste makes waste" . . . Nancy Cass is that energetic cheerleader . . . Joe Agretta and Eddie Crane are stars of their football team known as the Blackhawks . . . Dick Fleming is the master of his Latin class . . . Did you know Bob "Pebbles" Leary (which reminds me that we now have Dorothy Leary in our midst) has turned intellectual this year . . . He now reads mystery novels instead of comic books . . . Poor Guy Brown has a worried look on his face . . . I wonder what's the matter . . . Who is the phantom track star who has been jumping over the tops of lockers in the third floor locker room . . . "Kings Row", a name for the line of lockers which are occupied by Maurie Martel, Charlie Mallahan, "Red" Mulcahy and Al Greenstein . . . Gloria Gregware and Barbara Sheehan have turned comediennes . . . Barbara likes to be called "kid" because it reminds her of her pigtail days which were not so long ago . . . William Callahan, the wit of the Sophomore class proudly informed his class that the last step in a geometry theorem is the missing link . . . Glen Peck's south-un acc-unt seems to give him prestige among his little group of followers . . . You can attribute the pigtail fad of the Sophomore class to an innocent little miss by the name of Barbara Looney . . . The contrast between Joseph Breen and James Russell is startling at times . . . Barbara Sullivan presents a pathetic figure when she tries to untangle her arms and legs at one time . . . Dorothy Koocher and Miriam Goldstein who are in school every day by 8:15 cause many of their tardy classmates to hang their head in shame . . . Anna Nay has broken many a test tube in the Chemistry lab. . . . That look of accomplishment on Mona Jablaw's face comes from the solving of a difficult problem in math . . . Gloria Freni with her perpetual smile knows the true meaning of the saying "Smile and the world smiles with you" . . . Ruth Powers still has traces of her summer tan . . . Shirley Meehan and Mary Barrett find October weather a little too cool for playing tennis even if it is "bright and blue" . . . Ask Betty Doyle about her new discovery . . . Peggy Nemet is never to be seen walking, she fairly bounces . . . Charles Barry is the official janitor of 129 . . . I wonder if Bill Conlon takes his school work as seriously as other matters . . . William Dowling loves history so much that he waits after the bell rings for an additional discussion . . . Speaking of bells, this is the end of the first round. We'll be seeing you around here and there in C. H. L. S.

BARBARA NAUFFTS, '42
EUGENE CALLENDER, '43

FRESHMAN NOTES . . . . . .

WELCOME, freshmen! We hope you will all co-operate in making this the feature section of the Review. We wish to offer our sincere congratulations to Mr. Downey, our former Master . . . Dorothy Bettencourt started the year in the proper way, all E's on her report card . . . Walter Brown and Robert Berman are about even as far as being our smallest freshmen . . . Joseph Cusce and John Coughlin are custodians of the portals on the ground floor . . . Richard Bond and William Brathwaite are star members of the Junior Varsity football team . . . How do you like Donald Lester's Brooklyn twang? . . . We were sorry to hear of Lorraine Costa's injury. We hope that she will be back with us soon . . . There weren't so many smiling faces after the report cards came out...We didn't see you, or you, or you at any of the football games . . . Dorothy Bispham has quite an array of trinkets; swords, telephones, etc. . . . We can't say that Annie doesn't live here any more. We have a number of Annies in our class . . . Have you noticed how there are practically no noisey people on the Honor Roll? That saying "Si-

lence is Golden" must be true . . . William O'Connell and Ralph Sabatino are among those who transferred from Rindge . . . Ben Brathwaite (121) is the uncle of William Brathwaite (04) . . . Annie Bradford is very proficient on the clarinet, while Mildred Davis has played her trumpet several times on different radio programs . . . The Honor Roll is published in another part of this section. That is the one sure way of getting your name in the Review . . . Dorothy Igoe's essay on gum was most interesting . . . We wonder why Barbara Johnson has her hat and coat with her during the fourth period. Cold or hurry? . . . Page 33 has already made itself known to many of Room 120 . . . Ambrose Randina has been picked from many to play the piano in the school orchestra . . . Popular question "Where is your homeroom today? . . . That fourth period Latin Class missed the study pupils after they changed rooms . . . Be careful when Hollis Brown borrows any paper from you. You may get the single sheet and he'll keep the block . . . Is Bobby Wise a salesman for the Bendix Washing Machine Company? . . . Marvin Rosenberg and Arnold Shutzberg are constantly being mistaken for brothers . . . According to the Ancient History class, Richard Brackley would make a very stern leader and would soon exterminate the world.

Elizabeth Zacharchuk from the Peabody Grammar School has received a scholarship for the Cambridge Academy. Elizabeth, by the way, is on the Honor Roll . . . Donald Weagle has turned in some good notes from Room 124. Keep them coming, Don . . Lorraine Trent's sense of humor allows her to enjoy many seventh periods . . . Has Dorothy Tathamus enough note-book paper yet? . . . Room 114 has several experienced travellers. June Lagergren has travelled throughout Sweden, while John Loufbourow has visited practically all the countries of Europe . . . Herbert Lurio's hobby is taking moving pictures; maybe he will get to Hollywood some day, photographing some of our fair freshmen . . . The officers of Room 122 really have to know how to conduct a meeting. A formal class meeting with Parliamentary Procedure is held every other Friday . . . Frances Leva has won many prizes in Jitterbug contests . . . Herbert Schleih of Room 121 and Howard Smoller of Room 122 have been winners in a Quizz Kid Contest sponsored by a Boston department store. We wish them luck in the finals . . . Violet Solomon, Fred Sateriale, and Joan McPartlin are some of the contributors to this section . . . If you are interested in historical Boston, James Lakis will be glad to guide you about. He has had a great deal of such experience . . . A short play, very interesting and amusing, was presented by the pupils of Room 122. The parts of the pantomime were taken by William Supple, Austin Smith, Howard Smoler, Arnold Schutzberg, and George Rothman; the reading was done by Violet Solomon, as narrator.

If John Linehan inherits some of his grandmother's musical ability, he will be a very talented performer . . . The pupils of Room 118 often confuse the names of Sophie Miskevitch and Sophie Mislowska . . . We are glad to see Blanche Morrison back in school again after and absence due to an appendix operation . . . The election of offiers in Room 118 was held exactly the way our parents have their elections . . . Edward Leary should become one of our baseball stars. He pitched for St. Patrick's team last year . . . Edith Libby is an accomplished accordion player . . . Have you seen the crocheted "hats" that Antionnette Leonardo makes for ornaments? Lucy Lampedecchio has a large collection of pictures of movie stars. We may have a future opera star in our midst . . . Gaetano Fratiani sings solos for the Glee Club . . . We have another report card before Christmas . . . a word to the wise . . .

SCHOOL ORGANIZATIONS OPEN .... TO FRESHMEN .....

Due to lack of space, we will be unable to give full particulars concerning these organizations. We do give the names of the leaders of these organizations, who will be very happy to explain all conditions of the clubs to any interested freshman.

Girls' Athletic Association . . Miss Brown
Dramatic Club ..... Miss O'Keefe
Debating Club ..... Miss Canney
Chess Club ..... Mr. Sullivan
Sports (football, baseball, basketball, track, and hockey) ..... Mr. Foley
Music (glee club, chorus orchestra, and banjo club) Miss Wait

FRESHMAN HONOR ROLL

Benson, Ruth
Bettencourt, Dorothy
Brown, Robert
Bulger, Yvonne
Butler, Dorothy
Cabral, Robert
Cherelli, Evelyn
Corcoran, Ann
Cotter, Noreen
Croft, Elliot
Crowley, Louise
Darveris, Virginia
D'Aveni, Theresa
Deveau, Anita
Eddy, Mary
Gilbert, Carol
Goffredo, Mary
Gudas, Isabel
Hallahan, Virginia
Harrington, John H.
Harrington, Phyllis
Hayes, Marion
Heller, Sydney
Herlihy, Mary
Horan, Polly
Hughes, Geraldine
Jordan, Madelon
Klopstock, William
Krikorian, Anne
Leighton, Barbara
Levy, Lillian
Libbey, Edith
Marshall, Ruth
McMenimen, Mary
McPartlin, Joan
Messinger, Mary
Morgan, Rubye
O'Brien, William F.
Owens, Merlyn J.
Paradis, Helen G.
Perin, Diane
Phelan, M. Therese
Puddister, Margaret
Rimshaw, Helen
Roseman, Leonard
Ryan, Rosemary
Santos, Rose
Schlein, Herbert
Supple, William
Shine, Marlyn
Silva, Marie
Smoler, Howard
Smyth, Ellen
Solomon, Violet
Talanian, Louise
Taylor, Winifred
Travers, Anthony
Walker, Ann
Walsh, Margaret
White, John
Wilkins, Glenna
Zacharakis, Louis
Zacharachuch, Elizabeth

PRIZES FOR FRESHMEN

English—The Caroline Close Prize for excellence in English composition. Pupils obtaining a scholarship grade in English during the year are allowed to enter the competition.

Latin (The Hopkins' Prizes)—A first and second prize for excellent scholarship in Latin.

Algebra (the Class of 1926 Prizes)—Pupils of excellence in class work are allowed to compete in a written examination.

Prize Speaking (The Liberty Prize Speaking Medals)—There are two medals, one for a boy, and one for a girl. The winners are selected in a contest held for pupils each year. This contest is open to all pupils in the school.

A full list of prizes offered during the different years and at graduation will be printed in a later edition.

TO THE CLASS OF 1945:

Elsewhere in the columns of the Review you will find information concerning the various prizes and scholarships which come to those who have excelled in the work of the different courses. It is obvious that only a comparatively few pupils ever share in these awards. The opportunity is open to all, however, to make the most of the peparation which the school affords for later life. The grades which you now receive become a part of a permanent record which will remain in the school files as long as the school itself will last. Four years hence you will attain your goal but bear in mind that if you fail in a subject this year, the failure counts just as heavily against your chances for graduation as it would in any later year. Your teachers will be glad to help you in every way, before and after school, to make your work the success you would have it. There are problems, however, which for lack of time and necessary information cannot be solved by the subject or the home room teacher. An understanding of many other phases of your school and home life is necessary before a final decision in any problem can be made. Your Master and Dean have been appointed to give you this assistance. Whatever the nature of your problem may be, we trust that you or your parents will not hesitate to seek our help.

Timothy F. Downey,
Headmaster

Hilda F. Russell,
Dean of Freshman Girls

FRESHMAN STATISTICS

No. of Freshmen 765
No. of Grammar Schools 48
No. of cities represented 24
No. of Freshman home-rooms .. 20

Assemblies: Mondays, second recess period, on call.

FRESHMAN HOME-ROOM CHANGES

Room 03 to Room 127
Room 04 to Room 115
Room 05 to Room 126
Room 07 to Room 125
Room 115 to Room 225
Room 06 dissolved

FOOTBALL.... .. ..

THE Cambridge Latin football team we must admit has not won a football game this year. This is a sad and inglorious fact which we must acknowledge; but let's understand that because of the superior teams on Latins' schedule, the boys didn't have a chance in a majority of their games.

The first game of the season was played against Peabody High, the Class B champions of last year. Peabody, with its gallant array of stars including Maxie Krawchuck, sensational backfield threat, presided over the game from the opening kickoff. Krawchuck scored two of Peabodys' touchdowns while Harrington, his running mate, tallied the third. The final score was 19 to 0. The brilliant playing of Georgie Spartachino was the only consolation to the 1000 Latin fans who attended the game at the Buckley stadium.

Passes filled the sky as a powerful La Salle football eleven triumphed over a smaller but game Latin team.

The touchdowns for La Salle Academy were scored by Hayward, who accounted for the first thirteen points by his team and Laughton, who scored the third and final touchdown for La Salle. The score was 20 to 0, the same margin by which we were beaten by La Salle last year. Rocks Leary completed seven out of ten passes to Dutchie Gaynor but Latin just couldn't go over for a score. Captain Zadoorian and Coutoumas stood out for Latin on the defense. Paul Doolin injured his ankle and was removed from the game.

In their final night game Latin lost a heartbreaker to Newburyport by the margin of six points. The game was a see-saw affair with each team getting chances for a touchdown but neither side capitalizing on the breaks until late in the fourth quarter when after advancing to Latins' 35-yard line "Red" Meader threw a fourth down desperation pass which was caught in the end zone by Rolfe; on this play, a Latin back interfered, and Newburyport was given the ball on the Latin one yard stripe from where Twomey crashed over for the touchdown. Zadoorian, Darling and Spartachino received injuries which forced their removal from the game.

"We wuz smeared". That tells the story of the game with Newton in which a light Latin team tried in vain to stop a strong Newton eleven which has hungry eyes on the state championship. The Newtonites, led by Capt. Jim Healey in the line and by Gordon Hobson in the backfield, bowled over the Latin ball carriers and lineman. Latin was helpless against the bullet passes of George Norcass, which netted two touchdowns. The weight advantage Newton had was too much for Latin to overcome.

Cambridge Latin played its first home game of the season against a heavily favored aggregation from Malden Catholic High School. The first quarter saw Chick McManus carrying the ball over the goal for Latin from the Malden twelve yard line, but Latin's joy soon was turned to dismay when the play was called backed because of an offside. Each team had many chances to score, but the 0-0 tie was destined to stand until the end of the game. The line play of Doolin and the long kicking of Chick McManus featured the game which should have been a Latin victory.

Amidst the cheers of about thirty Latin rooters Cambridge Latin succumbed to the Holyoke eleven by the score of 26 to 6. Climaxing a line-slashing attack by Goderre and Larrow, Goderre went over in the closing minutes of the first half for Holyokes' first touchdown. Cambridge opened the third quarter with an aerial attack that wound up on pay dirt when Leary completed a pass to McManus. The only other time Latin threatened was on Holyoke's ten yard line but a fumble choked off that threat. Holyoke scored once in the third period and twice more in the final quarter to complete the game.

Against a tricky Medford team Latin was unable to score a point as they went down to defeat by the humiliating score of 25 to 0. Medford dominated play from the opening kickoff to the final whistle and never did Latin threatened to score. The fans who attended the game saw many brilliant defensive plays by both teams, but Latin could not get rolling on the offensive and as a result—well, you know.

From the summaries of these games it is evident that we are not doing so well, but do not criticize the players who have given their time and Mr. Elcewicz, the coach, who has devoted so much time to the team. Let's do something about it by attending the games. The players are doing their part; now let's do ours by attending every sports contest that Latin enters.

5 GOOD REASONS WHY WE WUS ROBBED

"GEEZ - I HOPE HE SEES IT COMIN"

1.

LEARY'S BULLET LIKE PASSES - EQUAL TO THE BEST - BEWILDERED THE OPPOSITION - AND HOW!

2.

MATTERS ROSE TO A CRISIS WHEN SPARTICHINO ALMOST TIED IT UP IN THE 3RD QUARTER

3.

STEAMIN' SAM ZADOORIAN PAVED THE WAY FOR MANY A LATIN GAIN 'N STILL WE DIDN'T SCORE

4.

BOOTY DOOLIN'S SENSATIONAL PASS SNAGGIN LOOKED SOMETHIN' LIKE THIS —

5.

CHICK McMANUS - SPARKPLUG OF THE LATIN ELEVEN — TREATED US WITH SOME BRILLIANT EXHIBITIONS OF BALL TOTING - PASS SNARING - PUNTING - TACKLING AND BLOCKING WORTHY OF ANY COLLEGE GRIDIRON. -

N' THERE WAS A GUY NAMED BENOIT - BEFORE HE MET A GUY NAMED McMANUS!

THE LAW WAS HAVIN' MORE THAN A LITTLE TROUBLE IN BOUNCING THIS INTRUDER — THE IRRESISTIBLE FORCE VS THE IMMOVABLE OBJECT -

BUT HECK CHIEF I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS HIS HEAD I WAS STEPPIN ON!

TELL 'IM IT AIN'T CONSTIOOSHUAL

IT WAS THE REF WHO CARRIED THE BALL FOR THE LONGEST GAINS —

THEN OF COURSE THERE WAS THE PLAY THAT WON THE GAME BENOIT TO THIBODEAU —

RAY PIZZ.

SWING AND CLASSICAL — .... A COMPARISON ....

THERE have been many hot disputes between advocates of swing and advocates of classical music over the superiority of these two supposedly widely differing forms. Arguments have come from the swing lovers maintaining that classical music is lifeless and insipidly rhythmed. The Classicists on the other hand sneer at the weak melodies and dissonances of popular tunes. Each side is of course convinced that it is right in its views.

Both, however, are making one big mistake which nullifiies their arguments and makes them totally wrong. They are looking at swing and classical music as directly opposite forms of the same art, whereas they are in reality very closely connected. Swing did not, as it has been stated, develop from the jungles of Africa. A very important element of popular music, its rhythm owes its origin in a large part to aboriginal sources but the main body, its harmonic structure, is merely a very late and extreme form of the same music which has been composed, performed, and listened to for centuries. I say extreme because modern composers have written in defiance of nearly all the established rules of composition.

The result, however, has not been a new music form entirely different from all the old. A counterpart in symphonic literature can be found for almost every element of swing music. For instance when an inspired clarinetist takes a chorus of "Green Eyes," improvising frenziedly on the melody, he is doing nothing more than constructing extempore variation on a given theme, the same type of variation that Beethoven used in his C minor and F major symphonies. The fact that Beethoven wrote out his variations does not change their basic form. Again many of the modern killer-diller numbers take the form of short and imperfect fugues, one of the oldest established musical forms.

In regard to swing rhythms, those savage, syncopated beats which created the jitterbug sometimes seem almost stodgy when compared to the weird and intricate rhythms which abound in the compositions of the Russian masters under oriental influence. In fact the "Lieutenant Kije Suite" by the contemporary Russian composer, Prokofieff contains passages which can be jitterbugged to as well as such swing classics as "One O'clock Jump" and "Chattanooga Choo-Choo."

The melodic similarity between swing and classical has been pointed out time and time again. Just think how many classical themes have been borrowed for swing hits. I am always running across themes which reminds me of popular tunes in classical music. I have found a passage in an obscure chamber work by Mozart which sounds like "Scatter Brain," and I discovered the symphonic counterpart of "The First Time I Saw You" in the C minor symphony of Brahms.

Since swing does have so much in common with classical music, it should not be passed over so lightly by the more serious musical public. It is perhaps too extreme but it is young, and youth is inclined to extremes. Undoubtedly it will reform, and retaining that which is worthwhile and weeding out its bad elements, it will take a deserved place as a phase of the natural development of the art of music.

JULIAN MOYNAHAN, '42

JUNIOR HONOR ROLL ....

Chaulk, Dorothy
Chin, Annie
Duperey, Lucille
Fougere, Mary
Gagner, Gloria
Jankowski, Sophie
Kaminsky, Eli
Mahoney, Paul
McCabe, Richard
O'Brien, Robert
Quint, Frances
Roop, Juanita
Souza, Louise

SOPHOMORE HONOR ROLL.... .....

Boissoneau, Miriam
Carlson, Barbara
Caulfield, John
Chase Edith
Cook, Barbara
Comerford, Doris
Cooney, Frances
Coughlin, Mary
Donato, Josephine
Donnelly, Mary
Dubé Clare
Gatto, Mary
Haskell, Paul
Hill, Raymond
Jensen, Ethel
Kretkas, Bertha
Libitz, Joseph
Maytum, William
Morel, Ida
Mundy, Virginia
Murphy, Margaret
Ohan, Berji
Pepe, Anita
Perry, Eleanor
Porter, Claire
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Taylor, Beverly
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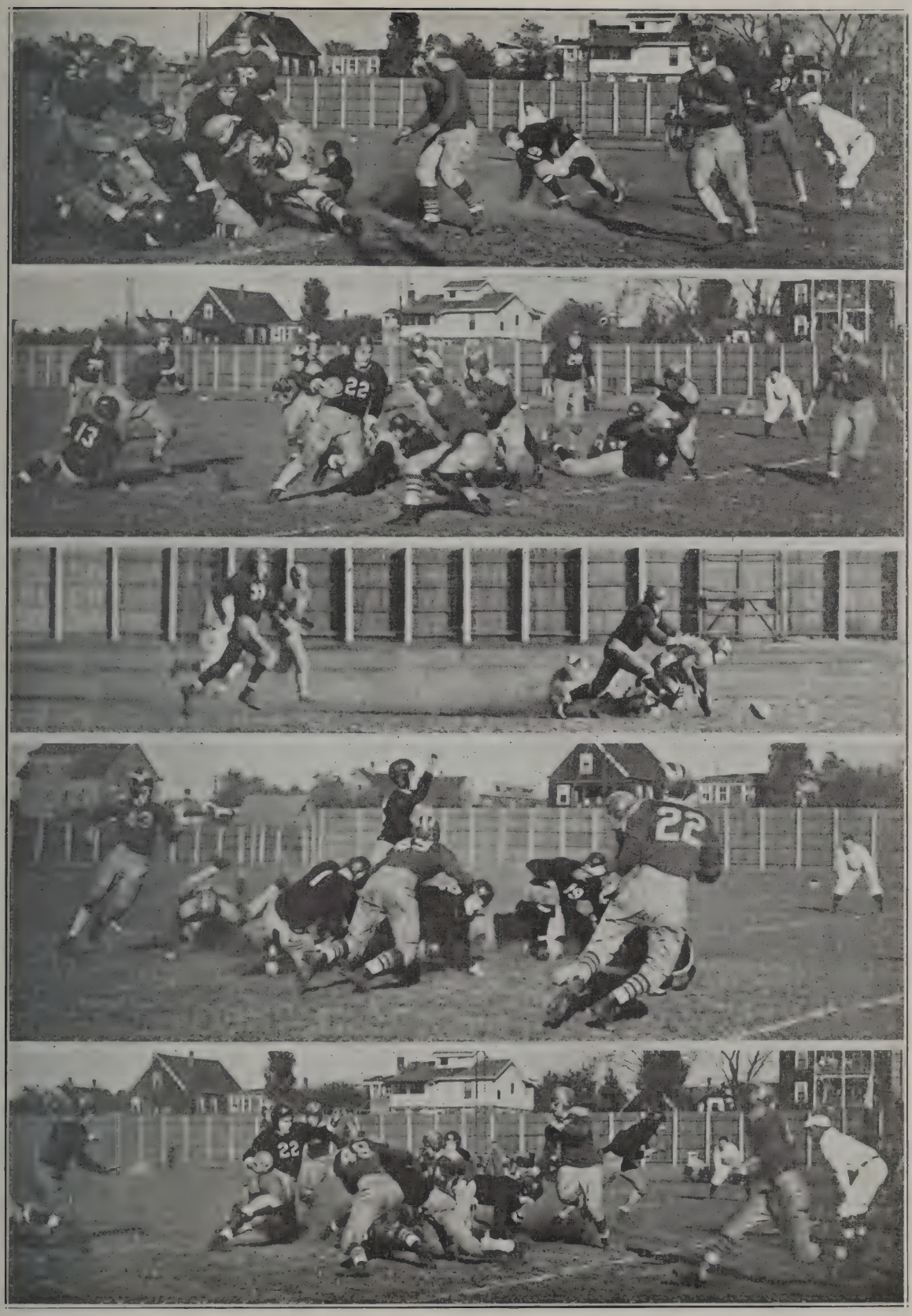

GIRLS' SPORTS

THE sport of the Fall has been tennis, Jeanne Monahan was appointed chairman but due to her lack of time, she was forced to surrender her place to Peggy Reynolds. Many complications have risen by the entrance of girls who could not play tennis. The finals were scheduled to be played on Saturday, November 1, but on account of bad weather the game has been postponed until Thursday, November 6. The contestants are Palmyra Carreiro and Virginia Ackerly and Katherine Schneider and Jane Thorne.

Basketball attendance is smaller than usual this year. All schools are finding out that jobs are interfering with athletic competition. The girls are now practicing in preparation for the inter-class series to be started about Thanksgiving under the careful coaching of Miss Brown. Directly after that, the class teams play outside schools. The first class game has already been scheduled with Arlington on January 14. Mary Liakas, last year's freshman captain, still has her enthusiasm for basketball and is trying to recruit more girls to join the Sophomore team. Jean Garber, the former Sophomore captain, is not playing basketball this year but her love for it is as great as ever and we are wondering who her successor will be. It is always of interest to see sisters play on teams. One of the famous pairs is Peggy "Mama" Ford '42 and Isabel "Baby" Ford '45.

The first hike, under the direction of Sylvia Piltch, took place on Wednesday, October 29. The girls went out to Tufts College and back and must have been tired after that walk.

The G. A. A. sponsors hiking and bicycling for girls who are unable to go out for basketball, swimming, and baseball. We advise all Senior and Junior girls who went out for hiking to come to the next hike.

The Dance and Recreation Group under the direction of Miss MacLaughlin and Miss George has been most enthusiastically received. The opening day brought forth nearly 300 members—mostly freshmen with sophomores helping out as hostesses, music directors, traffic co-ordinators, and general assistants. The Club plans many recreational activities after the dance term is over, and aims to provide an opportunity for every girl to participate in some line of activity.

We hope you will follow our activities in the next issue.

OLGA ZACHARCHUK, '42

DEBATE DATA

WITH the start of a new year, the Durrell Debate Society has reorganized under the able leadership of Miss Canney. At the first meeting, thirty members were enrolled, fifteen of whom are Freshmen with five members each in the other classes. The officers selected by the group are William Sullivan as President, Eli Kaminsky as Vice-President, Barbara Greene, Secretary, and William Smith, Treasurer.

Eli Kaminsky, presiding officer, introduced the topic, "Should the Neutrality Act be Repealed?" to the group for an informal discussion. Since time was limited, the discussion was confined to an important clause in the Neutrality Act which concerns the arming of the merchant marine. Paul Haskell, a promising Sophomore, began by advocating the repeal. He argued that since England needed the goods in order to fight the war for democracy, the merchant ships would have to be armed to assure safe delivery of these goods. Then Robert Berman and William Smith directly repudiated Haskell's arguments. William Sullivan, Yvonne Bulger, John Loofbourrow, and John Stokes added their bit for or against with the result that the discussion was a great success. An invitation is extended to any and all who think that they would be interested in discussions on current questions. Meetings are held on the second and fourth Thursdays of every month in Room 327.

The proposed broadcast of exercises for Armistice Day over the school's radio network has caused a note of interest. Through the fine work of the Dramatic Club and Debate Club members, the plan was a wonderful success.

WILLIAM SMITH '42

DRAMATIC CLUB

THE Dramatic Club is looking forward to an eventful year and well it may with these capable officers:

President ..... Lester Crowley
Vice-President .... Mary Broussard
Secretary ..... Francis Curron
Treasurer ..... Frances Bolger

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Robert Guest — Anne Cahill
Emily Lowes — John Stokes
Margaret Ford

On October 14th a picnic was held at Cedar Hill where members and their guests spent a

most enjoyable day. Constance Fillios, Jean Patterson, Mary Broussard, Lester Crowley, and other members entertained with orginal skits and monologues. Richard Harrington's victrola supplied music for dancing and the picnic ended with a weenie roast.

Thirty-five new members were enrolled this year and they were initiated on November 6th. We now have a membership of seventy-five students.

A theatre party was arranged to see Katherine Cornell in "The Doctor's Dilemma."

The Pen Paint and Pretzel Club of Tufts College invited twenty-five of us to the dress rehearsal of their latest production—Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln". The play included a very large cast and the acting and the sets were excellent. We were permitted to go backstage to see how things are run behind the scenes. The autograph collectors were in their glory. Some of them succeeded in getting autographs from the entire cast.

November 14th we attended a play at the Peabody Playhouse which was written by Frank Rossi, one of our alumni members. It was a delightful farce called "At Your Service". Frank acted as Master of Ceremonies for Talent Night last year and I'm sure those of you who were there will recall what a fine job he did. He has written several plays, "At Your Service" being the latest.

A Thanksgiving play was presented by the Dramatic Club for the Sophomore Assembly. The cast included:

Mother ..... Catherine Bolger
Father ..... Lester Crowley
Janet ..... Hilda Jones
Hugh ..... William Dowling
Robert ..... Richard Harrington
Radio Announcer ..... John Stokes
Goodman Jenkins .. Marshall Rhein

Patricia Churchill, Emily Lowes, and Deborah Edwards had charge of properties and Robert Guest assisted back stage. Richard Fleming was chairman.

We hope to present a Shakespearean afternoon this year and also a group of one-act plays similar to the afternoon of comedy given last year, which many of you attended. We will be looking forward to seeing you in our audience again. It is our sincere desire to give you the best entertainment possible. More news later.

Thomas Ybarra, the well known radio commentator and author, whose new book "Young Man of Caracas" has just been published, was once a student in C. H. L. S.

K. B. NOTES ....

THIS year, the K. B. started its activities with an outdoor supper by the Charles River. The girls roasted their own "weinies", and everyone had fun.

On the 17th of October, twenty-one juniors and seniors were welcomed into the club. This meeting, held at Betty Morris' home, was most impressive because of its dignity in procedure. After the formalities were over, the girls played records and had refreshments.

Many activities were planned at this meeting, the most important being our formal dance which will be held, as usual, in the Commander Hotel on the 16th of January. Don't forget the date. You'll hear more about it later, though. Other plans are Red Cross Sewing, a Splash party under the direction of Doris Coughlin, and horseback riding lead by Jane Hayes and Marion Lyons.

With all the enthusiasm set forth by the girls at the first meeting, this promises to be a most successful year for the K. B. The officers, Betty Morris—President, and Mary Faulkner—Secretary-Treasurer, promise to work in full co-operation with the girls and with Miss McElroy and Miss Buckley, our able advisors.

BETTY MORRIS, '42

G. A. A. REPORT .. ..

This year our club is under the leadership of hard-working Patricia Dias, president, Anne Cahill, vice-president, treasurer, and Olga Zacharchuck, secretary. The executive committee consists of indispensable Sylvia Piltch, and three inexperienced but co-operative Sophomores, Faith Webster, June Becker, and Barbara Murphy. Miss Brown, our faculty adviser, gives the girls the benefit of her sage advice, and they have already proved that they can handle G. A. A. affairs very efficiently.

For the first time in many years, we found it was impossible to have a Freshman Initiation during school hours. But what a grand time we had after school!

Thus ended the humorous side of the Freshman Initiation. Now, a group of serious Freshmen repeated the G. A. A. pledge in an atmosphere of dignified silence. Patricia Dias, holding a lighted candle, solemnly accepted and welcomed the Freshmen into the G. A. A. After singing the inspiring G. A. A. Hymn, our new members went home, munching contentedly on lollipops given out by the various officers.

October 24 was an evening well spent by those who attended the Freshman Party. The girls, who entered the gym laughing and chattering merrily, stopped with gasps of amaze as they beheld the gypsy fortune telling tents situated around the room. Fearfully, they entered the dark and dismal tents where they saw beautiful young gypsies, dressed in exotic clothing. Most of the girls were so interested in the clothing that they did not even hear what the gypsies prophesied for them! The gypsies who told your fortunes, girls, were Barbara Supernard, a crystal gazer, Gloria Freni, a palmist, Mary Prasinos, a star gazer, Catherine Cooper and Eve Banier, card readers. In real life, they are the girls who sit next to you in class. Ooo, Music! A group of surprised and delighted girls looked up from their seats to see a real, honest to goodness organ grinder. The next thing HE knew, he was besieged by the girls who begged him to play their favorite tunes. I'll bet you can't guess his name. Oh, how did you know it was Tony? After poor Tony's arm became stiff from playing, the girls sat down to witness two hilarious plays. "Accent On Revenge," and "Hollywood Fever." The spectators laughed loud and long at these two skits, which were really something! Thanks are due Anne Cahill, the director, and the members of the cast who gave so much of their time and energy to putting on these plays. After the girls had recovered from their mirth, they were served refreshments. The refreshments consisted of always welcome ice cream and cookies served by Faith Webster and her committee. The gay decorations were due to the efforts of June Becker and her committee. Of course, we must commend Olga Zacharchuk and Barbara Murphy, who presented a formidable barrier to all gate crashers.

Just to hold the older girls in suspense, I kept this news for the very end. The long-awaited G. A. A. Formal will be held November 28, at the Hotel Commander. In order that the government might not go bankrupt, the Secretary of the Treasury decided to take 15c out of each ticket sold for this dance. In order that the G. A. A. might not go bankrupt, the officers decided to raise the price of the tickets to $1.65. We know that you will not object to this when you realize that without the 15c you contribute the nation would be unable to endure.

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DECEMBER 1941

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

VOLUME 55 NUMBER 2

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EDITORIAL

ONCE again the enchanting spell of Christmas time has been cast over us. Joy fills our hearts as we gaze at the shiny ornaments which hang in glittering array from the spreading branches of fragrant Christmas trees. We cannot resist the charming atmosphere created by the yellow candles which flicker on the insides of window panes, sending gay shadows dancing playfully over the frozen artistry of Jack Frost. In this delightful season, a true spirit of good will should prevail in the souls of all of us. It is at Yuletide, more than at any other time of the year, that we are afforded the opportunity of spreading joy and happiness. All of us, amidst cries of pleasure and surprise, will open our presents, wrapped gaily in holiday colors. However, in our pleasure let us pause for just a moment on Christmas Day to utter a short prayer for our stricken fellow-beings in far-off warring lands. They face a sad Christmas indeed. For them there will be no singing of carols, no exchanging of gifts, no happy holiday revelry. Therefore, let us pray earnestly that, before another Christmas rolls around, there will exist sincere and lasting "Peace on earth, goodwill toward men."

A Very Merry Christmas to You All.

A CHRISTMAS STORY

EVERY year when candles again shine in the windows throughout our city, I think once more of a story told to me when I was very young. My grandmother was quite ill at the time and had to have a nurse with her constantly. At night when Granny was asleep, her nurse used to tell me stories of her native France. My favorite tale was about the Noel Candle.

It was Christmas Eve in Rheims nearly five hundred years ago. Throughout the happy throngs of merry dancers, carolers, and churchgoers it did not seem as though there could be one sad or lonely heart—but there were four. Three were in a squalid shack on the banks of the river, a hovel, gloomy and dismal outside, but neat as a pin, inside. The tiny fire inside not only cooked their meals, but warmed its dwellers, as well. The beauty of the room was in the little shrine on the rear wall, with a bunch of ever-green as its only flower. A countess with her two children, Jeanne and Louis lived in that hut. They had been kind, noble and generous, but when war came, their castle was lost, Lady Marie and her children were forced to flee, and the Count was taken prisoner. Now, with nothing in the world but

one another, for their gift to others they could only place a lighted candle in their window hoping that someone, poor and lonely like themselves would be thankful for the tiny light shining on the snow.

The fourth sad heart was in the breast of a shabby little boy, who was jostled and elbowed-about by a crowd that took no interest in him. Making his way into the shabby section of the town, he saw the candle beaming in the little window. He knocked at the door of that poor and mean hut and was admitted by a little girl. In an instant he found himself beside the fire, with a little boy and girl chafing his icy hands and feet, and a beautiful lady filling up bowls of simmering stew, scarce though it was. Never had the thin soup tasted so rich to the countess and her children.

Suddenly the light of a thousand candles filled the room and the stranger-child became so radiant that they could scarcely look at him. Songs of angels filled the air and the unknown-guest said, "With thy little candle thou hast lighted the Christ child on His way to heaven; tonight thy dearest wish shall be granted," and in another minute He was gone.

The countess and her children fell to their knees, and in the midst of their prayers, the door opened and a knight in armor entered.

"Marie, children!"

"Father!" After long months of war and prison, at last their father had found them. There was great rejoicing, of course.

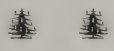
"But, father, how did you find us at last?" cried Louis.

"A ragged boy told me you lived here when I met him on the highway."

"The Christ-child," said Lady Marie, and she told him the story.

Thus began the custom of putting a burning candle in the window to light the weary wanderer to a place of rest. Today we still light a candle in our windows. Wouldn't it be wonderful if our candles could light the way for Peace to find its perpetual resting-place?

MARY BUCKLEY '42



SUNSET

Autumn is the summer's sunset,
A gorgeous tapestry she weaves—
Yellow, ruby, gold and russet
Adorn the boughs with jewel'd leaves.
The leaves fall to the earth to die,
The trees are bare and gray the winter sky.

ALEX STEWART '43

IN MEMORIAM

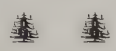
With deep sadness and a keen sense of loss the Review staff pays tribute in the words of Mr. Downey, our headmaster, to Miss Natalie Browning, who until a few days before her death was an active member of our faculty.

Miss Natalie Browning, for over twenty-five years a teacher in the High and Latin School, died Friday, November twenty-first.

Gentle and meek of spirit, she was possessed of that "faith which works not by force but by love." She was a living example of perfect charity. Never known to utter an unkind work to pupils or associates, it is difficult to conceive that she would harbor an unkind thought.

As a teacher, she was professional to the core and accepted and fulfilled her assignments with a deep sense of responsibility to the pupils committed to her charge and to the school she loved so well. Her devotion to her work was manifest to the end. In spite of failing health and waning strength, she faced her trials and difficulties with a smiling courage that brought her to her desk within a week of the approach of death.

In high fidelity and unselfish service, she has written her own memorial.



THE WORLD OF YESTERDAY

I THINK that it must be a national weakness of every generation to feel that its own age is pale and stereotyped in contrast with the exciting adventurous times of the past. It follows the old adage which says that the grass is always greener in the other person's yard. We, especially when we are growing up, invest the world of yesterday with an aura of romanticism. We think of past times as the times when really important things were done. As far as we are concerned everything worthwhile has been achieved. This modern world is too near perfection to be interesting.

Yet if we were to go back a hundred years, or two hundred for that matter, we would find everywhere people who had no interest in the present but looked always to earlier times for excitement.

JULIAN MOYNAHAN '42

CHRISTMAS IN OTHER LANDS

"Our hearts to-night are open wide,
The grudge, the grief, are laid aside;
The path and porch are swept of snow,
The doors unlatched; the hearthstones glow—
No visitor can be denied."

CHRISTMAS! The very name itself strikes responsive chords in our memory as visions of laughing youth, shining cheeks, tall, silent firs, brightly bedecked, and "Old Scrooge" float by before our eyes. Yet, we are conscious of a different spirit. It is not a spirit of happy pugnacious nationalism as that which envelopes our other holidays, but rather one of quiet, joyous universalism, for Christmas is not celebrated by one land, one people, but rather by all nations that live and let live by the creed of God. While John or Mary is exclaiming excitedly over his wondrous gifts, Jeanne of France may be peacefully dreaming of Jean Noel, while Katrina sleepily yet stubbornly waits for Saint Nicholas.

As Jeanne sleeps, she trembles with delight at the thought of the numerous delicacies which she will find on the morrow in her little shoes which she has left on the hearth. Christmas in France is a happy time, yet not a boisterous one. For days the French housewife cleans her tiny hut and prepares for the coming of Noel. Grain is planted as a tribute to Saint Barbar, the patron saint, and sheaves of wheat are hung outside the cottage for the birds to enjoy during this peaceful season.

Finally, ever so slowly for the children, Christmas Eve comes and with it the blazing yule log. The "casse de Noel" is a large oaken log, brought into the room by the oldest and youngest members of the family. The oldest member is expected to pour three libations of wine upon the log while voicing an invocation in behalf of wealth, health, and general good fortune for the household, after which the youngest member, no matter how old, drinks to the newly lighted fire—the emblem of the new light of another year.

For several days previously Jeanne and her friends go into the woods and fields to gather laurel, holly, and bright berries with which to build the creche, their tribute in commemoration of the birth of Christ. It is a representation of the Holy Manger, which all the little folks build on a table in the living room to the accompaniment of many carols—the famous Noels of the country.

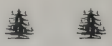
The children continue to light their creche each night until Epiphany, when they march forth to meet the Magi, who yearly disappoint their devoted waiting ones. It is this feast of Epiphany, marked by a great supper, songs, toasts, and general revelry, which closes merrily the holiday season.

As the French Noel comes on the "Wings of Time", so does the German "Weinacht". This Holy Night is the time of family reunions, fun, and frolic. Solemn, beautiful services are held in all churches and the story of the coming of the Christ Child, old yet ever new, is told again in the beautiful song of which only the German is capable. At home tremendous feasts are held and before a brilliantly betinseled tree small gifts are exchanged as wine and mirth flow freely in the congenial atmosphere.

From the palace to the hut, Yule-tide is a season of peace, rest, joy, and devotion. For three days, that is the day before Christmas, Christmas day, and the day after all business not absolutely necessary to the welfare of the community is suspended. Throughout the land, the cities seem tranquilly asleep and time itself seems to have stopped for this festive occasion.

Slowly, regretted by all, the Christmas season passes, flowing into one last burst of mirth. Whether the greeting is "Joyeux Noel" or "Froliche Weinachten" all men remain brothers at this time, for this is the day of "peace on earth, good will to men".

AARON KRUTE '42



'TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

How peaceful is this starry night,
How silent drifts the snow,
Where every pane is glowing bright
In tranquil homes below.
Where toil has won a blithe reprieve;
But rest is not for Mary Reeve.
She darts about from store to store
To shop and not to tarry—
Till all her toes and corns are sore;
Her aches not momentary.
When drooping clerks have ceased their smiles
To curse the feet they stand on,
She bids them carry forth their piles
In tones of forced abandon.
While all the night from her house will issue
Groans and oaths and the crackle of tissue.

HELEN LUZACKAS '42

ROUND HARVARD SQUARE

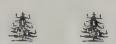
I HAVE often wondered why some writer has not chosen picturesque Harvard Square as a setting for a novel. Here is one of the most interesting and charming places in America. Here is offered an inexhaustible supply of interesting people and places. One can, without difficulty, recognize the ambitious student briskly making his way towards St. Clair's, where he will contentedly sip a cup of coffee while waiting for his next class to begin. He is dressed as only a Harvard student is capable of dressing. A battered old hat, a green bag slung carelessly over a dirty raincoat, which evidently has been through all extremes of weather, and a pair of loud, creaseless trousers rolled up over a pair of curled-up shoes, which in the remote past were once actually white, all combine to make up the matchless dress of a typical Harvard man. It is not a rare occurence to see a white bearded professor, undoubtedly esteemed the world over, slowly plodding, cane in hand, along aristocratic Brattle Street, in quest of a little fresh air.

In addition to its interesting people, Harvard Square has its varied moods. No one who has seen Harvard Square on the afternoon of the Harvard-Army football game could easily escape the intense excitement with which the whole atmosphere teems. Huge, crimson banners, bearing large white H's, flutter nervously from the store buildings, as if they were a bit anxious as to how their team would fare. Glamorous girls, proudly clinging to the arms of tall, handsome cadets, roguishly wave their gray banners at the chagrined and envious Harvard onlookers. Presently the martial strains of the Harvard band are heard, as it gives forth, with all the ardor of a spirited college group, the commanding notes of "Ten Thousand Men of Harvard!" Without warning, it sweeps from the yard into full view and pursues its confident march to the stadium and a much-wanted victory. Issuing from the subterranean passages to the familiar pill box, portly business men, ostentatiously bearing Harvard colors on their huge fur coats, appear to be enjoying to the full the afternoon which they have taken off in order to cheer their Alma Mater on to victory. With a lively spirit, Harvard and Army rooters alike swarm across the Larz Anderson bridge to the stadium where a thrilling game awaits them.

Harvard Square at Christmas time also leaves a lasting impression. The huge Christmas tree on the common is gaily decked out with garish and varied colored lights. Wreaths and holly decorate the many store windows. Small crowds gather around the window of Schrafft's, where an enormous Christmas turkey, crisp and brown, sits contentedly, surrounded by many mouth-watering delicacies. The entire square bustles with hurrying shoppers, who dash about from store to store in preparation for the holiday. Here, indeed, is a charming place to spend one's Christmas Eve.

And thus, in all its varied moods, ancient Harvard Square continues to live on, while old Charles Sumner scrutinizes it with a fatherly interest from his high, comfortable chair, which I have often had the desire of borrowing for one evening's observation.

PAUL O'ROURKE '43



THE HOPE OF CHRISTMAS

THROUGH the medium of radio, newspapers, and moving pictures we have been kept constantly aware of the grave state of the entire world today. We all have witnessed, over a short period of time, eruptions which have greatly affected the entire continents of Europe and Asia and which now seriously threaten the safety of our own American Continent. So it has come to pass that not only countries, not only continents, but the entire world has been raised to a war pitch thus far unparalleled in the history of mankind.

Through the skies, blackened with the smoke of battle, a luminous ray may soon be perceived, ushering in the season of Christmas-tide. It may seem, at first glance, ironical that with the advent of this joyous season should come into this sinful world, where men have been thoroughly seasoned in the art of destruction, the spirit of "Peace on earth to men of good will." Rather it seems that this season no longer holds a place in such a world.

But, upon close examination, it may be noted that no weapon was ever devised whose voice could drown out the spirit of Christmas from the hearts of men. In fact, it seems quite probable to believe that the Christmas spirit will be welcomed even more by comparison with the grim war routine. Its significance will "plead like angels, trumpet-tongued" against the black and sinful acts of violence and destruction. Its peaceful atmosphere might bring to man the realization of the fruitlessness of war; and thereby accelerate world peace. In any case, Christmas-tide brings with it the possibility of international unity of prayer by the millions of souls whose misfortunes have disclosed to them the importance of "Peace on earth, to men of good will."

RAYMOND FITZGERALD '41

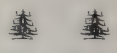
LEFT-OVERS

CONSIDERING the unlimited lightheartedness that is the characteristic of those impertinent, noisy, feathered little fellows who gather in most disorderly sessions in front of your window, simultaneously proclaiming their discordantly shrill contempt for the world at large and then joining in a harmoniously jubilant hallelujah, I believe that they, at least, do not have to eat their bread, or crumbs, in the sweat of their brow. But do you know why He so "providently caters for the sparrow"? It is because the sparrow is content with, and thankful for, left-overs. It is, indeed, a pleasure to see such a diminutive bird carry off cheerfully particles of twigs and molecules of feathers for her nest, chirping contentedly at her labor whenever her beak is empty and gurgling her satisfaction when it is full. This admirable economy should have been taken into consideration when nose bags were invented. Horses should never wear them, for the shameful wastefulness of our four-footed helpers serves always to the advantage of our little friends, who will presently come fluttering to the ground, hop nearer, cock their heads to one side while considering, their bright black eyes alert, the risk of their undertaking, and, immediately reassured and bold, glean the left-overs of the main harvest.

We, the reapers of the somewhat greater harvest of ancient culture, will leave to our posterity but broken sheaves. Who knows how much of the Athenian Acropolis, that had been preserved miraculously for so many centuries, still stands intact after the raids on Minerva's favorite city by members of our civilized generation? That remnant of pre-Christian mastery of architecture, towering above a city which has changed even its language, reminds us of worshipping Greeks adoring Phidias' masterpiece in the Parthenon, of Socrates lecturing to his followers under the porticoes, of Themistocles' splendid victory at Salamis. To me, the Acropolis brings to life everything that I have cherished of ancient Greece ever since I peered into my first history book.

And yet there are left-overs which I value even more than it. They are books, remnants of an enormous library which its owner was unable to sell. Having inherited this treasure from one who had obviously accumulated it from all branches of his family, this generous but unworthy gentleman allowed me to choose among the left-overs which he considered not worth his while. Since, fortunately, I am neither easily offended nor too proud, I soon found myself in a company consisting of Shakespeare and W. H. Hudson, Dante and Browning, Smollett and Walt Whitman, Lamb and Yeats, Macaulay and Dickens, Emily Dickinson and Washington Irving, until I scarcely knew where to look first and settled the question by gathering them all around me and rejoicing in each one separately. Thus it can hardly be a matter of wonder that I value leftovers more than those who despise the very word can value their possessions.

EVA SCHIFFER '42



WHAT CHRISTMAS MEANS TO ME

WHEN Christmas day, the feast day which is second only to Easter, comes, it brings with it innumerable remembrances, hopes, joys, prayers, and thanksgivings.

Oh, how happy were the Christmas days of childhood when Santa Claus came down the chimney and left his mysterious presents which filled our stockings even to overflowing! What great dinners were eaten at grandmother's house where the whole family gathered round exchanging gifts and pleasant remarks with equal vivacity! After the celebrating, late in the afternoon, we would go to the flower filled church where lighted candles cast upon the wall huge flickering shadows. In a small dim cubicle illuminated by two huge candles stood a manger in which stood statues of the Virgin Mary and her Infant Son surrounded by the gentle sheep and wondering shepherds. To us children who knelt before this sacred and symbolic scene, the tiny animals seemed real, the reverent pastoral figures became alive, and the holy Mother bending over her new born Child radiated her love and devotion. After we had gone away, the picture became a beautiful hazy dream to us, past but not forgotten.

Now, on Christmas day we believe no longer in that joyous myth of Santa Claus and go no longer to grandmother's house for dinner with the rest of the family, for dear grandmother is dead and the whole family has scattered. Now since we are old enough, we children go to church on Christmas morning. Our Christmas days are still joyous and we continue to exchange little gifts with one another although the day is not filled with that carefree spirit of the very young. Instead, we possess a greater happiness in the realization that Christmas is the advent of the Christ Child, of that Holy One who came into the world that everyone might be saved. Let us rejoice therefore on Christmas day for the greatest gift of all has been bestowed upon us!

MARY COTTER '42

CHRISTMAS, 1941—A CONTRAST

IN the cheerless glow of a dying fire, two emaciated little children sat huddled together. With a heart-breaking sob, Jeanne turned a wan face to her brother, Pierre, and whispered, in a quivering voice, "Pierre, I don't think he will come." Slowly Pierre shook his curly head, and brushed away the tears which had welled to his eyes in spite of his manly attempts to restrain them. "Never mind, Jeanne; next year he will come to us," murmured the boy, picking up the empty shoes which he and his sister had so hopefully placed before their meagre fire. Jeanne followed her brother to a corner of the gloomy, barely furnished room. Together they said their prayers and climbed into an uncomfortable brass bed. The faint chiming of distant church bells sounded and Jeanne whispered in a sleepy, disconsolate voice, "Joyeux Noel, Pierre."

With a gleeful shout Betty dashed across the pleasant living room and snatched a flaxen-haired baby doll, which had been resting quietly against the base of a tall Christmas tree, laden with bright, cheerful decorations and with presents. Her brother Jimmy, who had been deeply engrossed in the task of starting a shiny, new electric train, listened to his younger sister's delighted exclamations with a boyish scorn of feminine foolishness. When Mother and Dad came into the room, both children ran to their outstretched arms and the walls of the room reverberated with the family's laughter and with the joyous echo "Merry Christmas."

ANNE CAHILL '42

THE STORM

I LEANED against a post upon the dock and looked around. A storm was rising and the salt hung heavy in the cool air. An ominous stillness presided over all and as I scanned the horizon, I noticed fishing vessels hurrying into port. In the boats sailing closer to the dock men were reefing their sails to prepare for the coming struggle. The sea was threateningly calm, but farther out the wind, beginning now to rise, was making whitecaps on the dull green ocean. The caressing lap of the waves against the dock was growing steadily stronger. The gulls and sandpipers, seeming to sense the growing restlessness, took flight to seek shelter. The sea, whipped by the wind, was now a churning mass of green and white as it rose to meet the scudding clouds which swept across the sky. The storm had come.

MARIE L. RUSSELL '44

THE DIABOLICAL "TUX"

A TUXEDO, better known, perhaps, as a "tux," is an instrument of torture, rivaling in its subtility even the delicacies of the Orientals. It is only obtainable in the standard black and white, which deprives a man of the last shred of individuality. This, I believe is quite agreeable to the fair sex, since the dull black provides a wonderful background for their rainbow-hued costumes.

One queer property of the "tux" is its ability to present itself as distinctly desirable. Let a dance or formal party be in the offing and all those lucky fellows who don't own one will immediately drain the old bank account to remedy the situation. Whatever its good points may be, comfort is certainly not included. The resemblance to a suit of armor is greatly enhanced by the use of jeweled rivets called, "studs."

The most objectionable feature is the dress shirt. You approach it from the rear, like a strait-jacket, and are caught in a vice-like grip by the stiffly starched and unrelenting collar. This strangle-hold is only relinquished when, at the end of the evening, you remove the collar with a prodigious sigh of thanksgiving.

The whole affair is topped off by a small bow tie. This is, perhaps, the only sensible feature of the tuxedo, being a great help to nervous people who may spend the evening straightening it.

My own sentiments may be summed up in one short sentence, "I'm agin it!"

WALTER CREMENS '44

WHY WE SHOULD BE GLAD WE ARE AMERICANS

WHEN we compare our country in all respects with other great countries of the world, we can be proud of it and should be glad that we are Americans. Some countries surpass us in some things, but in most of the things that go to make a country great we lead or hold a high rank. In no other country do the people in general have so many of the good things of life, have such convenient and comfortable homes, and have so much to look forward to as in the United States of America.

PHYLLIS BARBER '43

THE GILBERT AND SULLIVAN OPERA COMPANY

THERE is a belief prevalent among Gilbert and Sullivan lovers in this country that these delightful operettas cannot be produced properly by any other troupe than the traditional D'Oyly Carte company of England. In Boston for the past six weeks has been a group which has shattered that myth completely.

The Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Company, a presentation of the Shuberts, has put on a series of operettas at the Majestic theatre with such skill and efficiency that it must have pleased the most critical of listeners. Using native American signers and chorus, in whom there was not a trace of a British accent, the troupe managed to play to fairly full houses productions of "The Mikado", "The Pirates of Penzance", "The Gondoliers", "Pinafore", and "Iolanthe", each presented in successive weeks.

Looking back at the performances, we find it hard to say which was best. In each the singing of the soloists was excellent, the acting very well done, and the chorus, particularly the men, was on a par with any we have heard in Boston. There was a certain enthusiasm about every production which was very refreshing. Each member of the cast seemed to enjoy his work whole-heartedly with the result that there were no dull or lackadaisical performances.

It is hard to cite outstanding performances of individuals in the cast since the leading parts in the operettas are usually pretty well divided among several persons. We must mention Florenz Ames for his hilarious comedy portrayals and quaint dancing. Credit too must be given to the leading lady of the company, Kathleen Roche, for her beautiful singing and convincing acting and to Morton Bowe for his fine tenor voice.

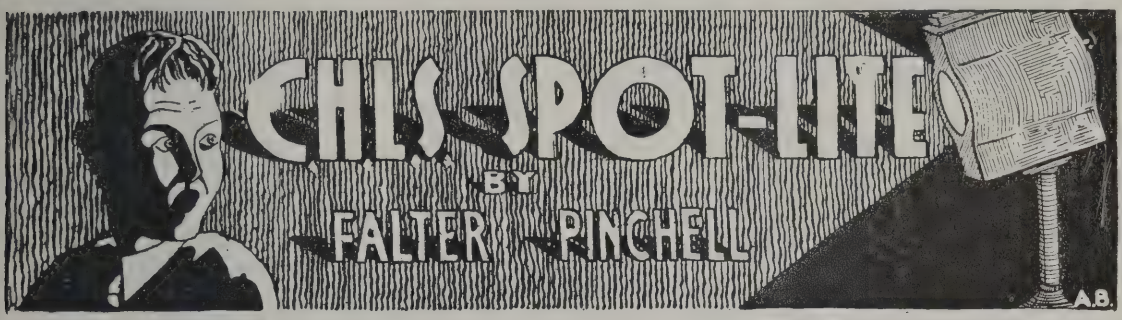
We cannot cover adequately in one article all the operettas, but speaking of the presentation as a whole, we found it was the best entertainment of its kind to be presented in Boston for several years. It is heartening to see a good American company do so well with work which, outside of amateur productions, has been considered the personal property of British artists. We only hope that other groups will profit by the example that this fine troupe has set.

JULIAN MOYNAHAN '42

THIS THING CALLED SWING . . .

HERE we go again for a second whirl with this thing called swing: Benny Goodman has just signed Art London, ex-football star as his new male vocalist. Art replaces Tommy Taylor . . . Congratulations to Glenn Miller. Two years ago this December Glenn started his radio broadcast. It's been going strong ever since. . . . The composer of such tunes as "Solitude," "Sophisticated Lady" and "Take the A Train," Duke Ellington has a new hit on his hands. It's called "I've Got it Bad" and it's slated for the Hit Parade. . . . Tommy Dorsey is back in Hollywood for another picture. It's to be with Tony Martin and Eleanor Powell and to be called "I'll Take Manilla." . . . Some new recordings you want to hear are: Connie Boswell's "Stormy Weather," Glenn Miller's "This Time the Dream's on Me," Woody Herman's "Blues in the Night," Tommy Dorsey's "Violets for Your Furs," Barry Wood's "Madelaine." . . . Watch for Bob Hope recordings from his forthcoming films. . . . Rose Marie Lombardo, sister of Guy, has joined her brother's orchestra. She has been training for several years to be a singer and has made guest appearances with the band. Now, she has a permanent position as soloist. . . . Duke Ellington has composed a concerto for harp. . . . It was written especially for nineteen year old Gail Laughton. She will record it with the Ellington Band. . . . Add Gene Krupa and Freddy Martin to the list of band leaders to appear on the silver screen this winter. . . . A memorial album of the late Helen Morgan's favorite numbers is being prepared for immediate release. . . . Bands to watch for: Stan Kenton, Hal McIntyre, and Freddie Slack. . . . Tunes to watch for: "Tis Autumn," "The White Cliffs," "Rose O'Day," "This Is No Laughing Matter." . . . And now for news of the progress of our band poll. The band leading when this issue of the Review went to press was Glenn Miller. Tommy Dorsey is running second. Dinah Shore is placing first as your favorite female singer with Helen O'Connell second. As your favorite male singer, Bing Crosby, and Bob Eberle as your second choice. . . . The band poll will run until our next meeting. You fans of Goodman, Krupa, Jimmy Dorsey and you Joan Merrill and Ray Eberle and Marion Hutton fans get your votes in. Come on Swingsters, select a King of Band Land and Prince and Princess of Song.

ROBERT GUEST '43



MEMOS OF C. H. L. . . .

HI friends! If you can take another dose, we're asking you to stick around awhile to hear what we've found out since that last fateful edition . . . At the G. A. A. Formal (I hope we've all recovered by now) Charles Lynch, as you all probably know by now, received the title of "Beau of the Ball" with a grin and a blush . . . And while we're speaking of Charlie, we want to congratulate Charlie and Tom Leamon for winning art scholarships, and Ann Farr, for receiving honorable mention . . . But to get back to the Formal . . . Carolyn Keefe and Phyllis Greniere had a smile for everyone as they waltzed by . . . Speaking of waltzing, Arthur Bloomberg can do his share of the terpsichorean art . . . The funny part about it was that hardly anyone had to sneak in in the wee hours of the morning . . . But of course there were a few, including Eleanor Quinn, John Ryan, Warren Miller and Jane Hayes who stayed out a little later (these night hawks) . . . Lorraine Nolan and Jerry Poitrast were with Rindge escorts (huh! see if we care) . . . Take it from me, it would have done your heart good to hear and see the boys and girls give out with all their might with "God Bless America" . . . From all appearances Harriet Fuller, Alice Conway and Barbara Rundlet thoroughly enjoyed themselves . . . All in all, I think everyone had a swell time . . . Thanks to Pat Dias, Ann Cahill, Olga Zacharchuk, and others on the G. A. A. Committees . . . Girls! Want to do your duty for the U. S. O.? Go to "Connie" Fillios in 311 . . . Joe Bushee's the boy who towers above everyone in the corridors . . . Whenever Doree Corcoran's (note that French spelling) knee aches it's a sure sign of rain . . . Let's hope it doesn't ache for Doree's sake and everybody's sake . . . Did you ever see Ruth Osterberg, Carmella Cardillo and Mary Brown separated? . . . You'd never miss Audrey Fryatte in that red dress she wears . . . Marion Lyons floats around in a beach wagon now and then (she can't help it) . . . Ann Sullivan, Dot Reardon, and Marie Ryan are usually found at a certain store near the school between the hours of 2 and 4 . . . Warren Johnson acquired a bump on his head the other night . . . He says it's the bump of knowledge (I wonder) . . . Len Bulger should use Abbot and Costello's "I'm a bad boy" saying because he's had his seat changed in two of his classes . . . At this point we want to congratulate the new Junior Class officers . . . Paul Ericson has a habit of catching you with tricky questions . . . Peggy O'Brien still insists that this V for Victory has gone far enough—as she puts it, it's just a routine matter adopted by the teachers . . . C. H. L. S. might sport a new basketball find in Jimmy McCarthy . . . Edna Lagre is one you see at her locker after every period . . . Margaret Bane is always in a hurry to get to her Latin class . . . She is still sporting that classy nickname "Specs" . . . Pat Conway certainly is the aggressive type . . . Have you noticed how she moves around these corridors . . . Eleanor Murphy has improved greatly in her bowling . . . she now rolls only one ball at a time . . . Elliot Comenitz is one of the smoothest dressers in the school . . . Louis Gorod is actually beginning to study during study periods . . . After all the talk about school spirit, Dot Conroy still cheers for Rindge . . . Billy Hayes is still pestering the life out of your Aunt Falter . . . If he doesn't stop s'help me I'll call out my bodyguards . . . Hugh Bartley says he's a little stiff from bowling . . . His teacher says he doesn't care where he's from as long as he does his homework . . . Mark Louis and Ross Harris are willing to solve any difficult geometry problem handed them . . . Frances Kagan is the cute little lass who is gifted with only one dimple . . . Barbara Sanborn tells us that much of her zip and sparkle is due to her horseback riding . . . Marie Diodati, Rosemary Mazza, and Rose Ready may be seen standing on the corner of Broadway and Trowbridge Street

every morning handing greetings out here and there . . . It's a wonder they have the ambition to smile at that hour of the morning. . . . Sammy Zadoorian says that he's not the most popular boy in C. H. L. S. for nothing (No, he has to pay the fellows) . . . Pauline Hardy could win the award as "Miss Giggles of 1941" . . . Jane Gayton and that beany she wears are very well known among the Juniors . . . Have you seen Jane Withers' double roaming around? . . . It's none other than Marjorie McCormack . . . When Bill Vincent brought his Report Card home, his father asked, "Honor Roll?" Bill replied, "Nope, on a card" . . . Joke! Ha! Ha! . . . On the school bus: Ruth Coleman forever studying . . . I don't know how she does it . . . Jimmie Lakis and Eddie Colossimo halfway out the window . . . Charlie Mains blocking the passage with hockey equipment . . . Joe Linehan and Jack Curtain, a couple of the boys . . . Shirley Meehan and Evelyn Mix just missing the bus . . . Pauline Downey and Mary Sullivan are the girls who know two constitutions . . . I wonder why Phyllis Goss stands outside a local store and whom she waits for . . . Our rival scribe has slipped something over on us . . . We didn't know Frances Young had new "specs" . . . Ann Harney claims that C. H. L. S. is too large . . . She sees her friends about once a week while roaming around the corridors . . . Chick MacManus has a lot of culture but it's all physical . . . Somebody should give Madeline Birmingham a push-cart for Christmas or else she'll be loaded down with books . . . Can you imagine, I'm actually receiving thanks for compliments in the last issue . . . But there are others who just don't understand . . . Be on the look out for "Red" Mulcahy, notorious clip shooter . . . Ask Billy Munroe about Vaughn Munroe's "Harvard Square" . . . Do we hear rumors of another party, Barbara Stone? . . . The best of luck to Co-captains Tom Leary and Bill Maher for the coming hockey season . . . I wonder if Hughie O'Rourke will follow in his brothers' footsteps . . . Ray Fitzgerald is still around . . . as are Charlie Herlihy, Frances Peterson and a few others who graduated last year . . . Herman Medoff is lost without his job as campaign manager. . . . The boys getting on the elevated other ways than the front door are not innocent (but a nickel) . . . I bet these puns are killin' you . . . We don't want to knock you out with any more, so till next issue, we wish you all a Very Merry Christmas. In the meantime, don't work too hard.

EUGENE CALLENDAR BARBARA NAUFFTS

SWING IT! !

IN order to trace the origin of Swing, music's latest step-child, we must go back as far as 1916. At that time a blind negro in New Orleans originated a type of music that took an immediate hold on the people of that city. Joseph Gorman, a prophetic enthusiast, took the band of negroes to Chicago where they started an interest in jazz there. This was so successful that Reisenwebers, a hot-spot in New York, contracted them for two years.

This is the theory, generally accepted, for the origin of jazz, although many unsubstantiated rumors as to the derivation of the name are afloat. One says that there existed a maestro, whose name being Charles, was known to the public as "Chas." He was so popular that on the instance of his ending a song there arose the cries of "more Chas., more"; while another theory claims that an irresistible musician by the name of Jazbo was the cause of the same species of cries. But, whatever the derivation of its name, jazz became in the early 1920's the most popular form of music. Like the bootleg whiskey with which it was washed down, jazz took immediate action and made the worried and excited people of that period feel free, happy, and utterly irresponsible. At that time, jazz enjoyed a period of popularity that has yet to be equaled.

Gradually the popularity of jazz reached its maximum. Another type was necessary to hold the world's interest at its high point.

The conductor who realized this was the son of a music teacher from Denver, Paul Whiteman, a musician who was smart enough to give in to swing, and who as a result attained popularity. About 1929 he produced a variation of jazz, a symphonic arrangement of it, that for years was the rave of all the highbrows who recognized it as a cross between classical music and modern jazz. Naturally there sprang up thousands of orchestras with the same intent; and concert halls, where Beethoven's music was formerly heard, were now used for concerts given by these orchestras.

As jazz receded in popularity, swing took its place. The difference between these two is not just in name, because swing is composed largely of broken rhythms with no continuous effect. It is designed to attract and hold the attention to the finish. The songs that are the most popular are those that have no definite rhythm or tune, but somehow keep running through your head. They are meant primarily to be listened to, and not danced by. A prominent orchestra leader expresses the opinion that anything you can sing is music,

while anything you can't sing is swing.

So in 1937, down in Harlem, the hotbed of swing, saturated crowds swayed spontaneously to the pulsating rhythms of a sweating negro band. Wooden blocks and tomtoms, the contribution of the Negro to American music, are most important pieces in the modern orchestra, and are now exerting a remarkable influence on America.

Already we have been carried back to the Negro villages of the African jungle with drums beating and human beings dancing in rings, truckin', and shaggin'.

Wonder where we are going next!

ALEX STEWART '43

SPORTS

WELL, sport fans, the hockey season is now underway and you're certainly going to miss a lot of fun and enjoyment if you don't get out to see the games. The first opportunity you will have to witness High and Latin in action will be on the twenty-sixth of December when our team captained by "Bill" Maher and "Rocks" Leary will tangle with Boston College High. The C. H. L. S. sextet will next encounter a tough Melrose team on the thirty-first of December. This promises to be a close game as Melrose won the league championship last year. Both of the afore-mentioned contests will be played at the Boston Arena. The Latin prospects for the coming year look exceptionally brilliant, and we wish the best of luck to the players and to Coach Culhane.

From the basketball front comes the encouraging news that we are "ready for all comers." This is very evident as we look at the team which is composed of George Guild, captain; Art Thomas; Sophomore center "Dick" Aylward; with Joe Bushee and Ralph Fratto, more recently of football fame. This quintet has been selected by Coach Kozlowsky as his first team and I am sure they will reflect nothing but credit on the good name of Cambridge Latin. Their first game is scheduled with Newton, to be played at the Rindge gym on January sixth.

Mr. Foley, faculty manager for the past fourteen years, has been appointed director of vocational guidance; however, his position has been ably filled by Mr. Santoro to whom we tip our hats for assuming that responsibility.

If you desire any information concerning the basketball or hockey games consult the poster in your home room. Tickets may be purchased from Mr. Hockman in Room 120 or from Mr. Toomey in Room 201.

GIRLS' SPORTS

HERE we are back again to bring you more news about girl's sports.

The Seniors will play the Juniors on Tuesday, December 9, in the first game of the interclass series.

The captains were elected Friday, December 5, and the following were chosen:

Barbara Sullivan .....Freshman
Mary Liakos .....Sophomore
Marie Henry .....Junior
P. Ford-J. Riley .....Senior

Each of the Seniors is rejoicing at the honors given one of her team mates and is putting herself in the background. This spirit has been typical of this class since the Freshman year and we all hope it will continue throughout the years to come among the other classes.

Alice Cooper '43 has been nicknamed "the Girl With the Mask". On occasions basketball players have been practising to music while Mary Messenger '45 rehearses her singing.

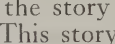
The leaders group started their bowling with over forty enthusiasts. They are already planning a tournament in teams of five with the winners playing Somerville after Christmas.

Pauline Hardy, Junior
Priscilla Coleman, Sophomore
Dorothy Yagjian, Freshman

have the highest scores in their respective classes.

More in the next issue.

OLGA ZACHARCHUK '42



BOTANY BAY by NORDOFF & HALL

THIS new novel by the celebrated writing team of "Mutiny on the Bounty" and "Hurricane" fame tells the story of the Penal Colony in Australia. This story concerns a group of prisoners sent there on the first fleet from England. They encounter a number of adventures and hardships on the voyage and during their confinement at Botany Bay. They manage an escape and arrive back in England.

The authors are past masters of adventure stories. This latest tale of theirs does not quite come up to their previous books. It lacks the magnificent sweep of "Hurricane" and "Pitcarn's Island". Never the less it is one of the best of the current crop of books. The thing that will stick in your mind after finishing this book is its vividness. The descriptions of the English prison and the voyage to Botany Bay are stark and tragic.

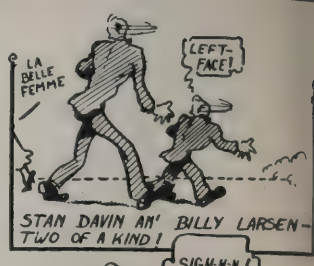
This book will be enjoyed by all Nordoff and Hall fans and will make a legion of new admirers for this writing team.

ROBERT GUEST '43

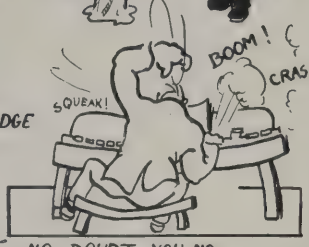
SEEN AT THE FORMAL

THAT ANIMATED PENCIL, CHARLES EMERSON LYNCH, WAS ON HAND TOO ~ EMMY HAD A RARE TIME, WON THE COVETED TITLE OF 'BEAU OF THE BALL' ~AND THEN CELEBRATED BY NOT GETTING HOME 'TILL 6:00 A.M.

VISITORS FROM RINDGE -AMONG OTHERS



STAN DAVIN AN' BILLY LARSEN- TWO OF A KIND!



NO DOUBT YOU NOTICED TH' PIANIST- NO DOUBT!!

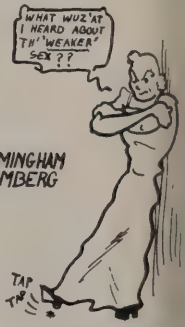
ART THOMAS, JR PRESIDENT TAKING IN TH' VIEW THRU TH WASH-ROOM MIRROR

TH' SMITH HOUSE DID A LAND-OFFICE BUSINESS AFTER-WARDS

-JOHN STOKES, MARIE BUCKLEY, AND A PURPLE ORCHID ~ A NICE THREE-SOME-

CHARMING PAT DIAS AS GOOD A PRESIDENT AS THEY MAKE 'EM~ IT WAS DUE LARGELY TO HER EFFORTS THAT TH' DANCE WAS SO SUCCESSFUL-

MADELINE BIRMINGHAM AND ART BLOOMBERG HAD FUN ~

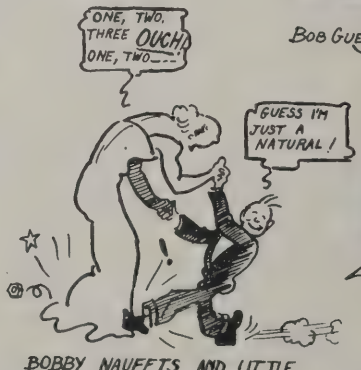


THERE WERE NO CRASHERS THIS TIME- ANITA KUR WAS ON GAURD AT TH' DOOR!

GAA VICE PRES. ANN CAHILL WITH RINDGE-ITE RAY TIERNEY

PORTLY 'PORKY' PAUL O'ROURKE- AS EVER ~-

JACK DELANEY AND PAT KENNEDY ~ THEY 'BUGGED!

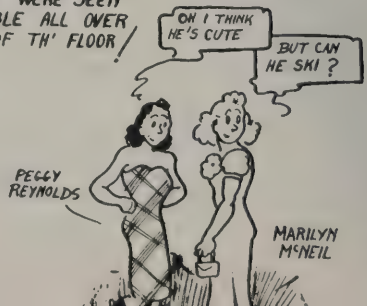


BOBBY NAUFFTS AND LITTLE JOE SHEEHAN WERE SEEN HAVING TROUBLE ALL OVER ONE CORNER OF TH' FLOOR!

LES CROWLEY-T VOICE ON THE CH RADIO ~ WAS IN ATTENDANCE ~-

AND THEN THERE WAS THAT "FAMOUS PEOPLE" DANCE - QUITE TH' THING!

WHO WAS TH LITTLE-BIG-GUY USHER WITH TH' GUM - AND I MEAN GUM!



FRESHMAN NOTES

THERE are some Freshmen who think Santa Claus automatically died the day report cards came out. If Catherine Leard seems particularly proud lately, it is because she had dinner with Jean Autrey on his last visit to Boston. Catherine was the winner of an essay contest. Whenever we look into Room 127, before or after school, we find Gloria Babish and Anthony Agros instructing the rest of the pupils in chess. When you see that brief case coming down the corridor, you know that it is Robert Berman behind it. By the way, the names of Robert Berman and Leonard Roseman have been submitted as the youngest pupils in the school. They are eleven years old. If there are any pupils who are younger, kindly let us know. That girl with the charming shyness must be Louise Bigelow . . . Alice Roberts has been very quiet in Room 120 lately. Why? . . . Mildred Davis seems to have a great deal to do every recess, away from her homeroom . . . John Malvey, president of Room 120, has become a fine orator . . . Evelyn Daley and Christina Crane sing in a church choir . . . Fred Sateriale and Roger Sellars are going out for the track team . . . Beverly Blackhurst, vice-president of Room 115, has shown real salesmanship in getting subscriptions for the REVIEW . . . Phyllis Davidson is always ready to appreciate any joke . . . You can find Eleanor Green, Mary Thurston and Vivian Harris every morning at the corner of Trowbridge Street . . . Pupils don't have to look at the clock when Dorothy Bispham comes in mornings. They know it is exactly 8:29 . . . The pupils in Room 111 have had several concerts this year. They are looking forward to many more . . . Elaine Downey is anticipating a trip to Canada for the Christmas holidays . . . John Loufbourow is a talented artist. His hobby is collecting curios, mainly Chinese and Russian . . . We have been told that William Brathwaite is talented at singing and dancing. We wish he weren't so bashful about it . . . Dorothy Yagjiah enjoyed bowling very much the other night. She had the highest first string, beating over twenty-five others . . . Hollis Brown is a candidate for the basketball team . . . Betty Alden and Polly Ann Horan may be seen any day after school waiting for Jean Morrisey . . . In looking through a copy of last year's Longfellow school papers, we discovered that some leading contributors were Richard Bond, William Klopstalk, John Loufbourow, Rosemary Ryan, Arnold Shutzberg, Howard Smaller, Violet Solomon, Anthony Travers and Joe Wenkus. Marvin Rosenberg was the editor. Why not continue your work with the REVIEW? . . . Everyone hopes that Marjorie Brander will have a speedy recovery after her appendectomy . . . We hear that Mary Cokery is concealing her many talents from the gym teacher. Why, Mary? . . . Donald Lester is trying much harder to be quiet. Five times is a lot, at that . . . Sophie Miskervitch and Barbara Moore are such close friends that Sophie didn't feel good the day Barbara was absent . . . Thomas Hillery's arm is much better and he has discarded the sling. We hope the bandages will go soon . . . Charlotte Herman is making some community Fund Posters for the first floor. Charlotte also finds time to write out many interesting notes for this section . . . Anna Herlihy and Dorothy Terreo are becoming the star freshman basketball players . . . It is nice to see Isabel Gudas back in school again after her injuries . . . Mary E. Herlihy and Ruth Hayes are seldom apart. Did you know they are cousins? . . . Bowling has become very popular with the freshman girls. In one party recently were Dorothy Butler, Ruth Hayes, Mary Herlihy, Anne Heffernan, Phyllis Harrington, Marion Hayes, and Ann Corcoran. How are the scores, girls? . . . Paul Hathaway made a striking appearance at the G. A. A. formal . . . Johnny Graham would make a fine model for a toothpaste advertisement . . . Sometimes Billy Harrington doesn't mind being bothered . . . Joan McPartlin should make an excellent columnist when she has finished her education. Her notes for this section are always clear, concise, and interesting. Theresa Britto enjoyed a trip to New York during November. Helen Davidson (the girl with the dimples) is an outstanding jitterbug expert. Mary Cicarrelli bowled for the first time the other day. She did very well for a beginner. Is there any special reason why Dot Lutz doesn't always have her home-work done? Edward McCourt plays the harmonica in a way that rivals Larry Adler. Mary Messinger is not only good on the dance floor (and off) but she is also very adept at ice-skating. That yellow sweater you see around is worn by "Lefty" Gordan. Elinor Mueller just has to be different and spell her name E-l-i-n-o-r instead of E-l-e-a-n-o-r. How do you like Eddie Kelly's new hair-do? Paul Foley is a very popular boy. Have you heard Theresa Maxwell give her imitation of a tongue-tied little girl? She does it in a piece called "Tongue Tied Trudy." Marion Hayes does real fancy work in her ice-skating.

Anne Heffernan has the pin boys all tired

out with her fine bowling. Marie Mercurio and Margaret McTigh are very close pals. Doris Linton should star on the girl's baseball team next spring. Joseph Leonard is frequently mistaken for his brother Paul, a sophomore. Herbert Lurio rents out his moving picture projector and his services for parties and special occasions. Congratulations to Jane Spaulding on the wonderful exhibit of dolls which she had at the main library. There were dolls from most countries of the world, dressed in the costumes of each country. Richard Rancatore has become an author; mostly bloodthirsty stories that would send a chill through you. Did you know that Margaret Nieh has been in China while the war was going on? Ambrose Rondina is a talented vocalist, and has sung on the radio for several years. That was some debate in Room 122, between the boys and the girls on the question of girl's hats. Douglas Fairburn believes in moving by the bells; comes in with the last bell in the morning, and goes home with the first one in the afternoon. The freshman civics class in Room 108 had a very interesting and instructive court trial in class, Jacqueline Doyle and James Sutherland, the opposing counsel, were very spirited in their arguments. Barbara Stevens and Robert Farrell, as court stenographer and court clerk respectively, carried on like veterans. When the defendant was found guilty, the Judge, Walter DiGiovanni, gave him a long sentence. Marvin Rosenberg has been hustling around getting notes for this section. Ada McPhail and Dorothy Bispham make a fine harmony team. The reporters in Room 122 are very busy getting notes (the last day). Violet Solomon, Jane Spaulding, and Doris Stratton manage to get them in, though. We are wondering if Gloria Babish and Evelyn Cherelli will inherit the scholastic ability of their brothers and sisters. "Dinny" Downey certainly rushes away after the sixth period class. Would you tell us why "Dinny?" Barbara Walker's greatest interest is not in Socrates. Eddy Kelly never hurries, especially in looking for his home-work papers. Edna Healy and Jacqueline Harding are always in a rush at the end of the lunch period. Did you ever see Phyllis Harrington without Anne Heffernan?

We wish all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

THE FRESHMAN SONGS AT C. H. L. S.

Why.....Doesn't "V" stand for Victory
Why don't we do this more often....Study
You and I.....Me and my report card
9:20 Special.....Second Period Class
I Love You Truly.....One Forty-five Bell
The Same Old Story....Home Work Excuse
Down at the Friendly Tavern. The Lunchroom
Times Square...The corridors between classes
I've Got My Eye on You.....That clock
The Chatanooga Choo-Choo..The School Bus

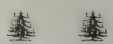
Charlotte Herman '45

You Can't Do Business With Hitler
by Douglas Miller

The author of this book was Commerical Attachè at Berlin from 1925 to 1939. There he observed the changes in the German government under Hitler. In this book, he states the things which he saw happen. He tells his story in simple everyday language and backs up his statements with pointed examples.

Mr. Miller divides his book into five main topics and numerous sub topics. He explains the Nazi aims and methods, their plans for world expansion, the new order in Europe and the United States under Nazi pressure. No matter what your opinion is on the neutrality of the U. S. or on the foreign situation this book still contains much information which should be known. After reading this book you will be convinced that you can't do business with Hitler.

Robert Guest, '43

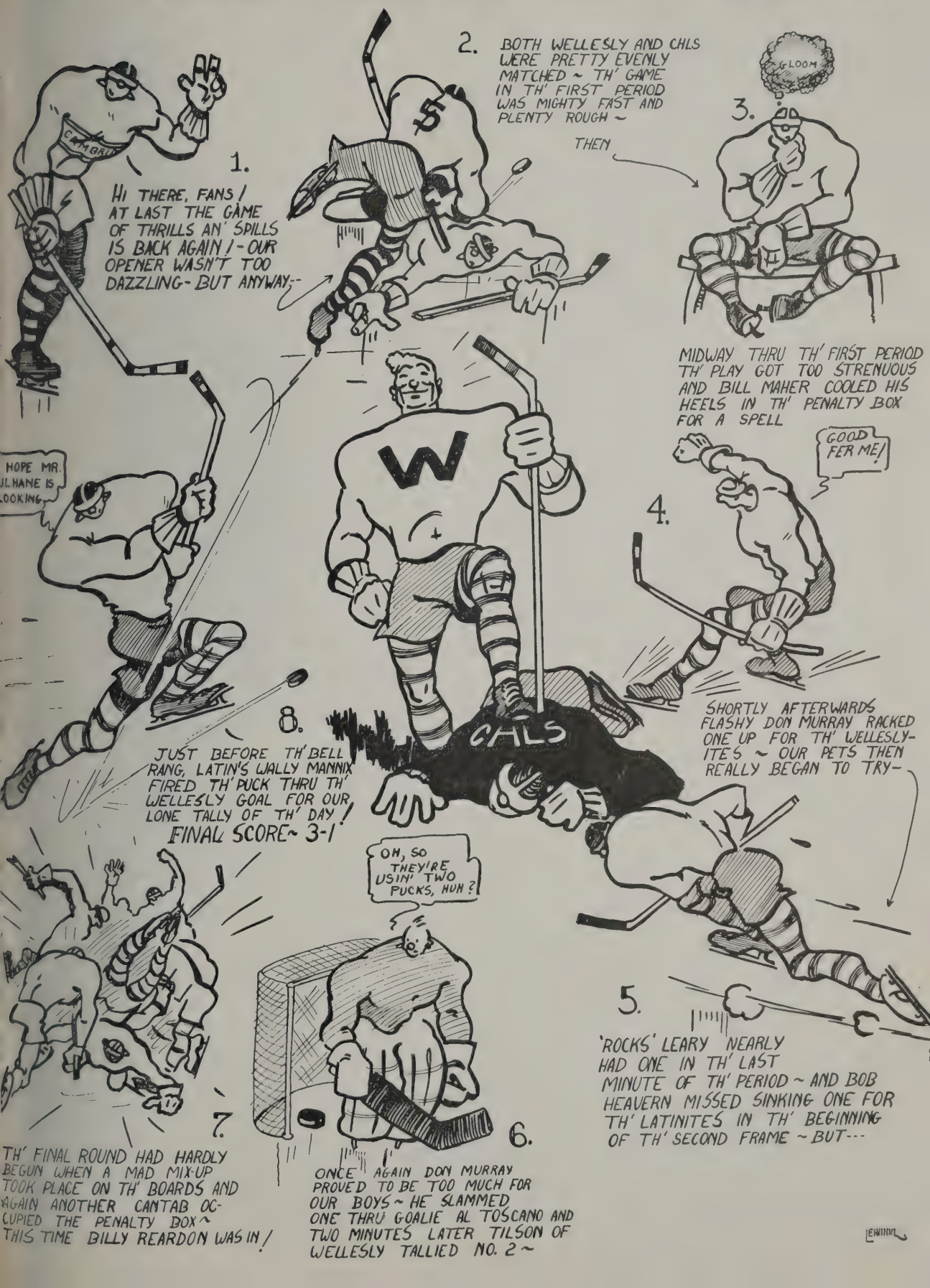


LAKE PLACID

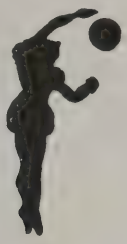
THE lake was beautiful and peaceful lying there undisturbed by world shattering events. The shining sun fell upon the water, making it a field of burning gold. The gently swaying pine trees that bordered the tranquil lake seemed as if they were the congregation of some great church standing to sing some melodious hymn of praise to the Lord of all. In the background, with snowcaps gleaming, stood the silent watching mountain, struck by the beauty it was privileged to behold. Travelling bands of clouds slowed their endless journeying flight across the sky to cast a glance at this enchanting place. Sadly they sped onward, glad of one quick glimpse at least.

Emily E. Lowes '44

IT WUZ FUN WHILE IT LASTED


1.
HI THERE, FANS! AT LAST THE GAME OF THRILLS AN' SPILLS IS BACK AGAIN! - OUR OPENER WASN'T TOO DAZZLING - BUT ANYWAY--
2.
BOTH WELLESLY AND CHLS WERE PRETTY EVENLY MATCHED ~ TH' GAME IN TH' FIRST PERIOD WAS MIGHTY FAST AND PLENTY ROUGH ~
THEN
3.
GLOOM
MIDWAY THRU TH' FIRST PERIOD TH' PLAY GOT TOO STRENUOUS AND BILL MAHER COOLED HIS HEELS IN TH' PENALTY BOX FOR A SPELL
4.
GOOD FER ME!
SHORTLY AFTERWARDS FLASHY DON MURRAY RACKED ONE UP FOR TH' WELLESLY-ITES ~ OUR PETS THEN REALLY BEGAN TO TRY-
5.
'ROCKS' LEARY NEARLY HAD ONE IN TH' LAST MINUTE OF TH' PERIOD ~ AND BOB HEAVERN MISSED SINKING ONE FOR TH' LATINITES IN TH' BEGINNING OF TH' SECOND FRAME ~ BUT---
6.
ONCE AGAIN DON MURRAY PROVED TO BE TOO MUCH FOR OUR BOYS ~ HE SLAMMED ONE THRU GOALIE AL TOSCANO AND TWO MINUTES LATER TILSON OF WELLESLY TALLIED NO. 2 ~
7.
TH' FINAL ROUND HAD HARDLY BEGUN WHEN A MAD MIX-UP TOOK PLACE ON TH' BOARDS AND AGAIN ANOTHER CANTAB OCCUPIED THE PENALTY BOX ~ THIS TIME BILLY REARDON WAS IN!
8.
JUST BEFORE TH' BELL RANG, LATIN'S WALLY MANNIX FIRED TH' PUCK THRU TH' WELLESLY GOAL FOR OUR LONE TALLY OF TH' DAY!
FINAL SCORE ~ 3-1
HOPE MR. ULHANE IS LOOKING
OH, SO THEY'RE USIN' TWO PUCKS, HUN?
W
CHLS
LEWITON

G. A. A.



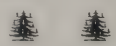
HELLO, again! This is your G. A. A. Correspondent, broadcasting the latest news, from Station C. H. L. S. The G. A. A. Formal has come and gone, leaving behind it many pleasant memories. It was a grand success, with the gaily-bedecked couples happily skipping around to the melodic airs of Ray Norton and his orchestra. The outstanding event of the evening was the choosing of a "beau of the ball." Charles "Emmy" Lynch, popular "man about Cambridge Latin" received the trophy and a lovely American Beauty rose for his charming partner, Mary O'Riley. You should have seen him blush! I wonder if Charlie knows that it was the Patrons and Patronesses, Miss Brown, Miss McLaughlin, Miss O'Keefe, Mr. Landrigan, Mr. and Mrs. Oleson, and Mr. and Mrs. Santoro who bestowed this honor upon him. Another highlight of the evening, unplanned by our zealous officers, was the nonchalant entrance of Marie Buckley, popular G. A. A. member, with orchids, no less. Monsieur Leamon, well-known artist, was seen scurrying to and fro garnering ideas for the G. A. A. cartoon. Mr. Landrigan, Mr. Santoro, and Mr. Oleson were responsible for the success of the Grand March, which was led by Pat Dias and her handsome escort, Kent Lofters. Everyone enthusiastically co-operated in forming the divers formations, and they literally brought down the roof singing college songs and "God Bless America." Tokens of appreciation, made by our ingenious officers, were presented to the patrons and patronesses for their invaluable help in making the dance such a gala success. Ahem, by the way, what time did you get in?

Special notice, members! Don't forget the Christmas Party to be held in the gym, Monday, December 22. There will be a real, live Santa Claus. What do you mean? Of course, there's a Santa Claus! Make sure you come; there'll be entertainment and surprises galore!

Grab that tall girl-friend of yours, all you little midgets! Why? Well, the Boy-Girl Dance is to be held January 9, in the gym. It is always so much fun that I know you will not want to miss it. The "gentlemen" come in male attire, and the girls come as—girls! That had you fooled for a minute, didn't it? This dance is conducted just like a regular one, with dance orders, orchestra, and everything. Corsages are not required, but "Mr. Boy" must attend his Juliet most attentively all evening. This promises to be great fun, and one of the most enjoyable times we shall have this year.

My announcer signals me that it is time to sign off, so I guess I shall have to stop here. If you want to know anything else about the coming events, see Miss Brown, your officers, or your scribe. Goodby for now, and the G. A. A. wishes you a very Merry Christmas!

MADELINE BIRMINGHAM '42



K. B. NOTES

SINCE you last heard from us, much has been going on. Doris Coughlin deserves a great deal of credit for making the splash party such a success. About 25 girls went and they all looked like beautiful mermaids in the Harvard Pool.

On Saturday, November 8th, the meeting held at Mary Wadden's house was full of exciting talk about our winter formal, which, as you remember, will be held on the 16th of January. The Harvard Gold Coast Orchestra has been chosen to play for us, so don't miss the dance. You may buy your tickets for $2.20 per couple from any member of the club.

After much careful planning on the part of Barbara Emmons and Margaret Bane, the K.B. delivered its Thanksgiving basket on the 19th of November.

The 5th of December was the occasion of our meeting at Barbara Nauffts' house. At this meeting further plans for the formal were discussed and everyone is breathless just waiting for the 16th of January to arrive. Make sure you all arrange your dates so that you can be with us at what promises to be the outstanding social event of the season.

BETTY MORRIS '42

DRAMATIC CLUB NOTES

THE curtain rises on the second act of the Dramatic Club with the voices of its members extending to you all wishes for a very Merry Christmas.

In the first scene, a large group of members attended the installation of new members to the "Thesbian Honor Society" last December fifth at Revere High School. A delightfully entertaining lecture was given by Murl Daniels, a true expert on the art of stage make-up, and everyone had a grand time!

The second scene shifts to Jordan Hall, where the Boston College Dramatic Society presented "King Lear," on December fifth and sixth. Adding to the laurels of our club, Paul Good, a distinguished alumnus, magnificently played the leading role.

The Dramatic Department of the New England Conservatory of Music presented the play, "Diana of Dobsons' " at Jordan Hall on December twelfth. Many of our members attended.

For their annual Christmas Play, this year the Dramatic Club members presented, "Why the Chimes Rang," directed by Miss Hartigan. The cast included:

Prologue.....Emily Lowes
Holger.....Arthur Flink
Steen .....Joseph White
Bertel .....Francis Curran
Old Lady.....Anne Cahill
Courtier .....Thomas O'Laughlin
Priest .....Walter Martin
Rich Man.....Arthur Campbell
King .....William Conlan
Young Girl.....Patricia Churchill
Wealthy Woman .....Deborah Edwards
Old Scholar.....Robert Guest
Angels:
Eileen Toohey, Barbara Suprenard, Louise Bigelow, Clare Dube, Pearl Baligno, Carol Gilbert, Sally Avakian.
Behind the Scenes:
Costumes...Constance Fillios, Violet Soloman
Lights....Lester Crowley, Richard Harrington
Stage Manager.....Walter Cremens
Properties..Catherine Cooper, Elizabeth Bois

We wish to take this opportunity to thank Miss Morton of the Art Department who designed and painted the artistic setting, and made the wings for the Angels. We are also extending our thanks to Miss Wait and her Carolers for their wonderful assistance. The Carols were sung beautifully.

It was a very beautiful play, and all who were present were imbued with true Christmas spirit.

One of the highlights of our year, is of course, the Christmas party. This year it will take place on December 23, with entertainment, dancing, and refreshments, naturally.

Oh! this year Miss O'Keefe is going to give a course on stage make-up for members. Besides being instructive, it promises to be very entertaining. Miss O'Keefe will make-up our own members to show how different characters are portrayed on the stage. I think it should be helpful to us girls off-stage, too.

Last, but not least, arrangements are being made to go bowling once a month. Better start practicing.

The curtain closes with our sincere wishes for a Happy and Prosperous New Year to You All.

MARIE BUCKLEY '42

EXCHANGE COLUMN

SWAMPSCOTTA, Swampscott High School, Swampscott, Massachusetts

In your fine magazine, we particularly admired your humor column, your attractive cover and your well-written editorial, "United We Stand." We think that some cartoons from the Art Department would improve your magazine, and we would also like to see some notes on school clubs.

CANARY AND BLUE, Allentown High School, Allentown, Pennsylvania

We liked the school spirit displayed in your editorials and in your sports write-ups. Couldn't you manage to have more material in your literary section? The article on "Fads" was interesting. We especially enjoyed the poetry and, oh, we must congratulate John Heinz for his very amusing "Dere Diary!"

ANNE CAHILL '42

Cambridge High and Latin School took honors in a recent contest held by the School of Practical Arts. In a competition which was open to all the schools in greater Boston, we captured both first prizes. Charles Lynch won the first place in his division and Thomas Leamon in his. Ann Farr made honorable mention.

ALUMNI NOTES

AMONG the great number of former C. H. L. S. students, who are studying very diligently at college, Harvard claims Al Lynch '41, George Sokol '41, James (Jimsy Boy) O'Connell '41 and Don Davis '39. Joe Stokes '40, Joe Coughlin '38, who has received a fellowship for outstanding work in Chemistry, and Frank Mallahan '40 are students at B. C. Studying at Emmanuel are Barbara Gilbert '40, Marie McCabe '39 and Virginia Hull '38.

Mary McLaughlin '35, now Mrs. McGovern, is an alumna who is very much interested in hearing alumni news. Congratulations to Rita Bettencourt '39, who recently became the mother of a baby girl. Corinne Bingham '41, who is president of the Junior Cantabrigia Club, is taking a course at Leslie. Jimmy Crowley '37 is working in the R. O. T. C. out in Iowa. Ruth Colwell '39 is working in a real estate office at Harvard Square. Frances McLaughlin '33 has recently moved to Springfield. Jack O'Neil '38 is treasurer of the Junior class at Fitchburg Teachers College. Peggy Miller '41 is preparing for a career as a secretary at Katharine Gibbs. Tom and Bob Croke '40 are both studying at Bentley's; so is Ed Clancy '37, who is planning to take the business world by storm after his graduation. Win Holland '41 is taking a course in Dramatics at Emerson. Julia Brosnan '34 is working in the Post Office Building in Boston; Agnes Shea is also working.

ANNE CAHILL '42

DURRELL CLUB NOTES

SINCE the first issue of the REVIEW, there have been two debating meetings, held in room 127. At the first meeting held on November 27, we had four speakers who dealt with the question, "Should a Negotiated Peace be Attempted?" The speakers were Eli Kaminsky, Walter Cremens, Edmund Lafferty, and William Smith. Eli Kaminsky and Walter Cremens staunchly upheld their negative views by saying that England must crush Germany, not make peace with her, in view of her previous record of breaking treaties. William Smith and Edmund Lafferty, on the affirmative side, declared that England should negotiate with Germany and give her equal rights.

At the second meeting held on December 11 we had a panel discussion on, "Should Workers be Allowed to Strike During National Emergency?" The four speakers were Leonard Rogers, Robert Conant, John Loofbassoro, all freshmen and Paul Haskell, a sophomore.

At our first meeting after Christmas vacation which will be held on January 8, we are privileged to have Mrs. Ida Conrad, concert pianist, formerly of Berlin, who will tell the group of her experiences in leaving Germany and coming to America. The Durrell Club is extending an invitation to the Dramatic Club and to the members of the faculty.

The Durrell Club wishes the members of the faculty and the student body a very merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

WILLIAM SMITH '42

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The Cambridge Review

CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL

FEBRUARY 1942

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

VOLUME 55 NUMBER 3

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THE war in which the United States is at present engaged should impress upon us the fact that our responsibility in war time is greatly increased. These perilous times call upon us for cooperation and devotion to duty. In addition to our regular duties, there are many services which we, as patriotic Americans, should render to our country. Although we may be familiar with the various defense activities, they are of such great importance that they cannot be stressed too often. First of all, we should attend air raid precaution schools. If this is not possible, much information relative to air raids may be obtained conveniently through the daily papers, which carry at regular intervals the rules and regulations of authorized organizations. With the prospect of air raids growing more formidable day by day, a complete knowledge of air raid precautions is extremely essential. In the school itself, it is our strict duty to maintain order and obedience during air raid drills.

The second service which we may render to our Government is equally important. We should attempt to take first aid courses. It is vital that we all learn as much first aid as possible. When an air raid does come, many lives may be saved and much suffering relieved if every one of us has a knowledge at least of the essentials of first aid.

Finally, we can contribute directly toward an American victory by purchasing defense bonds and stamps. There is no need to go into detail about the importance of these stamps and bonds, inasmuch as their great function is self evident.

In conclusion, the greatest service we can render is to perform (to the best of our ability) the everyday duties assigned to us. If everyone follows this rule, the morale of the American people will remain unshaken.

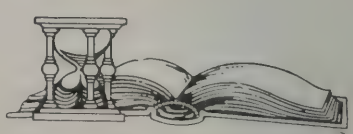
A TRIBUTE TO GENERAL MAC ARTHUR

THROUGHOUT the annals of the world's history such courage as is being displayed by General MacArthur and his men has never been equaled. In the face of overwhelming odds the fortitude of him and his men excels even that of the R. A. F. of whom Winston Churchill said "Never in the field of human conflict have so many owed so much to so few." Every true American knows that General MacArthur is symbolic of the courage and sacrifice which will be needed to defeat the attacking dictators. The manner in which he is resisting the fanatical Japanese demands the fullest cooperation of all Americans, which should undoubtedly be extended by all to the war effort. It also demands the fullest support of our representatives in Washington. The General has exacted a heavy toll from the enemy for every inch of territory over which American forces have retreated. This type of fighting shows the same spirit as existed in the hearts of Washington, Grant, and Pershing; as exists in the heart of a nation which loves peace but is fighting for the abolition of oppression and greed throughout the world. The American people demand that the war in the Pacific become the major problem confronting the nation and not a secondary operation. The courage of MacArthur and his men demand the same. And thus the United Nations pray to God that He may grant to us more men like General Douglas MacArthur.

EDMUND LAFFERTY, '44.

SHORT STORY CONTEST

The annual short story contest of the Review will be held during the next two months. Stories may be submitted—preferably typewritten, on one side of the paper only—to any member of the Review Literary Staff or to Miss Kelley in the Review office. Two prizes will be awarded, one for the best entry from the two lower classes, and one for the winning story from the two upper classes. All stories must be in our hands by March 26.



PET AVERSIONS

I AM a very good-natured person. On the whole the rest of society and I get along with a minimum of friction and misunderstanding. I abide by the love thy neighbor policy as much as anyone, but since it is only a fool or a philosopher who can love all his fellow men, there are certain persons for whom I have the most decided aversions.

First there is the public menace which we meet in the theatre or concert hall. They are of two kinds. One is the person who arrives five minutes after the curtain has risen or the orchestra has begun playing and stumbles noisily to his seat. These same persons rush out at every intermission and repeat the process all over again, not coming back until the theatre has been darkened once more. This type is more prevalent in the higher priced sections of a theatre than in second balconies and by the same token people in evening clothes are the worst offenders. There was a time when I occasionally bought an orchestra or first balcony seat for the theatre or a concert but I have given that up. When I sit in the second balcony I can at least be sure that the majority of the audience is intent on getting its fifty-five cents' worth and not on flitting about the lobbies.

The other theatrical parasite is he or (much more often) she who invariably sits behind me. She keeps up lengthy conversations with her companion in a loud stage whisper through the course of the drama or composition. This does not, to say the least, add to the comprehensibility of the action progressing on the stage. She ignores or does not see my chilly stares of disapproval and continues happily until the act or composition is finished. She then lapses into a moody silence lasting until she sees activity renewed on the stage. This is her cue to begin again as she does to my utter disgust.

A less virulent version of this same blight may be found at operatic performances. They annoy rather through ignorance than malice. Not realizing that quite often the overture is the best part of an opera they talk through it with complete abandon, thereby usually ruining my chance of hearing.

Another class of persons annoying to me has arisen since the start of this war. It consists, in the main, of young people who think it clever to scoff at the preparations of our country or who laugh at any demonstration of patriotism such as rising at the playing of the National Anthem. They set themselves up as experts on military tactics, mercilessly criticising the maneuvers of our forces in the Pacific and accusing the leaders of inefficency without any proof but stray rumor. Instead of supporting their country wholeheartedly they think it smarter to tear it down.

These are the only aversions I have in regard to my fellow men. They too could be abolished if the offenders had consideration for some one besides their own silly selves.

JULIAN MOYNAHAN, '42.

PET ECONOMIES

SOME people hoard string; others collect buttons; while still others paste photographs of their favorite movie idols in huge albums. Far be it from me to stray from the path beaten down by hundreds before me, for I, too, have pet economies. My economies, however, are destined only to be passed on as economies to others—for the Missions and for my Country.

The tin-foil from my chocolate bars does not end its career in a waste-basket. No—it is carefully folded and placed in a box in the company of many pieces of tin-foil like it. You have no idea how entertaining this habit of saving tinfoil can be. When one has nothing better to occupy his mind, or is bored with his surroundings, he can have no better occupation than to concentrate his powers in patiently separating the tinfoil of the wrapper of a piece of chewing gum from the flimsy paper which lines its back. When my box is filled with such tinfoil, it begins its journey to the Missions—perhaps to Alaska or China or even to Africa. I still like to believe that through my pet economy, a little pagan baby is brought by the Missionaries from the blackness of ignorance of Paganism to the brightness and wisdom of Christianity.

"For God and country"—My other pet economy is directed to help my country. Now that paper is so precious—old news-papers and rags have been cloaked in new importance—for now they go right back into the manufacture of coveted paper, as pulp. Abandoned newspapers, scribbled over school-papers and rags have their own designated corner in our cellar. When the heap of papers is piled high enough, and the sack of rags is heavy enough, an ambassador of our Uncle Sam calls for my lowly savings and soon they, in their own small way, are among the materials used in the defense of our country.

I do hope that my pet economies aid in the economy of greater agents than I.

MARIE BUCKLEY, '42.

PET AVERSIONS

CAN there be anything so preposterous as to take away that which the Almighty has given us, instead of waiting for Him to turn it into water, as we, in due time, shall again return to dust? It is an anticipation of Providence, as Mrs. Godfrey Cass would surely call it; and I am regularly stunned, irritated, exasperated, outraged, and the like when I see legions of eager laborers, armed with shovels, march on to remove the snow, which, left to itself, would provide such exquisite opportunities for sliding for our sportsmanlike Cantabrigians. Fortunately, snow shovelers lately seem to have found other pastimes or are more considerate when performing their immoral duties. At any rate, schoolboys with shining morning faces no longer creep unwillingly to school but glide thither blissfully, to the enjoyment of car drivers; and decrepit men and women in "second childishness and mere oblivion, sans teeth, sans eyes," and so forth, are given an opportunity to compete with the privileged youth of 1942 in this long forgotten sport right "on the spot."

Equally repulsive to me is our landlord's obstinacy in over-heating our apartment. He cannot be convinced that composure of mind depends on the evenness of temperature, and that in cold weather, therefore, houses should be heated but moderately. In his generosity he overlooks the fact that an average temperature of fifty degrees is ideal for keeping the mind alert and sweatered comfort supreme. It is very annoying to fail in explaining that he would "lose none in seeking to augment" his pecuniary comfort by reducing his abundant supply of coal. Nevertheless, I cannot stop hoping that he will be counseled, for a winter spent in sweltering heat is indescribably disconcerting when compared with the agreeable prospect of shivering, enveloped to invisibility, except for a cherry-red nose tip and limpid eyes, in sweaters and blankets, beside a comfortably cold radiator.

Among my pet aversions, which so far must seem very queer to you, I have also the one against those old-fashioned people who attempt to encourage, or rather constrain us, the corner stones of the glorious Age of Speed, Novelty, and Abolition of Sentiment and Morality, to read such antiquated books as "Macbeth." How can we be expected to bother with an author who talks childishly about air-drawn daggers and stones prating of someone's whereabouts, as if either situation could exist? Then, instead of coming to the point, he raves about the singing of some bird and of a bellman, as if that had any connection with the circumstances. Why can he not simply say the following: "Suddenly, the foreboding silence was broken by a heart-rending cry of surprise, anguish, and pain; and the King lay in his blood, his hand listlessly on the hilt of the murderous dagger, his eyes wide open in a horrible, glazy stare"? Fortunately, one cannot succeed in banning such delightful literature as H. G. Wells', Arthur Conan Doyle's, and the like. For, since understanding and clever keepers of bookstores consider even "The Forsyte Saga" too old to be worthy of a place in their valuable stock, we may feel confident of being soon beyond the reach of all out-of-date notions and comfortably terrified in the company of our old friend Sherlock Holmes, and his modern successors.

I might continue in this way, for I am a very discontent person, but, as you know, Theophrastus considers a talkative man a bore, and I am afraid his criticism could be applied also to the weaker vessel.

EVA SCHIFFER, '42.

SENIOR HONOR ROLL

Almeida, Edna
Andelman, Edith
Bartley, Hugh
Birmingham, Madeline
Brown, Mary
Cardillo, Carmella
Cohen, Sylvia
Fopiano, Gloria
Foster, Evelyn
Gallagher, James
Grant, Eileen
Greniere, Phyllis
Jankowska, Eleanor
Lukas, Helen
Markante, Thalia
Messuri, Gilda
Mills, Mary
Moynahan, Julian
O'Rourke, Paul
Nauffts, Barbara
O'Brien, Frances J.
Oppedisano, Mary
Osterberg, Ruth
Rodrigues, Anthony
Ryan, Mary
Ryder, Elsie
Scannell, William
Schiffer, Eva
Schmiz, Margaret
Schneider, Katherine
Sullivan, Mary Ellen
Tahmizian, Isabel
Traknis, Edmund
Wallins, Beatrice
Yankun, Anna
Zacharchuk, Olga
Zukas, Martha

SILENCE

"SILENCE is golden." How often have you heard that time-worn phrase? Yes, silence is golden, very nice in its own way, perhaps, but really quite out of keeping with life. Now, people don't use gold anymore. What good would silence be in a forest at twilight? Half the peace of the scene is in the twittering of the birds at they wing home to roost. What a feeling of security one gets as he hears the firm crunching of his own sturdy boots on the crusty snow. Bare branches, scraping against each other as they sway in the breeze, give one a feeling of comradeship with nature. How dreadful to enter a forest and hear not a single sound! I would, I am sure, run as quickly as possible from such a ghostly, noiseless scene. Then, too, as night falls, and a few stars appear in the sky, a feeling of complete well-being and friendship pervades the atmosphere where a group sit around a warm crackling fire, toasting marshmallows, cooking sizzling steaks, and laughing happily. When night has completely descended, it casts no gloom on the party. Songs rise and echo throughout the empty woods. Who would trade this for a scene of monotonous, awful silence?

In contrast to this sparkling winter scene, let us take the calm ocean on a warm summer night. You sit on the seawall, your portable radio beside you. Out in the fields to the left, the merry crickets pipe up, in their own rhythmic style. Directly in front, the waves can be heard lapping gently against the rocks. The rising moon sends a shimmering stream of light across the water. The radio seems to send a melodious waltz back up this lighted path, to mingle with the moon and stars. Exchange this for deathly silence? Never!

I find it hard, myself, to choose between these scenes and gay party life. Nothing "peps" one up more than the gaiety and confusion of a Christmas "open-house" in full swing. Candles shine in the wreath-decorated windows; the tree stands apart, magnificent in ornaments and colored lights. In one room, a phonograph record plays gay dancing tunes. All the vocalists gather in another room where, to the piano playing of a talented guest, they sing everything from "Jingle Bells" and "Santa Is Here" to "Silent Night" and "Adeste Fideles." In this riotous atmosphere, it is hard even to hear oneself think.

Laughter, music, light talk! And silence is golden? If that is the case—no gold for me!

MARY WHITE, '42

LOVE AND LAUGHTER

THIS past week, more than ever, we have realized the need of love and laughter. In December, Japan dealt an unexpected but premeditated blow on the United States in Hawaii. When peace-loving Americans heard the report of this dastardly attack, they were stunned. It seemed that now there could be no love and laughter in the world. Many prominent Americans, who up to that very moment had preferred isolation, came forth to the defense of the United States and its great leader—Franklin Delano Roosevelt. They voiced in few words the feelings of millions of Americans. They said, "We'll get 'em!" and we will.

Already we have a first hero of the war. He was a young man, 26 years old, the father of a three year old son. His young wife must have felt a great weight drop upon her with the taking away of her love and laughter. She, however, hid her grief and praised her hero husband. This young woman is a true representative of the hundreds of young wives and mothers who have husbands or sons in Uncle Sam's army and navy fighting for "love and laughter everafter."

The war has been raging in Europe for three years. We Americans were more than conscious of the fact, but until we heard the names of American cities and men mentioned in war bulletins, we did not fully realize how terrible war can be. Now when we hear San Francisco, San Diego, Seattle, and even New York and Boston threatened by air raids, we feel the need for our men to fight hard for world peace.

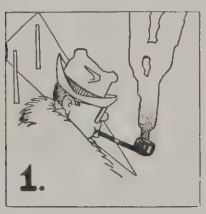
War brings with it bitter, unswerving determination of young men who are on the side of right to fight through to the very end and bring back to the women and children who, at home, have had more than their share of suffering while serving their country, peace, a lasting peace.

Now our boys are in the front lines fighting, so we at home must do our bit by helping reinforce Uncle Sam's defenses with defense bonds. We must above all, however, not forget to ask God to help these boys win back for us the right to "love and laughter everafter."

BETTY MORRIS '42

ON SMOKING

THROUGH the medium of newspapers, radios, and subway placards, the public has been constantly kept mindful of the excellence of this or that cigarette. What has always perplexed me, however, is the decided misunderstanding among the many manufacturers. For example, one tells us his cigarette is by far the best because of its special, ultra violet ray treatment. Another tells us that his is the only cigarette endorsed by the medical world. And still another insists that "you can't buy a better cigarette" than the one he puts on the market. Momentarily fooled by a glib-tongued, double-talking auctioneer, I decided, one day long back, to see for myself if all they said was true. Whether it was due to over indulgence, inexperience, or fear of a parental blitzkrieg on my experimental chamber, I shall never know; but the result was such that I have been content to restrict my activities along this line to the observation of smokers, a fascinating study, and subject of my discourse.



A personage such as depicted in illustration number one typifies the modern trend. He is the college boy, garbed in traditional racoon coat and "pork-pie" hat. With his caldron-like pipe-bowl filled with any and all odds and ends, he is fully prepared to suffocate or blind any hapless bystander with the thick, black clouds of smoke which he energetically exhales in well regulated bursts.

Illustration number two shows the portly business man, or the self-contented man, half swallowing his unlighted Corona-Corona, which threatens everyone within a two foot radius. It seems quite probable to me that the gentleman would take immediate offense if you were to offer him a match with which to light his cigar for which he seems to have developed some sort of filial attachment.

Dark, smooth, and suave, the final character, reeking with the flavor of the Continent, smokes his foreign brand with ease and grace. Despite the fact that he has never once been outside of his native East Side, through careful self-training he has acquired a nonchalant air of wielding a striking and expensive looking cigarette holder, the best Woolworth sells.

Indeed I in no way feel presumptuous in calling this pastime of observance study. For it is amazing to realize how much you may learn of a man merely by the way he smokes his cigarette. If clever enough, you may actually unfold the person's character. Whether he is avaricious, shown by constantly dragging at the cigarette like a vacuum or artful, shown by his ability to blow fancy designs in thin grey smoke, may soon be detected. I think this subject is well worth authoritative investigation, and I would be interested to see what more useful knowledge one could derive merely from the observation of smokers.

RAYMOND FITZ GERALD, '41.

RED CROSS AT C. H. L. S.

WHEN Miss Ward announced the forming of a Junior Red Cross Unit at Cambridge High and Latin School, the resulting hubbub and babble more than justified her faith that C. H. L. S. students were not only ready but eager to share their country's burden.

A JUNIOR RED CROSS UNIT IS NOW IN OPERATION!

The knitting, sewing, and canteen groups are in a constant state of expansion. Fifteen teachers and two hundred students are knitting; helping them in this great task are ten teachers and one hundred and fifty students sewing. Six teachers are helping two hundred students in canteen training.

If you are not interested in the three mentioned above, first aid and surgical dressing groups are to start soon. Others including home nursing, victory books collection, defense poster groups will be started in a week or two at the latest. Choose your group and enroll immediately. Buy your share in the fight for democracy.

A council of teachers and students, representative of the various groups has been formed. Its function is to plan for the groups. The only necessities are cooperation and sincerity, qualities possessed by all.

Remember Pearl Harbor? Was there one of the 3500 C. H. L. S. students who did not want to do something—anything to help our boys? Of course not. You can do it now. Enroll in the Junior Red Cross Unit to help keep our soldiers, sailors, and aviators comfortable and cheerful.

RUTH GEISINGER, '41.

SPORTS

THE Cambridge Latin hockey team lost its first game to Wellesley of the Bay State League, by the score of 3 to 1. Although beaten, Latin showed up better than was expected in a game that was roughly played, Bill Reardon and Co-Captain Maher being among the offenders. Murray scored two goals and Tilson the third for Wellesley. Latin's lone goal came in the third period when Wally Mannix tallied on a pass from Bob Heavern.

Cambridge rang up its first victory of the season against Belmont of the G. B. I. League in their first league game. The final score was 2 to 0; both Latin goals were made by Bill Reardon ably assisted by Bob Heavern. Al Toscano was immense in the goal, racking up his first shutout of the year.

Latin lost a hard-fought game to the league champions, Melrose, by the margin of 3 to 1. Melrose was ready for a "pushover" but the brilliant play of the defensemen and the sensational saves of Toscano, the goalie, kept Melrose to a comparatively low score. Mannix fired the puck past the Melrose goalie for our single tally.

This may rightfully be called Latin's best game of the year, holding the high scoring, Boston College High sextet to one goal. Cambridge dominated the playing until late in the third period when Bob McIntyre of B. C. High stole the puck and beat "Toscy" on a goal-labelled shot. The final score was 1 to 0 against us, but nevertheless it was a "moral victory."

The Cantabs tied with a game Quincy team before a banner crowd of Latinites. It was a game packed with thrills *and* spills. Quincy scored in the first period on a backhander, but in the third period, Latin came roaring back in the person of Co-Captain "Rocks" Leary who scored a blazing thirty footer on a pass from Bob Heavern. The game wound up in a deadlock, 1 to 1, neither team being able to score again.

Cambridge lost a free scoring game to Newton, four goals to three. The Newtonites started early, scoring twice within the first five minutes of play. Latin came back in the second period with Reardon doing the honors. In the third period "Rocks" Leary scored assisted by Reardon. Just two minutes later "Bob" Leary flashed the light on a pass from Jack Curtain. This last splurge was to no avail as Newton put over the winning tally just a few seconds before the final whistle.

Latin was unable to hold an early lead and as a result we dropped a game to Arlington, three to one. In the opening moments of the game Bill Reardon scored, assisted by Bob Heavern (what a pair.) Arlington slipped three goals by Toscano, but the boys could not combine and as a result, . . . well!

In a non-league game Latin beat a stronger Lawrence Academy team at Groton. Bill Reardon scored twice, and Wally Mannix notched the other goal, all three unassisted. The final score was 3 to 2, this being Latin's first game on natural ice.

The Cantabs tied with a more experienced Rindge team 2 to 2. This was a great upset to the Rindge boys who were set for an easy victory. Rindge drew first blood, jumping off to a two goal lead early in the second period. The 400 Latin rooters then let out with a great cheer, the result of which was a goal by Bill Reardon, unassisted. Fred Whouley equalized on a pass from Bob Heavern one minute later, this being the last scoring threat of the game.

For the first time in many years the student body is supporting the hockey team. This is one of the reasons that a lowly rated Latin team has been doing so well. Much of the credit should go to Coach Culhane, and to Co-Captains, "Rocks" Leary and Bill Maher. "Cut" Coutomous, football center, was forced to give up hockey due to injuries which he received during the football season. An interesting sidelite is the duel going on for scoring honors between Bill Reardon and Bob Heavern, each of whom has seven points to his credit.

TRACK

THE C. H. L. S. track team opened its indoor track season with a practice meet with Browne and Nichols School at the latter's track on January 22nd. Co-Captain Joe McDavitt won the high jump and scored in the shot put and 300 yard run. Co-Captain Chase was unable to compete due to illness. The team will next compete in the Northeastern Interscholastic Meet, January 31st.

McDavitt and Cooke were high scorers with six points apiece.

Connie Babish: What would you say are the best ten years of a woman's life?

Gloria Babish: That period between 28 and 30.

SPORTS

THE basketball team opened the season with a stirring 27 to 23 victory over Newton in their first Surburban league game. Agnetta and Frato starred for Latin.

The Cantabs next lost to a powerful team from Nashua by the narrow margin of two points; the final score was 28 to 26. This defeat did not mar our record as it was not a league game. Dick Aylward, who scored sixteen of our twenty-six points was the star of the game, while Capt. George Guild also played brilliantly for Latin. The Latin seconds beat the Nashua second team by a 23 to 11 score.

Another victory was the result of our game with Waltham in which Lowry and Agnetta were the shining lights for Latin. The one good feature of the game was the ability of our boys to come from behind to a well-deserved 22 to 19 victory.

Against a more experienced quintet from Brookline, our boys suffered their first league defeat by the score of 33 to 21. Aylward and Olsen were the individual stars for Latin. The Latin second team beat the Brookline seconds in a closely contested game by the score of 16 to 15.

Before an overflow crowd at Rindge gym, Latin was outclassed by a superior Rindge squad. Latin held an early lead, but this was soon wiped out by the referee. Guild, Mahoney, and Aylward were the Latin stars of the evening. The final score was 38 to 26 in favor of Rindge.

In a return engagement Newton avenged its previous defeat by a 42 to 30 win over Latin. Captain Guild, Fratto, and Aylward were the stars in a roughly played game.
In their first encounter with Arlington the team lost by a 36 to 21 score. Aylward scored twenty of our points with Mahoney playing a fine defensive game. Our second team trimmed the Arlington seconds by a 35 to 22 score.

Scoring the unbelievable total of fifty-one points, a revised Latin team beat Lawrence Academy to the tune of 51 to 30. Olsen and Johnnie Murphy played a creditable game, although everybody figured in the scoring.

The Cantabs tasted defeat at the hands of Waltham by the scanty margin of four points. Agnetta was the high scorer for Latin tallying eleven points: The final score was 38 to 34.

GIRLS' SPORTS

THE interclass games in basketball have finally been played, and the Seniors are the victors. It was not, however, an easy win because the Sophomores played a hard game. What happened to the commands in the second game of this series???? Suddenly the guards were playing forwards and the forwards—guards. The winners are hopefully looking forward to receiving silver basketballs which the G. A. A. has given for the past five years to the winners of the class games.

The refereeing for the games was done by Edith Cody, a former member of our basketball squad, and students from Sargent. Two girls from our present basketball squad, Virginia Ackerley, '44, and Marion Warner, '42, also refereed. We are very proud that we have players who are capable of taking such responsibilities in an emergency. They did a grand job.

The next game scheduled is with Waltham, on February 12. Our first game with Arlington was not very successful, but we had the same friendly competition that we have always had with them.

Swimming has met with the most enthusiastic response from the girls. This year we have the greatest enrollment that we have had for five years. If you have not yet come, there is still plenty of time because swimming is going to continue for ten weeks. There will be an interclass meet and a varsity meet with Somerville and other schools.

The G. A. A. is planning roller skating and ice skating parties. Although the weather man was not on our side for the ice skating party planned on the Charles River, we have not given up hope and are thinking of other gatherings. The Bal-A-Roue for which we were headed for roller skating will not open its doors until we can guarantee seventy members, so we are going to start at the Tech Skating Rink on Wednesday, February 4, 1942.

There will be no excuse for any Freshman girl not to know how to dance because there is still an opportunity to learn on Thursday afternoons in the gym.

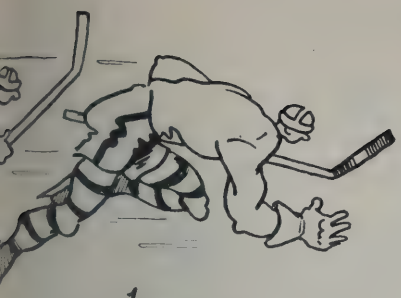
See you in the next issue.

OLGA ZACHARCHUK, '42

Riddle—What we caught we threw away, but what we could not catch we kept.

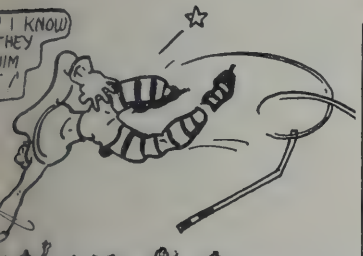
Answer—Fleas.

LATIN ICECAPADES

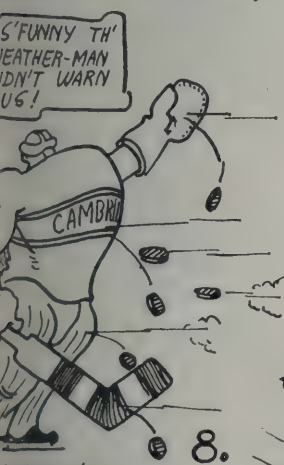


1.

MUST BE TH' WEATHER-ER
UMPIN'~CAUSE ALL OF OUR
AMS SEAM TO BE HAVING
AM-BANG GAMES OF LATE —
D THIS RINDGE-LATIN GAME
S NO EXCEPTION! OUR BOYS
ARLY KILLED EACH OTHER IN
EIR EAGERNESS TO GET AT
BROWNIES!



HARLEY BOUDREAU~RINDGE
FENSE~PLAYED A WHALE
A GAME — HIS ONLY EM-
RRASSING MOMENT WAS
EN ROCKS LEARY SPILLED
M IN BACK OF LATIN'S PAY
ATION! GORSH~I THOUGHT
'D NEVER COME DOWN!



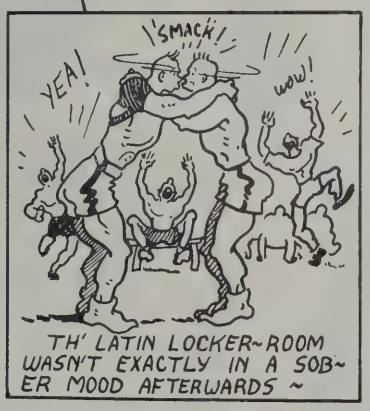
8.

COULDN'T BE
~AND TOSCANO
T! WITH OUR
SURROUNDED BY
NDGE TEAM, AND WITH
COMING THICK AND
TOSCY THREW AWAY
ICK~AND AS TH' PUCK
NDED IN BACK OF TH'
HE DOVE AROUND
FELL ON TH' LEATHER~
NTING AN ALMOST
RINDGE GOAL! SO

2.

FROM TH' FIRST, LATIN'S CHEERING SECTION ~ LED BY MARY MESSENGER AND HER BROKEN TRUMPET ~ MADE ITSELF VERY MUCH IN EVIDENCE — PROBABLY THIS CROWD ~ AND I MEAN CROWD ~ WAS JUST WHAT TH' TEAM NEEDED TO MAKE THEM PLAY TH' GRAND GAME THAT THEY DID!

AND YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN COACH CULHAINE!



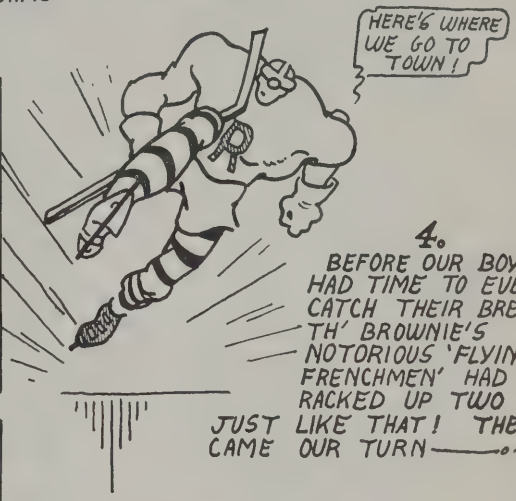
TH' LATIN LOCKER~ROOM WASN'T EXACTLY IN A SOBER MOOD AFTERWARDS ~

7.

TH' CROWD SIMPLY WENT WILD AFTER THAT ~ AND TH' GAME GOT FASTER 'N FASTER AND ROUGHER 'N ROUGHER! TH' SURPRISING WAS THAT THERE WERE NO

3.

BOTH SEXTETS PLAYED LIKE CRAZY MADMEN ~ ROCKS LEARY MISSED ONE GOAL BY A WHISPER AFTER A SIZZLING SOLO DOWN TH' BOARDS. TH' FIRST TERM ENDED IN A SCORE-LESS TIE - BUT ~

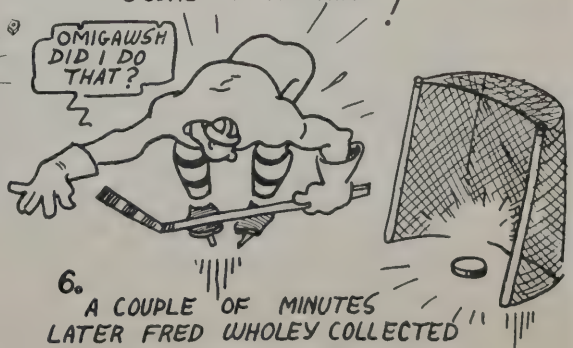


4.

BEFORE OUR BOYS HAD TIME TO EVEN CATCH THEIR BREATHS TH' BROWNIE'S NOTORIOUS 'FLYING FRENCHMEN' HAD RACKED UP TWO ~ JUST LIKE THAT! THEN CAME OUR TURN —

5.

A WILD PILE-UP ~ ONE OF MANY IN TH' GAME ~ PULLED RINDGE'S GOALIE OUT OF HIS NETS --- SO-O-O-O POPULAR BILLY REARDON ~ TH' BOY WITH THE DIT CLAPPER HAIR-DO ~ JUST COULDN'T RESIST TH' TEMPTATION AND ZINGED ONE IN FOR OUR FIRST SCORE OF TH' GAME!

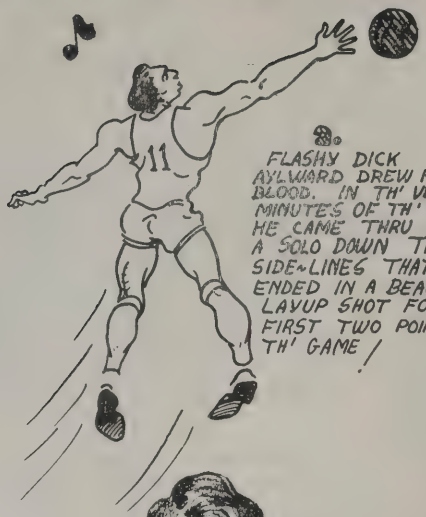


6.

A COUPLE OF MINUTES LATER FRED WHOLEY COLLECTED

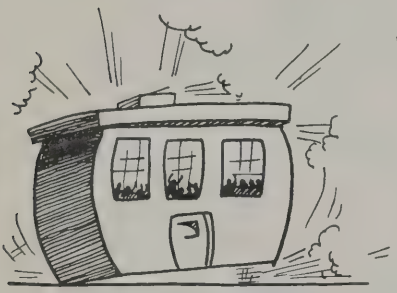
BLUES IN TH' NITE

1. WOW~ PARDON ME WHILE I TAKE AN ASPIRIN~ I JUST GOT BACK FROM THE RINDGE~CHLS GAME~ AND WOTTA GAME! FROM BEGINNING TO END IT WAS AS ROUGH AND TOUGH AS A WATERFRONT BARROOM!



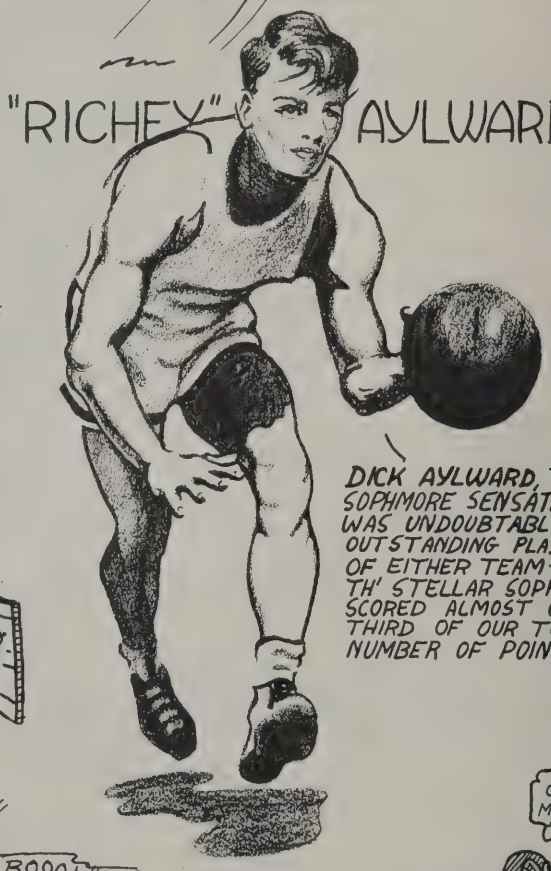
2. FLASHY DICK AYLWARD DREW FIRST BLOOD. IN TH' VERY FIRST MINUTES OF TH' GAME HE CAME THRU WITH A SOLO DOWN TH' SIDE~LINES THAT ENDED IN A BEAUTIFUL LAYUP SHOT FOR OUR FIRST TWO POINTS OF TH' GAME!

3. THEN IN QUICK SUCCESSION JOE AGNETTA, PAUL OLESEN AND GEORGE G... EACH GRABBED THEM... TWO POINTS. THEN T... RINDGE BOYS BEGAN ... GET ROUGH ~ SO OUR ... COLLECTED QUITE A FE... EXTRA POINTS ON PENALTY SHOTS!

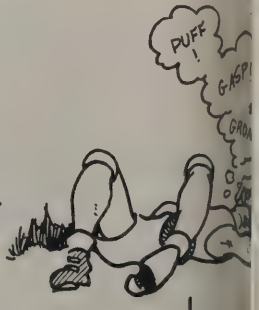


AND TH' CROWD! FROM THE STANDPOINT OF ATTENDANCE AND BOX-OFFICE RECIEPTS THIS GAME WAS THE MOST SUCCESSFUL IN MANY YEARS~ TH' RINDGE GYM WAS SO CROWDED IT ALMOST CAME APART AT TH' SEAMS!

CONGRATS TO TH' LATIN STUDES FOR THIS SWELL EXHIBITION OF SCHOOL SPIRIT!



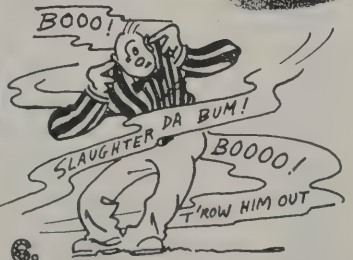
DICK AYLWARD, THE SOPHIMORE SENSATION WAS UNDOUBTABLY THE OUTSTANDING PLAYER OF EITHER TEAM—. TH' STELLAR SOPH SCORED ALMOST ONE THIRD OF OUR TOTAL NUMBER OF POINTS!



4. OUR BOYS WERE PL... TIRED WHEN THE ... QUARTER ENDED~ BU... KEPT 'EM PRETTY ... UNDER CONTROL UNT... TH' LATTER HALF ... THE THIRD FRAME ... TH' LID BLEW OFF ... LAST~ WITH A BIG ...

7. BUT— THE DEPLETED RINDGE TEAM HAD UNFORTUNATELY GATHERED A BIG ENOUGH LEAD SO THAT A DESPERATE LAST-MINUTE SPURT BY OUR BOYS TURNED OUT TO BE JUST WASTED EFFORT SO TH' FINAL SCORE WAS:

LATIN 28
RINDGE 36



6. ONE MAN AGAINST A MILLION! NATURALLY TH' FANS DIDN'T EXACTLY LIKE THE NEW TURN OF EVENTS SO THEY TOOK IT OUT ON TH' REF~ POOR L'IL ARTIE GORE! SHORTLY AFTERWARDS THREE OF THE BROWNIES WERE BANISHED FOR TOO MANY FOULS—.

5. RINDGE'S TALL LEWIS ABLY AIDED BY TWO GUYS NAMED SMERLAS HAD LATIN ON TH' RUN IN SHORT ORDER! BY THE END OF TH' THIRD THEY WERE WAY AHEAD~ AND MOVING FAST!

ALUMNI NEWS

WELL, let's hear some more news about former students at C. H. L. S. Edith Coady, '36, who was well-known for her prowess in sports is now a physical-education teacher at S. Mary's School in Chelsea. Ruth Parker, '31, is a public health nurse here in Cambridge. Edward McLaughlin, '30, was recently promoted to the rank of corporal in the United States Army. Julia Buckley, '36, is working as a laboratory technician at the Cambridge City Hospital. June McConnell, '40, is a reporter for the Herald-Traveler. Helen O'Hara, '31, is doing social service work in this city. Congratulations to Frank Coady, '36, who was recently married. Sue White, '41, is studying at Lasell College, where she is on the honor roll and has been very active in school activities. Ruth Melvin, '35, now Mrs. Defronzo, is the mother of two children. Among the alumni of C. H. L. S. who are doing their part to help Uncle Sam are Bob Shaine, '41, Angelo Bonsignore, '41, and Claude Henry, '40, who enlisted in the marines recently. Margaret Quinn, '36, is a schoolteacher in Pennsylvania.

We are very proud to hear that one of our alumni has already played an important part in the war. Robert Ford, '21, made an extraordinary flight around the globe to bring home safely the Pan-American clipper, of which he was captain. On December 7, 1941, the day on which Pearl Harbor was bombed, Robert was faced with the problem of getting his plane to the United States and he did it after a thirty-one thousand mile flight! Congratulations, Robert; we're proud of you!

Muriel Barrett, '41, is having a grand time, so she tells us, at Trinity College in Washington, D. C. Bernadette Drollette, '41, also reports that she is enjoying college life. Edwina Mullen, '36, is now married, and is still living in Cambridge.

We would like to express our gratitude to Mr. Edward Durrell of Portland, Maine, for his loyal support of Cambridge High and Latin for over fifty years. Mr. Durrell, who donates many prizes to this school, and for whom our debate club is named, has subscribed to the *Review* ever since it was published. He is said to have a complete file of *Reviews*. Recently, Mr. Durrell showed another example of his loyalty to our school, when he offered the facilities of his home to Edward Murray, C. H. L. S., '27, a soldier stationed in Maine, when he learned that he was an alumnus of C. H. L. S. We all admire the kind hospitality of our most loyal alumnus, Mr. Edward Durell!

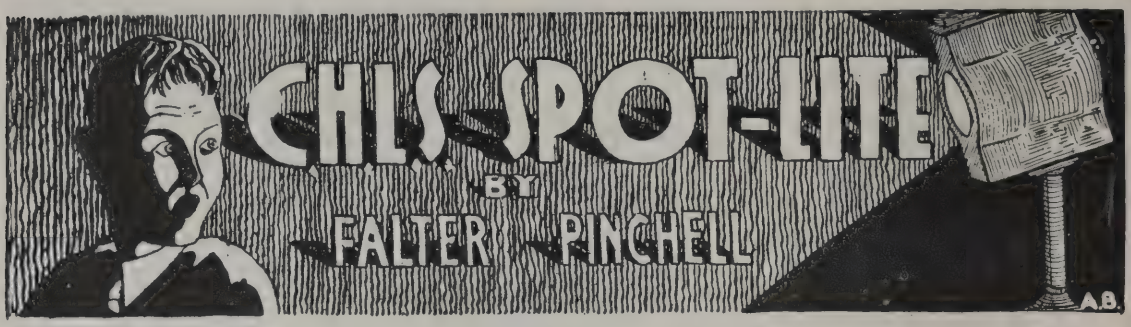
ANNE CAHILL, '42

JUNIOR HONOR ROLL

Barbuto, Elena
Benkor, Dorothy
Callender, Jean
Chaulk, Dorothy
Chin, Annie
Christo, Helen
Collins, Eleanor
Cuff, Grace
Deresky, Julia
Distefano, Sylvia
Downward, Carol
Drolette, Margaret
Duperey, Lucille
Emello, Elizabeth
Gelinas, Helen
Geller, Molly
Gent, Raymond
Goolst, Shirley
Grigolonok, Nina
Hatch, Doris
Jankowski, Sophie
Kagan, Frances
Kaminsky, Eli
Kouletsis, Epaminondas
Layne, Lillian
Leamon, Thomas
Mahoney, Paul
Manning, Mary
McCabe, Richard
Minassian, Florence
Monazzi, Olga
Mooney, Mary
Nikas, Dorothy
O'Rourke, Frances
Oster, Edward
Patterson, Jean
Pena, Ester
Quint, Frances
Roop, Juanita
Rose, Anthony
Souza, Louise
Tonkonow, Frank
Woodbury, Rosalie

FRESHMEN HONOR ROLL

Helen Banatt
Louise Battaglia
Elizabeth Beale
Ruth Benson
Robert Berman
Dorothy Bettencourt
Dorothy Bois
Robert Cabral
Marie Colburn
John Collins
Ann Corcoran
Helen Corcoran
Theresa D'Aveni
Jacquelyn Doyle
Mary Eddy
Carol Gilbert
Eleanor Gudas
Marie Hastings
Sydney Heller
Mary Herlihy
Madelon Jordon
Frances Kairis
William Klopstock
Anne Krikorian
Lillian Levy
Effie Lewis
John Loofbourow
Ruth Marshall
Robert McDonald
Dorothy McLocklin
Mary McMenimen
Joan McPartlin
Elizabeth Miller
Sophie Miskevitch
Rubye Morgan
Jean Morrissey
Claire Murray
Louise O'Rourke
Merlyn Owens
Agnes Perry
M. Therese Phelan
Herbert Schlein
Marilyn Shine
Marie Silva
Howard Smolar
Violet Solomon
James Sotherland
William Supple
Louise Talanian
Anthony Travers
Glenna Wilkins
Lee Yaffee
Hulita Yarde
Louis Zacharakis



RED CROSS! Knitting! Defense Stamps! Air Raid Drills! . . . Have you done your share yet or haven't you? From the looks of the yarn and needles floating, or should I say struggling along in the hands of amateurs, everybody seems to be defense minded these days . . . Knitters: Mary Shea and Patsy Shea trying to maneuver their knitting on the school bus . . . Margie O'Connor knitting and talking at the same time (just a wonder) . . . Janet Atkinson with a tricky knitting bag . . . Shirley Meehan having others pick up her lost stitches to catch up on lost time . . . I wonder if Grace Nauffts will ever finish her sweater . . . Keep up the good work girls to help keep others warm and in good spirits and "Remember Pearl Harder!" (get it) Oh well, it's all for defense . . . There were even signs of knit two, purl two at the K. B. Formal which, by the way was very successful, due to the work of Betty Morris, K. B. President . . . Julian Moynahan, our "Quiz Kid," was stumped by the question, "Where, oh where has Betty gone now?" . . . Pebs and Tom Leary appeared with smiles of joy after each had scored a goal in the hockey game before the dance . . . Ann Cahill was seen sporting an orchid given to her by Art Bloomberg . . . Ray Fitzgerald and Paul Erickson (Eric the Red) played a mean Boogie Duet on the piano at Chickland's (the last hope for hungry dancers) . . . Talking about dancers, Betty Doyle and Charlie Herlihy didn't even stop long enough to eat . . . Eleanor Quinn gave us the pleasure of hearing her renditions of the latest song hits . . . Ann and Pat Conway as usual were at the K. B. too . . . Barbara Stone, Mary Russell, Mary Sullivan, Eleanor Swisher and Audrey Fryatte were seen with college men . . . Gloria Gregware had a long chain of followers as she led the Conga . . . Elsie Brown and Dorothy Waters even came to the dance together . . . Don't get me wrong, they had escorts . . . By the way, evidently Dorothy prefers Southern hospitality for she is going back South soon . . . Dorothy Goldstein is a human synonym for the saying "A friend in need is a friend indeed" . . . Mary Nagle, Eileen Sullivan and Eleanor Regan all have something in common . . . they all use their study periods to do repair work . . . The group from C. H. L. S. that makes up the "bowling alley brigade" consists of Alice Boudreau, Margy Kelly, Rosamond Kirk, Len Bulger, Dot Arthur, Louise Dick, Jean Nugent and several other assorted Latinites . . . Charming and petite is a fine description of Jeanne Fournier . . . Charles Billings and Tom Murphy had hopes of winnig the Latin prize this year. Now they are saying, "Wait until next year" . . . I guess a good many seniors will be waiting until next year after those departmentals . . . Virginia Facey has proven to be the answer to her friends' prayers by driving them to and from school. Ruth Doyle says, "If anyone wants to get those 'Blues in the Night' just listen to Glen Miller's arrangement . . . " Have you heard of Warren Johnson's band of 1950 . . . Barbara Superinard shows her wonderful disposition when she answers your greeting with a smile . . . Pat Churchill has acquired a sudden interest in French movies . . . Mary McCabe and Nancy Cass are now back in school after a slight case of chicken pox . . . Peggie Bares' potato chips are a constant source of contentment to her friends at lunch . . . Don Kurth doesn't know what he'll do in a blackout . . . We've got a pretty good idea . . . If Jack Sheehan's gum were rubber the government and the people would be saved the trouble of conserving rubber . . . Have you noticed the trend from classic to swing at the symphony concert assemblies . . . Nancy Currie (Agnes to you) has us guessing as to what she does Mondays and Wednesdays after school . . . Bob Guest prefers people with titles . . . Jack Delaney's jive sure is on the beam! . . . Warren Miller is raising a garden so he can pick his own corsages . . . Good idea for all the boys . . . Elizabeth Butler and Frank Dinietro

certainly know their Latin . . . Joe Whitney is a rabid hockey fan . . . Norma McNeil has a pen that leaks and writes in all different colors . . . Jimmy Boyce's versatility is improving. He has added a harmonica to his list of instruments . . . Why is Lenny Beswick in such a hurry? . . . Nancy Lovett seems to enjoy those gruesome hours at Art School . . . Peggy Maguire is wondering if Isabel Finn is a human dictionary . . . Joe Sullivan, "the human snail of C. H. L. S.", has joined the force of "Uni" ushers along with Jimmy Carter, Bill Chase, Harry Barnard and Joe McDavitt . . . Pat Lally has a secret for not failing in Biology . . . Jean Patterson made an oath to buy a 10c defense stamp every time she talks during her study period . . . Charles Hooker has acquired a new twist in his bowling . . . very comical indeed (the twist or his bowling?) . . . Arthur Connolly is Billy Reardon's number one hockey fan . . . Which reminds us that the Freshmen's and Sophomores' spirit is something for the Juniors and especially the Seniors to think about . . . With David Messenger and Paul O'Rourke as leaders, Latin cheers can be heard all over the Arena . . . I should say David Small and Vera Chvany can be heard all over the Arena . . . Clarence Dooley is full of pep these days. I wonder if that high mark in English had anything to do with it . . . Peg O'Brien has taken a sudden interest in astronomy . . . She has nothing on Art Thomas . . . He studied that course long ago . . . Ann (Nancy to her more personal friends) Farr is the most talkative vice-president in the Junior Class history . . . Joe Nestor is still haunting Room 236 . . . Dot Beale is quiet but oh my! "Shorty" Morrison is heading a petition for a Junior Prom . . . Come on, Juniors! . . . And Ann Harney calls those two dusters mittens . . . During the Air Raid Drill, the teachers thought it was a real fire when they saw Frances Skeers' red dress and Eleanor Murphy's red coat . . . It's just "Red Feather Red" so don't get excited when you see a red flash streaking through the corridors . . . Katherine Bolger, Jane O'Brien, Mary Hammond and Margaret Bane hope the Senior members of the K. B. enjoyed selling candy in the cups which they helped to make . . . Katherine Schneider ought to charge rental for her fountain pen . . . Can you imagine, Eleanor Hammond doesn't want her name in this column . . . All right, don't say it . . . Teddy Edward and Bill Vincent are two of the reasons why Room 317 is a little late in getting out at the close of school . . . Just call Maurie Martel "Stampede" the way he rushes around . . . Oh yeah! Hugh Bartley, John Polimon and Larry Chvany are the boys who plough through the Chinese volumes every afternoon at Harvard . . . Gertrude Lozenski is the girl responsible for the sophomore notes in this column . . . It certainly can be said of Robert Horan that a "small" body contains a "big" brain . . . I bet you didn't know that Richard Westaway came from Canada . . . We are glad to see Edward Mello back on his feet again after a struggle with (you'll never guess) chicken pox . . . Juanita Roop and Francis Quint were actually conversing in Latin during a study period . . . Glad to see that many of our Sophomore girls are doing Red Cross work . . . Wanted: someone who can give Arthur Corey a good argument . . . Mildred Kagan can be recognized by her bright red bag that she carries around . . . Margaret Drolette wore not only one but *two* orchids at the K. B. Formal . . . the generous donor was Walter Power . . . Have you ever seen Esther Korenthal without the little yellow bow in her hair? . . . I hope the Faulkners, William Sullivan, Jane Hayes, Madeline Birmingham and a few others sell all their tickets for the Senior Drama . . . Sylvia Piltch, Dot Reardon, Chick McManus, and Mary Oppedisano believe in getting things done right away by having their pictures taken and distributed already . . . Sally Avakian is still receiving compliments on her red shoes . . . Jane Gayton is now sporting a collar with her telephone number on it . . . Have you ever seen George Croucher's hat . . . Right now we'll keep what we know under our hats till next time and we want all youse guys to do your part in whatever way possible to "Keep 'Em Flying" . . . Till next time, dear knitters, etc., so long!

Barbara Nauffts, 42.
Eugene Callender, 43.

CHESS NOTES

THE Chess Club this year has been composed mostly of young players, owing to the graduation of our experienced members.

The officers of the Chess Club appointed earlier in the year are James Atkins, '42, President; George Perutz, '43, Vice-President; and Arthur Travers, '44, Secretary-Treasurer.

Thus far this year the Chess Team has succumbed to Brookline twice, and Roxbury once. We have defeated Huntington Prep.

We hope, however, to improve upon this record as the season grows older and our players become more experienced.

James Atkins, '42.

G. A. A. REPORT

GREETINGS and salutations once again, my faithful readers! Let's see what's on the calendar of past and future G. A. A. events.

We regret to say that capable June Becker has found it necessary to resign. Our officers are now trying, somewhat anxiously, to find another as hard-working as she.

What a grand time we had at the Christmas Party! It proved even more of a fun-fest than it was planned to be. A delightful skit was put on, and though it was rather long, we had a very appreciative audience. Talent, that elusive something or other we all long for, took a bow in the persons of Mary Lee, Mary Broussard, Mary Messenger, Isabel Gudas, Marie Buckley, and many, many others. After the skit came Santa Claus who distributed gifts galore. Well—what if Santa did have a cold and "Gen" Herlihy did take his place? And since the G. A. A. has only one suit which must fit every Santa Claus every year, "Gen" found is necessary to use a pillow in front as a "stomach." Poor girl kept losing it too. Oh, by the way, just ask Barbara Murphy what happened to her bustle. Confidentially, she lost it! What's this? Ah, lollipops. And thus, the Christmas Party made its exit to the scrunch and munch of chewing lollipops.

I certainly hope that no one missed the Boy-Girl Dance. Billy McCrystal's orchestra provided many jazzy jives, but few waltzes. Next time, we promise both. One of the highlights of the evening was a Conga Contest won by Ada McPhail and Peggy Nemet. Little Ada caused much comment and amused and delighted everyone with her lone dancing in the corner. She proved herself the best dancer on the floor. The winners were chosen by our very gracious and helphful patronesses, who were Miss McLaughlin, Miss Brown, Miss George, Miss Bligh, Miss Russell, and Miss Foss.

We were also honored with the presence of Mrs. Sarah Butler Conant of the School Committee. Another important event of the evening was a Star Dance. What—you never heard of a Star Dance. Sh . . . our ingenious officers thought it up. Each person was given a Star with a mate and when the Stars were matched, the couples danced with one another. That was really fun! The original decorations were the result of the work of Pat Dias and Barbara Murphy. They consisted of a background of winking stars and round-faced moons. Perhaps the officers invented the Star Dance to coincide with the decorations. Isn't it wonderful what people with brains can accomplish? Olga Zacharchuck barred the door, and woe unto him or her who tried to sneak by. Ann Cahill and June Becker were in charge of the refreshments. By the way, if any of you have ideas about refreshments, we'd like to hear them.

Whatever you do, don't plan to go anywhere but to the Fairy Festival on February 13. Everyone comes dressed as a character out of a fairy tale. Better get the long-forgotten costumes out of the attic.

And don't forget that the Spring Informal is coming soon, so be prepared! I'll be seeing you! MADELINE BIRMINGHAM '40

K. B.

SINCE the last report, K. B. has been buzzing with activity. Our winter formal on the 17th of January lived up to its promise of being the outstanding social event of the season and therefore was a grand success. Our patron and patronesses for the evening were Miss McElroy and Miss Buckley, our advisors, Miss Driscoll, dean of Junior girls, Miss Rosemary Hogan, and Mr. and Mrs. Albert M. Sateriale. Mr. Toomey and Mr. Foley deserve many thanks, not only for collecting tickets, but also for directing the grand march led by our president, Betty Morris. Much of the credit for the success of the dance is due to the untiring efforts of the committee which included: Jane Hayes, Barbara Nauffts, Janet Atkinson, Patricia Churchill, and Betty Morris.

Now that the dance is over, K. B. is busying itself with preparations for the Senior Drama. Every lunch period a group of girls can be seen making pretty cups in which they will sell candy.

Of course our girls are still sewing and knitting for the Red Cross every Friday afternoon, and now, there has been some talk of making bandages, also. Let's hope that this will come true, for now America needs every bit of help it can get. BETTY MORRIS, '42

HOME STUDENTS' HONOR ROLL

Second Marking Period

Senior Class

Ethel Jones
Vida Roche

Junior Class

Anthony Totino

Freshman

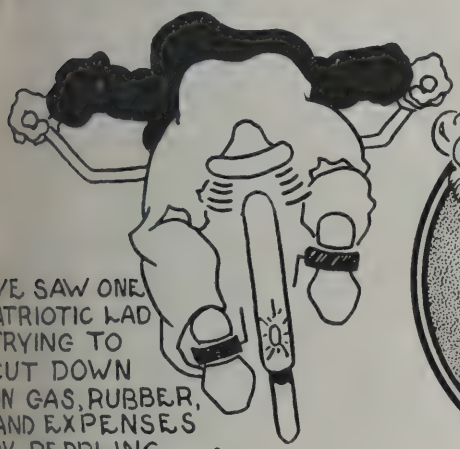
Lorraine Costa—Honorable Mention

K B MEMOIRS

STAN HOLLIS AND JEAN FOUNIERE LEFT EARLY SO THEY WOULD HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO ER-A-ER EAT.

ROB'T "PEBBLES" LEARY

"DUTCHIE" GAYNOR WAS JUSTLY PROUD OF HIS DATE ANN SULLIVAN.



VE SAW ONE ATRIOTIC LAD TRYING TO CUT DOWN ON GAS, RUBBER, AND EXPENSES BY PEDDLING TO THE DANCE!

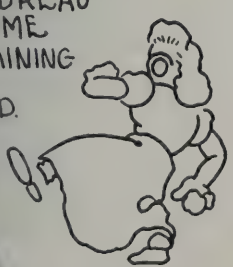
PAUL O'ROURKE HELPED TOM LEARY REPAIR THE DAMAGES AFTER THE STRUGGLE AND WHAT A STRUGGLE.

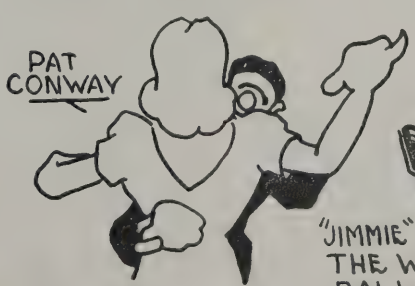
L' DOBBIN AS MUCH N DEMAND THE NITE OF THE K.B.

CONGRA'TS GO TO MISS BETTY MORRIS WHO HELPED MAKE THE DANCE A SUCCESS.

LA CONGA LED BY NORMAN BOUTILLIER, GLORIA GREGWARE AND HOW!

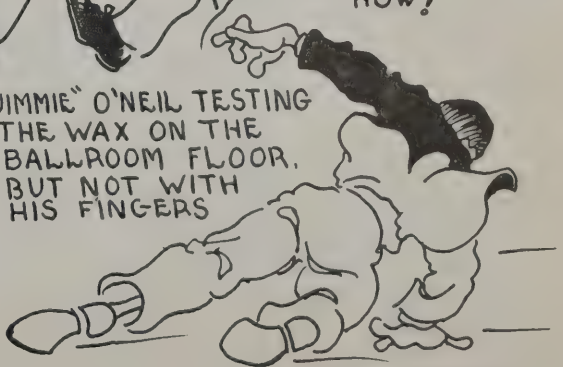
ALICE BOUDREAU GOT IN SOME SPRING TRAINING UP AT CHICKLAND.





NOW AND THEN WE SAW RAY FITZ.

"JIMMIE" O'NEIL TESTING THE WAX ON THE BALLROOM FLOOR. BUT NOT WITH HIS FINGERS



Charlie Lynch '42

FRESHMAN NOTES

WASN'T it fine? We mean the idea of no mid-year examinations . . . Here it is, one half of the year already over, and it seems like we have just started (well, some of us feel that way about it.) It may be a little out of season, but Room 127 had one of the finest decorations at Christmas time. Much of the credit belongs to Gloria Anderson, Joan Baragwanath and Anthony Agros for their excellent drawing . . . One of the most colorful trios of pals is that of Ruth Humes, Hazel Hopkins, and Frances Robinson. All have beautiful auburn (red, to you) tresses. Robert Bellino is a recent transfer from St. John's Preparatory School . . . In one freshman class recently, the favored type of reading material was a murder and mystery story. Sounds like a blood-thirsty group . . . Speaking of reading, Dorothy Comier is very emphatic in her dislike of "mushy" stories . . . Not only has Ada McPhail won recognition for doing the conga, but she is also known for her version of the rhumba . . . We never knew until lately that some of our teachers can knit a mighty fine row . . . Ask Ann Corcoran about that collection of pictures of the Harvard Varsity team. Margaret Mulcahy and Elinor Meuller are seldom seen apart. By the way, have you seen that friendship ring Margaret received for Christmas from an unknown source? She is very proud of it . . . The Leader Club is bowling frequently to prepare itself for the coming match with Somerville . . . Barbara Hillery, Mary Herlihy, and Ruth Hayes are always together both in and out of school . . . Rosemary Ryan has received many compliments on the new way she wears her hair . . . We heard that Isabel Gudas and Dorothy Butler told Fairy Tales to the Brownies the other day. The Air Raid Drills are being carried out more smoothly each time. This is one part of our school work which must be perfect at all times. Bill Robert is turning out to be another "Billy, the Artist" . . . Violet Solomon and Howard Smolar are fond of debating, especially in some classes . . . Fred Saterial is one of the fastest freshman on the track team. Joan Baragwanath has a very smart dog.

FRESHMAN SONGS AT C. H. L. S.

Daydreaming	During Study Period
This Is No Laughing Matter	Not Passing
How About You?	On the English Examination
I"ll Never Forget	The First Report Card
Night And Day	C. H. L. S. Geniuses Study
Pushin' Along	Just Making The Grade
God Bless America	Don't We All?

DRAMATIC CLUB NOTES

THE curtain rises on the third act of our Dramatic Club, for 1942, amid plans for the Shakesperian afternoon on March 5, the evening of one-act plays on May 8, and above all the Dramatic Club-Spring-Formal on April 17.

On Monday evening, January 12, the Dramatic Club went to the Revere Theater, where the Revere High School Dramatic Club presented Mark Twain's "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court." True to the Revere tradition, it was wonderful.

Paul Good (remember King Lear?) had another leading role in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" given by the Boston College Dramatic Society on February 5th and 6th. Paul was "Aunt Ophelia."

Many of our Dramatic Club members took part in this year's Senior Drama. It was "The Late Christopher Bean" by Sidney Howard. The cast included:

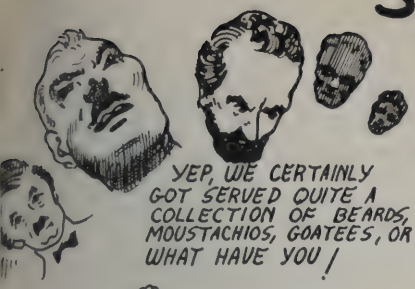
Dr. Haggett	Francis Curran
Susan Haggett	Marie Buckley
Abby	Madeline Birmingham
Mrs. Haggett	Margaret Ford
Ada Haggett	Jane Hayes
Warren Creamer	Bill Conlan
Tallant	Stanley Davin
Rosen	Frank Di Goia
Davenport	William Sullivan

Lester Crowley, our president, though only a Junior, won for himself the position of stage manager. Several of our Dramatic Club girls were ushers, and three members of the club—Constance Fillios, Doris Coughlin, and William Smith served on the Drama Committee. The cast was honored at one of its rehearsals by the presence of Irving Locke, who has played the part of Doctor Haggett on Broadway.

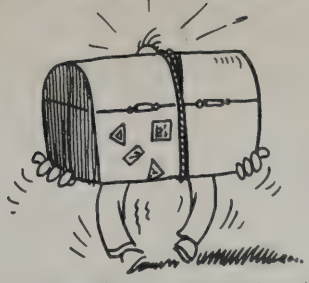
Our own Miss Hartigan has been chosen Chairman of the Committee for the New England Drama Festival this year. She has informed us that the state-wide competition will be held at Emerson College on April 11. Ruth Gray, President of the Senior Class this year at Emerson has graciously offered the services of her girls as ushers on that all important day. Save your pennies—it's going to be lots of fun! Curtain going down—see you next month. Have a pleasant vacation.

MARIE BUCKLEY, '42.

SENIOR DRAMA



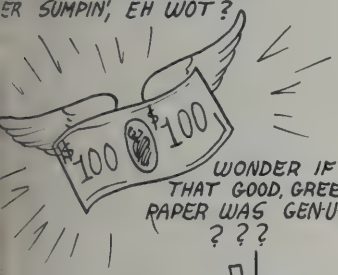
YEP, WE CERTAINLY GOT SERVED QUITE A COLLECTION OF BEARDS, MOUSTACHIOS, GOATEES, OR WHAT HAVE YOU!



BILL CONLAN VERSUS TH' TRUNK~ THE FIGHT OF TH' CENTURY!

IN SPITE OF TH' LOUSY BREAK WE GOT FROM TH' WEATHER THERE WAS PRETTY NEAR A FULL HOUSE!

PEGGY FORD, ALIAS MRS. HAGGETT, GAVE A SUPERB DISPLAY OF ACTING TALENT~ A SECOND HELEN HAYES ER SUMPIN', EH WOT?



WONDER IF ALL THAT GOOD, GREEN PAPER WAS GEN-U-WINE ???

FRANCIS CURRAN'S PERFORMANCE AS DR. HAGGETT WAS TYPICAL OF THE TYPE OF ACTING SEEN IN THIS YEAR'S DRAMA. HE MASTERED A DIFFICULT PART, PLAYED IT LIKE A VETERAN. BECAUSE OF THESE~AND OTHER~ REASONS, WE HAIL FRAN AS TH' STAR OF TH' 1942 SENIOR DRAMA!

I WONDER IF YOU NOTICED TH' STRIKING RESEMBLENCE OF FRANK DiGOIA TO TH' ONE 'N ONLY ~CHARLIE CHAPLAIN? ALL HE NEEDED WAS A DERBY!

TH' PROP DOOR OT TEMPERMENTAL AIN THIS YEAR~AS BILLY CONLAN UND OUT TO HIS SORROW — SS SOMEBODY OUGTTA GREASE UP EW HINGES HERE 'N THERE

STAN (STITCHY) DAVIN AFTER A NIGHT~ AND MORNING ~ OF DRAMA AND GOOD FOOD AFTERWARDS

SOME KIDS GOT QUITE A KICK OUT OF TH' WAY THE ORCHESTRA PLAYED TH' NATIONAL ANTHEM TO AN ALMOST EMPTY AUDITORIUM!

THAT AVID MARIE BUCKELEY FAN, HUGH BARTLEY, ALMOST WENT BERSERK DURING TH' CLINCH SCENES!

USHERS AND USHERETTES SEEN AROUND ~ · PAT DIAS, ANN CAHILL, PAUL O'ROURKE, DORIS COUGHLIN, ROCKS LEARY, ART THOMAS, BOBBY NAUFFTS ~ ETC ~.

Tom Lennon

THIS THING CALLED SWING . . .

GATHER around everybody for another swing session . . . The rumor that Bonnie Baker was leaving Orrin Tucker has at last been confirmed. She leaves in February. The team of Sally, Darlene and Mary are replacing her . . . The Woody Herman band head west to make a film. It is to be called "Wake Up and Dream" and stars the Andrew Sisters and Gloria Jean . . . Ray McKinley leaves Will Bradley to form his own band . . . The best selling song for 1941 was "I Don't Want to Set the World On Fire" . . . Since the sensational success of Tschaikowsky's Piano Concerto there seems to be a great demand for piano numbers. Glen Miller has just recorded Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" and Freddy Martin has just recorded the Grieg Piano Concerto. I suppose in the following weeks we can look forward to recordings of Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue," "The Prelude in C# Minor" etc. . . . When you see the motion picture "Syncopation" and you hear Jackie Cooper playing the trumpet it will really be Bunny Berigan that you are listening to. Bunny has just been signed to record the sound track which will supply the music for the Cooper scenes . . . Tommy Tucker has recorded a sequel to his very successful "I Don't Want to Set the World On Fire." It's called "My Heart's On Fire" . . . We have decided to continue our band poll until the next issue. In our next issue we will have C. H. L. S.'s choice for the King of Bandland and the Prince and Princess of Song. As we go to press Glen Miller leads the field with Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey close behind. Bob Eberle and Bing Crosby are leading the male singers division while Helen O'Connell and Dinah Shore lead the female divison . . . A year ago this month the music world was mourning the death of Hal Kemp, praising Will Bradley's boogie woogie rhythms, dancing to "Frenesi," "We Three" and "The Anvil Chorus" . . . What ever happened to Tommy Reynold's band? . . . Did you know that Woody Herman's drummer, Frankie Carlson, plays the drums left-handed? . . . Some new tunes to watch for are: "We're the Couple in the Castle," "Moonlight Cocktail," "I'll Never Forget," "Miss You" and "I Don't Want to Walk Without You" . . . Mozart is headed for Hit Parade fame. A new song, based on Mozart's "Symphony in G-Minor," has just been written; the tune is called "Ya Lu-Blu" . . . Jimmy Dorsey is scheduled to make another picture. His first, "The Fleet's In," is a big success . . . Some new records which you can be dancing to until the next time we meet are Jimmy Dorsey's "Tangerine," Alvino Rey's "Deep in the Heart of Texas," Tony Pastors' "Doin' the Ratamacue" and Gene Krupa's "Bolero.'

ROBERT GUEST, '43.

BOOK REVIEWS

STORM *by* GEORGE R. STEWART

Random House

THIS is the story of the birth, life, and death of a storm. The storm is playfully called "Maria" by a junior meteorologist when he discovers her. Maria sweeps up from the Pacific and rages over North America. She brings rain to a sun-baked California and snow and hail to the rest of the country. She affects the lives of quite a number of people, bringing death and destruction to many.

Mr. Stewart had a new and very original idea in making a storm the heroine of a book. He not only had a good idea, but he treated it in A-1 manner. Not once will your interest lag, although at times this novel becomes quite technical. Mr. Stewart's description of a snowslide which traps three people is one of the best things that I have read in a long time.

In this book you meet many interesting and varied characters. Maria is meant to be, and is, the greatest.

MUSIC WITH A FEATHER DUSTER

by ELIZABETH MITCHELL

Atlantic Monthly Press

IF the names of Barbirolli, Alfred Cortot, Gershwin, Stokowski, Flagstad etc. appeal to you or if you in any way like classical music I'm sure you will enjoy this book. Miss Mitchell knows her music and she knows her musicians. Her style of writing is friendly and never once do you feel that she is being superior to you as so many of our other present day writers are.

Miss Mitchell explains the dangers of bad music teaching and tells of her own music lessons and the pit falls into which she fell. She tells various stories of famous conductors, singers, composers, and musicians in general. Her father and his love for music provide many humorous moments in the book.

Rea Irwin did the illustrations.

Joe: Should someone be punished for something he didn't do?
Teacher: No. Why?
Joe: I didn't do my homework.

EXCHANGE COLUMN

Canary and Blue, Allentown High School
Allentown, Pennsylvania

Lots of bouquets for your fine Christmas issue with its delightful cuts and its wealth of interesting material. *The Holiday Spirit* appealed to us as an unusual story. We think that your Uncle Joey column is an excellent idea. Keep up the good work!

The Sayrenade, Sayre High School
Sayre, Pennsylvania

Commended—your attractive cover, the page of snoopshots, and the civic interest which you displayed in your editorials. We agree heartily with your selection of The Type of Questions *We Wish They Would Ask* In Exams.

The Owl, William Cullen Bryant High School
Long Island City, New York

It is difficult to pick out the best feature of your fine magazine. Your art department did a splendid job! We enjoyed reading the short-stories which were varied and interesting. We were disappointed to find no school news and no reports of extra-circular activity.

The Crimson and Gray, Mary E. Wells High School, Southbridge, Massachusetts.

Your art department did a wonderful piece of work on your cover, but we wish they had made the inside of your magazine more decorative. Your poetry was very entertaining. Congratulations to your advertising staff for doing a good job! We also enjoyed reading about your senior drama, which sounds very amusing.

Ship Ahoy, Wildwood High School
Wildwood, New Jersey

Your magazine contains an abundance of really good humorous material. We liked the school spirit displayed in your sports' writeups, your editorials and your news about the activities of the various clubs. We would like to see more essays in your interesting magazine.

The Quarterly, Stanford High School
Stanford, Massachusetts

It was a real pleasure to read your essays, which were accompanied by very clever illustrations. We sympathize with the authors of *Concentration or Bust* and *Time Flies*. Your column entitled *Comment on Things* seems very practical. We were glad to see the article which explained the trials and tribulations of publishing a magazine. We know them, too!

DEBATE DATA

ON January the 8th, we were honored by the presence of Mrs. Conrad, whom I mentioned in my last article. She told us of her trip from Austria to the United States and of the thrill she received when she saw for the first time the Statue of Liberty, the assurance of her freedom. To the members of both the Debate and Dramatic Clubs, Mrs. Conrad explained the differences she noticed upon first entering the country between the American city and one in Austria. Then in appreciation of the reception she received by the members, Mrs. Conrad consented to play a few numbers on the piano. While she played the piano, the smile on her face seemed to symbolize the liberty and freedom that all oppressed people long for and finally attain upon their entrance to America.

A team from Cambridge Latin debated Somerville for our first outside debate. The issue was, "Resolved: that every able bodied man under twenty should serve a year of compulsory military training." John Stokes and Eli Kaminsky were in the affirmative side of the question.

We have a great debate schedule lined up; some of our opponents are, Arlington, Everett, Revere, and Somerville.

We would like to invite all who are interested in debating to attend these outside debates.

SOAP BEHIND THE EARS

by Cornelia Otis Skinner

Dodd, Mead and Company

MISS Cornelia Otis Skinner is a very gifted person. She is not only an excellent actress but a very clever writer as this newest contribution of hers to the literary world bears witness. It is a very funny book, the kind of book which we need in these trying times. Miss Skinner's humor is sometimes subtle, sometimes hilarious, and sometimes acid.

Miss Skinner does two hilarious satires on fellow authors: Oscar Levant and Ernest Hemingway. She also satirizes teas, civil defense, theater audiences, bicycles etc. Her funniest article is one on duck hunting.

This book has been humorously illustrated by Alajalov.

Robert Guest, '43.

A SENIOR'S WORLD

WHAT a life! What a world! Let dictators, President Roosevelt, and England fight over possession of it. We Seniors go merrily on our way, knowing that in reality the world is ours. Our universe is a happy, carefree frolic from one day to another. Even our labor will be remembered as joy.

"So I say to him," "Ain't it the truth," "Imagine, clean sport shoes," are all familiar phrases which are heard as the superior Seniors scramble up three flights of stairs at 8:28 in the morning. We start coming at 8:15, in the school bus, which looks like a frankfort roll with too much in it. Heads, arms, bags, and books come plunging out the door, and woe to any teacher in our way. At times like these, I think strangers would call us morons. We look like morons with our beany caps, sloppy Joes, dirty shoes, sweaters turned inside out, bare legs, and green school bags. And if a stranger could see our "limousines" without doors or glass, he would probably say, "I think I go home now."

Inside school, we disdainfully "look down our noses" at teachers and freshmen alike. Our talk is concerned with the unfairness of the world in general. However, we allow ourselves the luxury of wondering whom we are going to take to the G. A. A. Formal, or of wondering when the next issue of the Review is coming out. We confide to our "pals" that we think our father is going to buy us that portable. Then—into class we go, to take that test we know we are going to fail, or to sit in agony hoping "Miss Snooperdoop," as we named the teacher of —, will not call on us for the homework we did not do. Then we pass blissfully into the rest of our classes, for we are fond of all the teachers except a few.

This is our world. The thoughts of leaving it are sad, but we cover up our heartbreaks with saucy remarks. Even as we look disdainfully down on the first floor, we wish secretly in the recesses of our hearts that we were just starting our four years over again. Oh, to be a Freshman!

MADELINE BIRMINGHAM, '42.

CLASS CHATTER

Teacher: Robert Burns wrote, "To a field mouse."
Don Kurth: Did he get an answer?

Frank: I think that Mary will make an ideal wife. Every time I go to her house she's darning her father's socks.
John: That caught me too, till I noticed it was always the same sock.

Evelyn: Your new overcoat is rather loud.
Tommy: It's all right when I put on a muffler.

Alice: Jean sure spoke her mind last period.
Margy: Yeh! Her voice did sound cracked.

Bill: Where do you work?
Salesman: I work in Des Moines.
Bill: Really? I've always wanted to meet one of you miners.

Ralph: Do you know the difference between a taxi and a subway car?
Debby: No.
Ralph: Fine, we'll take the subway.

Friend: What is your son's average income?
Father: From 3:30 to 4:00 A. M.

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THE REVIEW

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The Cambridge Review

CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL

APRIL, 1942

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

VOLUME 55 NUMBER 4

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SPRING

THIS year, probably because of morbid world conditions, spring seems to expectant nature lovers to have been an unbearably long time in coming. The past two weeks, however, have been mild enough to convince the most despairing person that the long awaited season has finally arrived. Hopping busily about the lawns are ever increasing numbers of robins, who, although now thin from their long flight northward, soon will grow plump on their diet of fat garden worms. Wily daisies can be seen here and there proudly displaying their golden dress.

These assuring signs of spring should rouse in every one an uncontrollable urge to wander, and to enjoy the unmatched beauty of a fine New England spring. Yet there exists a strange tendency, prompted, perhaps, by force of habit, to continue the drab pastimes of winter time, such as bowling in an ill-ventilated alley, or attending movies in the stifling atmospheree of a crowded theatre. To us this practice appears to be one of the gravest errors made by many high school students, who do not permit the fine weather to change their monotonous mode of life. There is, at this time of year, another factor which prevents the student from partaking of much needed fresh air and exercise. This factor is the senseless demand that students concentrate more heavily on their studies; a demand made in an attempt to counteract an expected lapse in studying which is erroneously believed to accompany the good weather. As a result of this demand, the conscientious student is so affected that he tends to give up completely the elating experiences brought by spring, and to become, quite unnecessarily, a drudge over his studies. We believe that this demand is entirely unreasonable, inasmuch as a student can very well enjoy to the full the healthful diversions of spring and, at the same time, maintain the same school record as he did in the winter months.

We, therefore, urge every student to allow no obstacles to prevent him from benefiting by the wonders of springtime, which contain so much that an individual living in such dark times can by no means afford to miss.

THE Eastern Massachusetts Scholastic Press Association held its annual meeting Saturday, March 21 at Northeastern University. Four members of the Review Staff attended —Mary Sullivan, Paul O'Rourke, Alex Stewart, Julian Moynahan.

The morning was spent at several very interesting discussions on high school magazines and yearbooks, conducted by experts in the journalistic and publishing fields. Mr. Dino Valz gave a talk of particular interest to the Review representatives. He spoke on the subject of the layout of the yearbook and school magazine. Besides discussing in an entertaining fashion layout problems, he gave many invaluable tips on how to improve the reader interest and circulation of the school magazine.

Lunch was served in the gymnasium at noon. This was followed by a general question period. From 3 to 5 P. M. a get acquainted dance was held in Northeastern's Bates Hall, at which we Cambridge representatives had an opportunity to meet many of the delegates form other high schools.

All things considered, the conference proved a very entertaining and profitable experience.

JULIAN MOYNAHAN, '42.

We regret to announce that there will be no awards this year for the short story contest. None of the stories submitted was considered of a standard high enough to merit a prize.

We are glad to offer our congratulations to Aaron Krute, '42, for winning the first prize in the essay contest held by the Massachusetts Federation of Women's Clubs.

The Dramatic Club is to be commended for its excellent performance of the play "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals," with which it won first place in the opening contest of the New England Drama Festival. We hope that the cast will repeat its success in Worcester at the final session of the Festival.

IN LIBERTY'S DEFENSE

THE spirit of liberty that was so fierce and stubborn when Americans suffered at Valley Forge, and when Americans charged up San Juan Hill must be restored to us now that we are again fighting for liberty. We who are on the so-called "home front" can, I believe, help to defend liberty by understanding that this war is a grim business in which civilians must become engaged, and that we who are civilians should accept, without complaints, the necessity of sacrificing our tinkling ornaments.

We are now willing to fight for liberty; but are we yet ready to sacrifice for liberty? There is a difference between confronting the enemy with weapons and voluntarily doing without the vital products whose basic materials go into the manufacture of those weapons; the former action is the duty of the soldier; the latter action is the duty of the civilian. In time of war, most of us cannot and do not expect to have at our command a market composed of the multiplicity of consumer goods to which we have become accustomed. Knowing that these goods are being turned into weapons, we do not complain at having to use substitutes, if by using substitutes we are forwarding our military effort. The majority, therefore, is ready to sacrifice for liberty.

But there are some people among us who still place their personal comfort above the common good—some who, comprehending full well the gravity of the rubber shortage, continue to bewail the inconvenience of having to walk in God's fresh air in the course of their daily routine! The small minority who "reason" in this way have never lived under Hitler's benevolence, it is certain. If this grumbling group had lived under a military dictator for the past decade, it would have forgotten long ago that it had ever been so privileged as to ride on rubber. Oh, let these grumblers awaken to their responsibility to their country and their fellow citizens! Liberty requires that if civilians cannot give their lives in its defense, they must at least give their automobiles and other vital materials for its defense; the surrender must be unflinching.

We can, I am confident, revive the fierce spirit of liberty in America, and help to defend liberty as well, if we—all of us, that is—understand that it is our DUTY AS CIVILIANS to give up without complaint unnecessary consumer goods in time of war.

REX T. DE LANY, '42.

THE MORNING AFTER THE BOSTON TEA PARTY

MRS. John Hancock has just found tea leaves in her husband's boots. She enters his room and in the tactful way of all wives questions him as follows:

Mrs. H.: Good morning, John (holding the boots behind her back.)

John: Good morning, my dear.

Mrs. H.: (Pretending nonchalance) Where did you go last night?

John: Those who are protesting taxes had a little meeting—you might have called it a party.

Mrs. H.: What did you discuss?

John: (Looking for something) The tea tax and the boats in the harbor.

Mrs. H.: Oh! Did you reach any decision?

John: Yes, to be truthful, I think we did. Now the tea tax, instead of being all cut and dried by Parliament has been dampened by the colonists. (Looking around the room) Where are my boots, my dear?

Mrs. H.: (Holding his boots out to him) I found a bit of tea in them. (Attempting humor) When we do keep tea, we usually put it in the cannister, not in your boots. Are you hoarding it in fear of the tax being raised?

John: No, dear wife. If I want a cup of tea, all I have to do is run down to the harbor and take a swim to get a two-fold refreshment, a dip and some tea.

Mrs. H.: You look as if you have been bathing in the mud by the color of your face. But seriously, John, how can you get a cup of tea down in the harbor? Just what did you do last night?

John: We, in a sense, played Indians on the war-path, but we did not scalp anybody; we merely did something which will raise the hair of some of the more conservative people in Boston, or for that matter, in all the colonies! As for a cup of tea down in the harbor, I helped pour three hundred and forty two chests of the British East India Company's finest into the Atlantic Ocean. That should make enough tea for all the colonists, only this tea will have no tax collected on it.

Mrs. H.: That was dangerous, John, but very courageous. Who ever thought of that and how many climbed onto those ships?

John: It was inspired by Samuel Adams, himself. There were fifty of us. It would have been funny, if it had not been so urgent. All of us dressed as Indians! We even attempted to mimic the Indian dialect and each

of us had an ax or a hatchet as an added disguise. Figuratively, instead of burning fifteen thousand pounds, we Indian actors drowned it.

Mrs. H.: What will happen to the colonists? This will make Parliament very angry, you know.

John: Yes, no doubt, it will. But we had to do something. Of course, we realize that Parliament does have a right to rule us but we want to help. We know our needs; they don't.

Mrs. H.: I fear Massachusetts will bear the consequences of this deed.

John: Yes, but in the end we will win out. We refuse to pay for England's wars, wars that have been going on for years and will go on for as many more. Our affairs had to come to a head sometime and they did. We have started a fight for freedom, a fight we will finish. The end will be our right to rule ourselves.

JANE HAYES, '42.

MY HASTING DAYS

WITH a blood-curdling whoop, which ended in the sinister threat, "Stick 'em up, or I'll drill you!", one of my younger friends confronted me as I trudged home from school after my daily struggle with ionic equations, the study of labor movements in the United States, Cicero's orations and several other equally baffling subjects. Although I made a feeble attempt to enter into the spirit of the game with young Johnny, whose chubby face was distorted by a horrible frown, I soon gave up in despair. Back in the "good old days," we amused ourselves with that most thrilling pastime, playing "cops and crooks"; now, I understand the younger generation has discarded our exciting game for a more sophisticated one, dealing with the adventures of the F. B. I. or with the breathless escapades of American spies in foreign lands. Unable to grasp the modern jargon which Johnny used so volubly, as he brandished a discarded candlestick with amazing dexterity, I left him to find another victim, and went into my house, feeling very old.

Truly it seems that we have hardly abandoned our dolls and our tea sets, before we are tottering on the brink of second childhood. Bewildered and amazed by the speed with which the years have passed, we find it difficult to make the important decisions which we are expected to make or even to grasp the idea that we are old enough to make decisions for ourselves.

All through high school we are carefully guided by our relatives and our teachers, like the little boy in Longfellow's sonnet, "half-willing, half reluctant to be led," until we reach our senior year without any definite plans for the future, and without the ability or self-confidence to execute any which we might have. Then the relatives and friends, who have been so solicitous for our well-being leave us to solve the all-important problem of how we are going to effect the transformation from a carefree high school student to an intelligent young citizen, who holds some responsible position in his community. Impracticable as it may seem, I wish that the high schools offered a full-time major course, which would help us to make a wise choice of a career and which would, in short, help us to grow up.

How placidly we sail on through our school year until some episode, like my encounter with Johnny, awakens us for a few minutes to the realization that we are growing up much too quickly! The worries which have absorbed us for many hours, seem so very trivial when we visualize the responsibilities we must assume and the problems which they will entail.

Like every dark cloud, however, this one has its silver lining. We have youth, energy, the wise counsel of our elders, and enthusiasm with which to face the world; we are armed with the best weapons possible even though we may experience a faint nostalgia for our old tea parties or for less-refined entertainment which we enjoyed before "the hasting days" began to pass so rapidly.

ANNE CAHILL, '42.

SENIOR HONOR ROLL

4th Marking Period

Almeida, Edna
Atkinson, Janet
Birmingham, Madeline
Brown, Mary
Cardillo, Carmella
Cohen, Sylvia
Gallagher, James
Greniere, Phyllis
Hunson, Thelma
Jankowska, Eleanor
Krute, Aaron
Markante, Thalia
Marshall, Barbara
Moynahan, Julian
Nauffts, Barbara
O'Brien, Frances
Oppedisano, Mary
Osterberg, Ruth
Ryan, Mary
Ryder, Elsie
Schneider, Katherine
Sullivan, Mary Ellen
Tahmizian, Isabelle
Yankun, Anna
Zacharchuk, Olga
Zukas, Martha

WHAT I CAN DO FOR DEFENSE

I WANT to do and I shall do my part for the patriotic cause. In school I buy defense stamps so that soon I'll have a bond to pay for the tail of a bomber. I have figured that I'm a little too sweet and could stand losing some weight for my country, so I use only one teaspoon of sugar now. After I finish reading the funnies two or three times I hide them for Uncle Sam. I go bare legged so the boys can jump out of airplanes with the assurance that my nylon stockings will carry them safely to the ground. I've stopped snapping rubber bands around and now I put them on door knobs for future use. If I were a man my pants would be narrower and cuffless, but since I'm not a man, I will have to wear my sweaters shorter so the boys may have more wool socks. I've torn up sheets to curl my hair so the aluminum that used to help me will now do a part in helping them "keep flying." I have become so patriotic that even evenings when Tommy or Johnny calls, instead of going out, he sits and holds my roll of yarn so that I may attempt to knit a heel for the walking soldiers. I have completed and received my diploma in the Red Cross course and now can take care of anyone who would rather die slowly in my care than die quickly of shock. Next month I start rolling bandages to help save lives. I am certainly going to cooperate with blackouts. I'm going to stay in the dark house, not go into the dark outside.

Remember your figure for the sake of the boys. Don't wear the papers out; don't stop at the heel—keep going to the toe and start rolling to victory. Give to the war funds and buy a Bond for a Bomber.

PAULINE BAILEY, '42.

A JOURNEY I HAVE TAKEN

AT the ripe old age of thirteen years, I had the extreme pleasure of being the total envy of all the boys in my neighborhood. I was about to receive one of the finest graduation gifts that anyone could receive, that is, in my opinion at least. This gift was one of my dream trips, a camping trip among the rugged, rolling, terrifying mountains of Northern Vermont and Maine.

As I sit here at my desk, I can almost hear the rippling of a cool, midsummer night's breeze, brushing through the lofty branches of a nearby grove of pine trees, the kind of trees that dot all the mountain slopes in Maine. I can hear through the stillness of that same summer night, the chirping of numberless crickets, all singing me to sleep with their same old song, "Go to sleep — go to sleep — go to sleep," at last dying off into a whisper as my tired young mind does sleep with a sleep that few can imagine.

There, as a contrast to this peaceful scene, I hear the swishing, rushing, dashing waters of a crazy brook rumbling down over the rocks of toil-worn ages. I feel the powerful tug of a large brook trout clinging to my hook, desperately trying to escape this menace that endangers its life and liberty. And there, I see the tired speckled-beauty rise out of the water in one last frenzied leap only to land this time in my basket, while I, perhaps cruelly, think of a sizzling pan of trout to be eaten under a star-lit sky that very night.

As I dream, I recall to mind the countless nights of rest that I experienced lying on a green plush bank of grass, watching the hazy, lazy smoke from my brother's pipe drifting off into the cool night air, mixing with the scent of numberless pines, and thus carried off to calm the nerves of some other tourist who is doubtless miles away.

Then as a cannon might crash out, I hear the bells of a dirty steam-engine across the river, bringing me back to city life. I hear again the drone of a formation of planes overhead reminding me of the strife that rages overseas. As a fitting climax, I hear the screeches of brakes, a mighty crash, and with that crash my dreams come tumbling downward, bringing to mind that I am sitting at my desk with an assignment in chemistry yet to do.

LOUIS SCANLAN, '42.

JUNIOR HONOR ROLL
4th Marking Period

Avery, Elizabeth
Babish, Constance
Callender, Jean
Cardillo, Sarah
Chaulk, Dorothy
Chin, Annie
Christo, Helen
Clarke, June
Collins, Eleanor
Cuff, Grace
D'Agostino, Grace
Downward, Carol
Emello, Elizabeth
Graham, Mazie
Hanzis, Louise
Holmes, Marie
Intinarelli, Rita
Kaminsky, Eli
Korenthal, Esther
Layne, Lillian
LeBlanc, Claire
Leamon, Thomas
Loprete, Annette
McCabe, Richard
Minassian, Florence
Oster, Edward
Parris, Gwendolyn
Patterson, Jean
Quint, Frances
Servello, Florence
Souza, Louise
Spinosa, Mary
Stewart, Alex
Tonkonow, Frank
Verrill, Eleanor

AIR RAIDS !

AND SO YOU THINK THAT THESE AIR RAID WARDENS PERCHED ON TOP OF TH' VARIOUS ROOFS ABOUT TOWN ARE LUCKY TO GET OUT OF HOME-WORK OCCAISIONALY ? PERSONALLY, I'LL TAKE THE HOME-WORK !

YOU SHOULD HAVE HEARD THE SOLID BIT OF HARMONIZING THAT SOME OF TH' SENIOR BOYS DID ON "THE OLD MILL STREAM"

YIPPEE ! COME TO THINK OF IT, DON'T SOME OF THOSE TEST-INTERRUPTING DRILLS RING AT JUST TH' RIGHT TIME ? OR, IN TH' NICK OF TIME ~

LOST- ONE RAINY-WEA~ THER BOOT BY ALLIE BOUDREAU. SEEMS 'SIF SHE DOESN'T HAVE SUCH A GOOD TIME DOING A BARE-FOOT GIRL ACT ON COLD LUNCHROOM FLOORS !

WHO SAID THOSE AIR RAIDS ARE FAKES ? VERNA BUCKLEY, CHLS CASUALTY Nº 1. WAS SEEN WITH A BEAUTIFUL SHINER AFTER A RECENT RAID — (YOU SHOULDA SEEN TH' OTHER FELLA, MA)

WOOOP!

"CUT" COUTOUMAS KIND OF GOT HIS SIGNALS MIXED THE OTHER DAY WHEN HE CONFUSED TH' AIR RAID BELL WITH THE GOOD HUMOUR MAN !

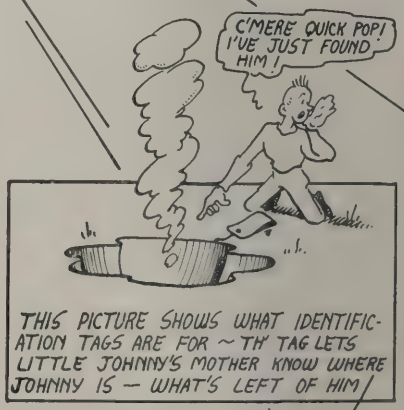
WOO-O-OP

WOOP!

WOOP!

TH' GIRLS DOWN IN TH' LUNCHROOM GOT BORED WITH RAID PRACTICE SO THEY WENT AHEAD AND BRIGHT ENED THINGS UP A BIT BY DOING SOME NEAT SHAGGIN'

SOME OF THE FELLERS WERE ALL SET TO CAMP OUT FOR TH' NIGHT DURING THAT KINDA LENGTHY RAID DRILL WE HAD A FEW WEEKS AGO ~



THIS PICTURE SHOWS WHAT IDENTIFICATION TAGS ARE FOR ~ TH' TAG LETS LITTLE JOHNNY'S MOTHER KNOW WHERE JOHNNY IS — WHAT'S LEFT OF HIM !

Tom Gannon '42

CHARACTER PAINTING

IT IS strange to notice how closely science follows the footsteps of literature in its attempts at character analysis. Psychology attempts to find out what manner of person one is by his motivations and reactions in the face of certain problems or situations in which various courses of action are open; in the same way an author gives a reader a fluoroscopic view of some character as he shows a person struggling with himself as to what to do and how to do it.

Such is the case in Eliot's *Silas Marner* at the time when Dunsey, after having gone off to sell Wildfire, has failed to reappear and Godfrey is faced with the imminent necessity of presenting to his father the tardy rents which he had lent to his brother. Godfrey is forced to admit to his father the loss of the money and although he longs to confess, also, his unwise marriage, he has not the strength of mind to do so after considering whether to confess to the Squire or whether not to mention the affair at all and depend on luck that Dunsey will not return and blackmail him.

Godfrey's train of thought and his subsequent decision constitute a perfect picture of his weak and vacillating nature. We see that it is his nature to let things slide; he will not quarrel with what he thinks is his good luck.

It is interesting to follow Godfrey's train of thought. We see him mulling over in his mind the possible results of his confession. He imagines himself banished from the house, losing his wealth and social position, and losing the chance of marrying Nancy Lammeter, whom he loves. He realizes that he is unfit to face the world alone. Then, this train of thought breaks, and he clothes himself in the false protection of Dunsey's absence and the slim chance that the Squire will not find out as long as his brother does not return. Thus, in keeping with his prominent characteristics Godfrey postpones his confession.

The same methods are used by many dramatist. For example, let us consider the tragedy *Macbeth* by William Shakespeare, "Fancy's Child." Here, after Macbeth has returned to Inverness, and Lady Macbeth has poured her spirits in his ear and chastised all that impedes him from the golden round, the general is faced with the choice of stifling his criminal impulses or of realizing his kingly ambition, the seeds of which were sown by the witches' prophecy, by means of regicide.

In the first of the three great soliloquies, marking his reactions to these impulses, Macbeth has not fully made up his mind to perform the deed. He reasons that, if no ill effects of the action would occur here on earth, he would risk punishment in the life hereafter. Observation, however, has shown him that retribution follows every wrong. Other considerations make him hesitate to kill Duncan: his kinship, his loyalty to the king, the tradition of hospitality, and the popular esteem in which Duncan is held. He admits that his only motive is ambition. Lady Macbeth enters and berates him for his vacillations. As a result, Macbeth casts aside all his doubts and reaches a state of high nervous tension.

Macbeth's decision and his logic leading up to it are indicative or illustrative of the man. We see, perfectly, an expression of the traits which have made him a loyal general and a good soldier. We are made to notice how he is seduced by temptation and how his weakness, gullibility, and ambition tend to determine his decision. It is apparent then how various authors use such situations as springboards for the characterization of people in their stories.

AARON KRUTE, '42.

SOPHOMORE HONOR ROLL
4th Marking Period

First Honors

Autano, Mary
Boissoneau, Miriam
Bowe, Miriam
Browne, Eulene
Cameron, Everett
Carlson, Barbara
Chase, Edith
Cook, Barbara
Cooney, Frances
Coughlin, Mary
Cremens, Walter
Deeran, Rose
Di Giola, Filomena
Diodati, Elizabeth
Donato, Anthony
Donato, Josephine
Donelly, Mary
Eisner, Mary
Gorman, Helen
Haskell, Paul
Kanavos, Madeline
Kelly, Marguerite
Kennedy, Patricia
Leavitt, Doris
Lee, Mary
Libitz, Joseph
Linsky, Mary
MacMasters, Raymond
Maloney, Thomas
Markiewicz, Helen
Mundy, Virginia
Murphy, Margaret
Mylott, Shirley
Ohan, Berji
Oppedisano, Julia
Pansy, Leona
Parisi, Grace
Perry, Dorothy
Porter, Claire
Prebenson, Dorothea
Rose, Mary
Russell, Marie
Salvato, Nancy
Shea, Marie
Souza, Mary
Sparks, Dorothy
Taylor, Beverley
Todd, Iris
Travers, Mary
Wenskus, Ruth
Wheeler, Doris

Senior Statistics

REVIEW QUESTIONAIRE FOR SENIORS

THE Day of Judgement for the seniors came during lunch periods when they finally voted for their "Favorites" for the four years.

Although Dancing and the Movies lead the list for amusements, still, as the tabulators stumbled through the votes, they scraped up many votes for Reading. Because it had been forbidden to elect Shakespeare as our favorite author, the girls selected Kathleen Norris and Temple Bailey. The blood-thirsty boys prefer Sabatini and Zane Grey, writers of wild-westerners and sea stories. We find that the sport fans go for Swimming, which is closely followed by Baseball.

Almost unanimously the seniors elected Glen Miller and his Moderneers as the band of the year, even above Jimmy Dorsey, who put out that superlative arrangement of "Green Eyes" last year. It seems that the boys, it they could, would rather waltz or jive around to this orchestra with the girl chosen as the Best Dancer among the girls, Alice Donovan. George Guild, closely followed by Teddy Edwards, is considered the "smoothest" dancer of the boys.

President Paul O'Rourke was naturally elected as the most Popular Boy. Dorothy Reardon, winner of the Good Citizenship Prize, was voted as the most Popular Girl. Bobby Nauffts, the "Spot-Light" Reporter of this magazine, was chosen for the prettiest girl. Some witty souls scribbled on their ballots such hilarious notes; as, half-wittiest student, worst-natured student, and Betty-Boop for the best girl athlete, all of which added more enjoyment to the fun of counting the votes.

Although the elections for the best looking boy were hard to determine, we find that Jimmy Carter pulled in the most votes. He also won the counts for the Best-Dressed lad in the class. Doree Corcoran, who we all know is the best groomed girl in our class, was voted very naturally as the Best Dressed Girl, followed by Barbara Stone in second place.

Among our intellectuals in the class: Hugh Bartley, Eva Schiffer, Aaron Krute, Mary Sullivan, Paul O'Rourke, Julian Moynahan, and countless, yes countless others, Mary Sullivan and Paul O'Rourke were wisely selected as the most likely to succeed.

That girl who made such a sensation in the Senior Drama, Peggy Ford, was popularly voted the wittiest senior in the building. "Dutchie" Gaynor, the obliging, was voted the best-natured student, although he certainly had opposition.

Thomas Leary, leading star in sports at C. H. L. S., was selected as best-all-around athlete; and Sylvia Piltch, basketball star, was chosen best-all-round girl athlete.

The exuberant seniors claim that what we need most is School Spirit with capital "S's!" For the most outstanding personality, or as our History teacher would say, "the most dynamic personality we know," General Douglas A. MacArthur was selected.

These counts were mighty hard to determine during lunch periods and we wish to thank Editor Paul O'Rourke and his Staff for their help in counting.

JEAN MCCONNELL, '42.

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4 YEAR SENIOR HONOR ROLL

1942

First Honors - Krute, Aaron

Bartley, Hugh	Marshall, Barbara
Birmingham, Madeline	Morris, Elizabeth
Cahill, Anne	Mylonopoulos, Constantine
Cardillo, Carmella	Nauffts, Barbara
Cohen, Sylvia	O'Donnell, Betty
Cotter, Mary	O'Rourke, Paul
Dias, Patricia	Ryan, Mary B.
DiGioia, Frank	Schiffer, Eva
Fopiano, Gloria	Schneider, Katherine
Grant, Eileen	Schmiz, Margaret
Grenier, Phyllis	Sullivan, Mary E.
Guild, George	Tahmizian, Isabel
Jankowska, Eleanor	Wallins, Beatrice
Jenkins, Donald	Yankun, Anna
Jones, Ethel	Zacharchuck, Olga
Markante, Thalia	Zukas, Martha

If of Uncle Sam you're fond
Buy a saving stamp and bond.

Ruth Osterberg

THE SNOW TRAIN BLACK AND BLUES

ALTHOUGH volumes have been written about skiers and skiing in general, very little notice has been taken of the average snow train crowd. On a recent trip from North Conway, I amused myself by classifying certain individuals according to their peculiarities.

Perhaps the worst snow train menaces are those who wield their ski poles like Bengal Lancers, and charge down the center aisle like doughboys coming over the top at zero hour. These are divided into three different classes, according to the height at which they brandish their weapons, such as the Facial Fiends, the Shoulder Stabbers, and the Knee Nailers. This broadens into the Reverse Facial Fiends, the Reverse Shoulder Stabbers etc., who carry their spears with the points behind them.

Not so deadly as the Bengal Lancer is the Orangeade Balancer who trips gaily down the aisle of the swaying train blithesomely oblivious of the fact that the liquid is doing a Charleston over the edge of the cup and choosing no favorites as to its landing place.

The Hugger belongs to another interesting group composed of people who clutch their skis as close to their bodies as possible, as if they carried mankind's last hope in their arms. These are subdivided into the Horizontal Huggers and the Vertical Huggers. I witnessed one woman of the Horizontal class vainly trying to squeeze through the much too narrow opening of one of the cars when her skis were practically parallel to the ground. How she did sputter and fume! When mildly informed of this miscalculation, she haughtily righted her skis and stormed into the car, automatically becoming a Vertical Hugger and a deadly menace to the overhead lamp shades.

Of course, here, as in every other place, each little individual gathering has its own life of the party. This one-man vaudeville show will do everything from rolling his eyes to imitating "Susie at Her First Party" to provoke even a slight titter. This fellow's right hand man is the Guffawing Gus, who will, at the slightest provocation, throw back his head and give out with his thunderous roar until his stomach shakes like a bowl of jello and his face is a ruddy hue of Molly Malone's hair.

The Shedder, often called Pealer, is quite a character. Boy, that fellow shirks at nothing! I witnessed one in action during my momentous sojourn. This bold fellow peeled off his outer jacket, shed a few sweaters, took off his ski boots, got rid of his scarf, mittens, and cap, readjusted his suspenders, kicked off his extra pair or two of socks, settled down in his seat, put his arm around his girl and remained motionless for the remaining part of the trip.

MARY ALICE BIGLER, '44.

PEOPLE WHO KNIT

FAR from being associated in our mind with the ominous activity of Madame Defarge, the word "knitting" has become gloriously symbolic of virtuous women working for the Red Cross. Mysterious meetings in homes hurriedly deserted by the family, the whispering of voices, the clicking of needles, and lo! a sweater, mittens, a pair of socks appear, all ready to be presented at the Red Cross. Bridge players, club women, secretaries, busy house wives, school girls, perhaps even school boys, are looked down upon by those knitting for the Red Cross.

But, since virtues are never characterized by stealth, this admirable zeal manifests itself openly. Only a short while ago, it may have seemed odd that one should be seen knitting while watching a dance; war changes all. It might have been disputable whether the intermission at a play was quite the appropriate time for producing a half-finished sleeve; now such time-saving is complimented. I think the only reason why knitting has not been carried on during recitations at school so far is that we might have to interrupt it to take a test. But since there appears to be a paper shortage, even that last obstacle may be removed soon.

Knitting seems to make horrible snobs of people. Even such courses as First Aid are nothing in their eyes, perhaps because, though we struggle with our bandages, splints, and tourniquets in orderly classes and at regular times, we produce nothing more palpable than knowledge. They, on the other hand, when they do not enjoy enough compliments during their work, display the finished product, perhaps a dainty little black sweater fit for a two hundred-fifty pound six-footer—lucky fellow! —beaming with modesty, to a speechless circle of irritatingly doubtful but admiring friends who then retire to make up for lost time and knit frantically for the Red Cross.

EVA SCHIFFER, '42.

SPORTS

THE Cambridge Latin hockey team drew the curtain on a mediocre season by placing three boys on the All-Scholastic team. The boys chosen were wings Bill Reardon and Bob Heavern, and goalie Al Toscano. Latin placed fifth in the greater Boston Hockey League, in spite of its schedule which included many top-notch teams.

The Basketball team finished the season in a blaze of glory, winning five of their last seven contests. Undoubtly this was due to the increased support rendered the team in their last few games.

The Cantabs trimmed an inexperienced Watertown team by the score of 45 to 37. Dick Aylward scored nineteen of our points, while Agnetta accounted for eleven. The game was roughly played as evidenced by the twenty-two free points scored by both teams.

Cambridge avenged its previous defeat at the hands of Arlington by a 24 to 22 victory. Fratto, Mahoney, and Aylward each garnered six points for Latin. The Latin seconds beat the Arlington second team in another tight game by a 31 to 29 score.

Continuous victories were too much for the boys, and they dropped a game to Chelsea by the score of 22 to 17. Aylward racked up eleven points for Latin, while Captain George Guild played a fine game defensively.

An inspired Latin team ran amuck over the Harvard Freshman quintet, ringing up a 34 to 22 victory. Olsen and Agnetta starred for Latin, although everyone played brilliantly.

A surprise victory was the result of a game with Somerville High in which Dick Aylward and Joe Agnetta were the shining lights for Latin. The final score was 30 to 24. The Latin seconds lost a heartbreaker in the closing moments of play, 23 to 17.

Against Rindge's championship quintet, Latin went down to defeat. Guild, Fratto and Aylward were the Latin stars of the evening. Lewis and Pete Smerlas were the Rindge stars to the dismay of the 300 Latin students who attended the game at the Rindge gym.

Over sixty hopefuls answered Coach "Sonny" Foley's call for this year's baseball squad. Most prominent among the candidates fighting for positions are catchers Al Toscano and Dick Aylward. On the pitching staff we have Bill Reardon, Rocks Leary, Jackie Murphy and George Sullivan. Contestants for the infield berths are Bob Heavern, Bill Maher, Nil Olsen, Joe Agnetta and Richie Ernest. Six year men in the outfield are Sammy Zadoorian, Booty Doolin, Dutchie Gaynor, and Cut Coutoumas.

The aforementioned will be the mainstays of this year's club, and with a little bit of support from the student body should bring to Latin a good baseball season.

The Indoor Track team has had one of its most successful teams in years. The relay team, composed of Cook, Pirransky, Chase, and McDavitt, was the bright light of all the meets. They won in the Seaboard Carnival, The State Meet, and The Andover Meet. The Outdoor Track Team, although just getting under way, has some good prospects.

ALEX STEWART, '43.
WILLIAM GAYNOR, '42.

GIRLS' SPORTS

HELLO, folks! Here I am again to give you more dope on girls' sports.

The basketball season has officially ended with the Alumni game. The Alumni teams were represented from 1935 through the last graduating class. Two games were played; the first varsity won theirs, but the second varsity lost their game. Both were hard fought games and no one knew who the winner would be until the whistle blew for the end of the game. Most of the girls have made a place for themselves in the world. One of them is a librarian in the City of Cambridge, a couple are professional basketball players, and still another is a physical education teacher in the Cambridge Schools.

Now that Spring is here, baseball practice will start. We hope to make this year's team the best in Cambridge High and Latin School history, so why not all come out and take a try at it. If you cannot play, Miss Brown is a very patient teacher and will teach you all you wish to learn about it. No dates with outside teams have been set as yet, but you can be sure that quite a few teams will be played. We hope to see everyone of you out there hitting hard.

The swimming has not been very successful this year, but many Freshmen and Sophomores went out for it. The interclass meet is scheduled for Thursday, April 9, at the Y.M.C.A. The girls will compete for the school championship.

Roller skating on Wednesday afternoons has been indefinitely postponed because there are many other things to do on those afternoons. Walking hikes and bicycle hikes are

being planned to take the place of roller skating. The date will be announced later. All girls interested in hiking take notice.

Will see you again in the next issue.

OLGA ZACHARCHUK, '42.

ON BEING CHEERFUL BEFORE BREAKFAST

ORDINARILY I try to be cheerful. In the evening when I am trying to concentrate on a complicated problem for the next day's "math", I can hear the incessant series of questions and the meaningless prattle of my young brother, and still smile. I can even manage to be cheerful while contemplating a visit to the dentist's office, or waiting report-card day, but there is one space of time in every twenty-four hours when I find it impossible to summon even a faint smile. That is just before breakfast.

After being literally knocked from bed by the raucous howl of the alarm clock while I am in the midst of a pleasant dream, and after splashing my face with cold water, I am in no mood to be cheerful. If affairs went smoothly after this, I could probably shake off the dullness, and appear smiling at the breakfast table, but then I must fight against time with knotted shoelaces, missing buttons, and the thousand other difficulties that appear every morning to make life miserable. Then there are the school books that have to be hunted out, for no matter where I put them the night before, they always manage to find their way under a table or into a closet. When I finally do find them, I am ready for another night's sleep, but I must now hurry to school. How could anyone expect me to be cheerful after this daily routine?

Now it is a common fact that a person can accustom himself to anything if he goes through the process often enough. Therefore, my only hope of ever appearing cheerful at breakfast is that someday I may become so accustomed to this early morning struggle that it will become second-nature with me, and will not trouble me in the least.

JAMES GALLAGHER, '42.

When you folks collect your pay
Buy some stamps for a rainy day.

Eleanor Jankowska

The more stamps you buy
The more bullets will fly.

Gilda Messuri

OUR STRUGGLE

AMERICA, especially American youth, is faced with probably the most tremendous task that has ever confronted one people at one time. We Americans are devoted not only to the utter destruction of those forces that are attempting forcibly to control completely the entire earth, but also to the development of a post-war world unsurpassed in the annals of world history.

Depending upon our victory is the realization of that everlasting hope, a world-wide union of free and independent nations. The hope of higher living standards and a more wholesome existence for the underprivileged of mankind is also entirely dependent upon a victorious United Nations. Needless to say, the complete freedom of the world in every way is what we are aiming for and what our unscrupulous opponents are attempting to destroy.

We must remember, however, that defeat is not entirely impossible. It must be kept in mind that defeat will mean the ruination of all the free heritages we enjoy. It will mean the entering into a period far worse than humanity has heretofore experienced, the blacking-out of every privilege and every freedom for which the world has struggled for years, in addition to the destruction of all culture and art developed through the centuries.

PAUL HASKELL, '44.

"HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD"

I have seen in New York the famous sky-scrapers,
Down in Washignton, I saw the White House,
Then I met in Cambridge friendly New Englanders,
And always on my way I felt myself at home.

But never shall I find a second "Eiffel Tower"
Or the solemn beauty of an "Arc de Triomphe."
Indeed I understand New York's character,
But Paris has a charm that remains forever.

The sky over Cambridge is not of the same blue,
The Charles River itself does not flow like the Seine,
I like "Champs Elysees" more than "Fifth Avenue."
My home is in Paris, and I can't forget it.

CLAUDINE MARONI, '42.

I TAKE my pencil in hand (where have I heard that before?) to hand you all I know about what's going around and within the portals of C.H.L.S. . . . While scanning this conglomeration of dubious characters, I notice Betty Doyle walking through the corridors with her hair on straight . . . 'Tis rumored that Ted Edwards likes to receive quite a bit of attention . . . Frank Garvey is quite a mathematician on a Cash Register . . . Joe Sateriale will confirm this statement . . . Ann Harney intends to lead a quiet life unless something turns up . . . I bet Bill Conlan's glad that "Miss Harvard Square" has finally been chosen. He was barking about it long enough to be hoarse for three weeks . . . Dorothy Corcoran was the lucky "Miss" who looked charming in a yellow suit . . . Here we go again into the women's column . . . Doris Coughlin and Marie Buckley were runners-up . . . Let's hope for Bill's sake that the next G. O. P. Junior's dance is as much of a success as the last . . . With the Senior Questionnaire gone, the Seniors are now looking forward to the Senior Reception which, by the way, is not just for Seniors only . . . George Garoin, Charlie Herlihy and Warren Miller's main supporters are flashy suspenders . . . Your Former Correspondent, Uncle Falter (Win Holland) is now in the Army Medical Corps at Camp Lee, Virginia . . . Eppie Dowling our frugal historian gave a humorous picture on the way Commodore Vanderbilt acquired his fortune . . . Eppie should acquire some kind of fortune . . . All Glen Peck's energy is spent in trying to lift his feet up . . . Claudine Maroni, from France, has been in this country only seven months—see her poem elsewhere in the Review . . . Teddy Wadden, "Red" Ericson and Eddy Heffernan make daily trips from C.H.L.S. to Shepard St., just for the walking exercise—as they put it . . . "Cut" Coutumas is quite brilliant fifth period, with Sam Zadoorian, Marie Martel, "Mac" McCauley and Charlie Maines in the same class . . . "Booty" Doolin has a clever way to catch you with tricky questions . . . Alice Joyce will verify that . . . Marion Gilmore entertains the boys during Air Raid drills by playing checkers . . . Mary McCabe is known as "The Blond Tigress" (ask anybody) . . . Ann Sullivan and Marie Ryan are known as the come-and-go party girls . . . Vernon Croft can tell you all you want to know about first aid . . . Spring is here and baseball candidates have been called. This column knows that the boys will go all out to uphold the prestige of Cambridge Latin, the present suburban league champs . . . Speaking of baseball, Dutch Gaynor, popular athlete of C. H. L. S. who has just recovered from a broken arm received during the football season, is a candidate for an outfield berth . . . Brave lad . . . Juanita Roop has a very affectionate personality . . . Pat Conway likes to take long walks on pleasant days . . . Stanley Davin and Charles Larsen are an inseparable duo . . . Once in a while it becomes a trio with Tommy Leamon added . . . Jackie Jones from North Cambridge way is really a delightful person . . . Julian Perry and Bucky Hooker can be seen sporting their "Duke of Windsor" ties . . . Little Johnny Cahill sees all, knows all, says little . . . Shelia O'Connell welcomed spring with some classy red shoes . . . Natalie Zellis has her own ideas whether or not spring is here to stay . . . What's this about Olive McGrath and the Hi Hat? . . . Peggy Reynolds has a cute orange bow . . . Gerry Nolan will sit with her arms folded during Latin class unless she takes enough energy to turn a page . . . Barbara Rundlet places her hands in a fidgety way on her lap . . . Bud Mahoney can slay you with those jokes of his. He says at least he butters his corn . . . Ann Farr looks forward to her English period earnestly . . . Jeanne Fournier's new hair-do is very, very becoming. Isn't she the cute little surprise

package? . . . Warren Johnson had a swell time at a dance held at the Continental with the aid of a tube of lipstick and the word "tax" . . . tut! tut! imagine that (would someone please enlighten the rest of us) . . . Tommy Young certainly travels . . . Arthur Corey likes to take the floor a lot in biology. By the way, have you seen his "Blackout Glasses"? Jack Sheehan enjoys playing the battleship game . . . You know, about small things . . . Ginny Reardon is so mean . . . She even wanted to spoil a party by eating the cake before hand . . . But Ann Conway took care of that (she was so mean as to divide it up among four) . . . I wonder where the others were? . . . Ad: Money wanted, see Hilda Carey . . . Marilyn Rose has a sudden questionable interest in art while her sister Carmeline tries to keep the contents of her diary from being known . . . Why is Joan McConnell flustered about a little matter of an I.O.U.??? . . . She won't talk . . . Although the song "He's Just My Bill" is rather out of date, Eleanor Carroll still likes it . . . A new addition to the ushers at the U. T. is Harry Bemis . . . What happened to Joe Sullivan on Friday, March ? is a mystery to all . . . Have you ever heard of anyone getting a perfect 100 in Chemistry . . . Isabel Tahmizian did it. Congrats! That's one for Ripley or someone . . . Len Bulger's Chemistry marks are steadily climbing upward . . . Too bad he can't say the same for his other subjects . . . Genial Paul O'Rourke is being called the greatest Senior president in Latin school history . . . now that the school year is coming to its final stages Charles Sullivan is buckling down to business . . . Patricia Wales draws some fast sketches into her notebook . . . By the way, talking about sketches, how do you like Vera Chvany's in Room 231 —Patriotic! . . . While having an experiment in Physics, Dorothy Henry just couldn't take the smell of ether . . . Oh! . . . Dick Buzzelle keeps in the groove at the Jefferson Club . . . Confidentially, Marie Shea's nickname is Wee Wee, Wow! I wonder where she picked that up? . . . Gloria Smith is going to take up the violin. What about dramatics, Gloria? . . . Haskell Paster gets a kick out of showing everybody his books . . . George Sardel's air of profound wisdom is certainly deceiving . . . If you have any spare homework, see Jean McConnell—she has plenty of time to do little things like that . . . Tests fifth and sixth periods now are usually brightened by the prospect of an Air Raid Drill just in the middle of the class . . . Ann Herlihy, the little freshman, certainly has that school-girl complexion . . . Thelma Goodwin just thrives on peanuts . . . Speaking of peanuts—Anna Yankun supplied her sixth period English class with samples . . . Jimmy Boyce is one of those students who has forgotten to come back to school after our last vacation; he might be caught up by our next . . . Alice Donovan is having trouble learning how to make a living . . . Eleanor Jankowska doesn't have to worry about learning how, she's already working . . . Tom Smith donated his last pint of blood to the Red Cross, but they refused to take any more water . . . Julian Moynahan is known at a dilettante in the better circles . . . I wonder whom Eleanor Swisher is abusing now . . . Like all good things, this column must come to an end (or should I say good) . . . You might doubt the goodness of this column, but you can't doubt the value of Defense Bonds . . . Keep 'em flyin' by buyin.' BARBARA NAUFFTS, '42.
EUGENE CALLENDAR, '43

BOOK REVIEWS

THE MOON IS DOWN Viking Press
by JOHN STEINBECK

SINCE the publishing of John Steinbeck's new novel there has been a lot of controversy about it. Some believe it to be great, others to be very disappointing.

It is a story of modern times. Although it is about war, I'm sure you will not find it depressing as so many of these modern war novels are. It is the story of the invasion of a small town and its effect on the people of the town and those who conquered it. Mr. Steinbeck does not mention the name of the town or the country which it is in, nor does he mention the invaders. This makes the story more effective.

I enjoyed reading "The Moon Is Down." I found it an exciting experience. I am going to read it again as I believe it still contains much that I missed in my first reading. It is a short novel; it may be read in a couple of hours. Whether you will enjoy it or not, I cannot say, but I found it one of the best books I have read in a long time.

ROBERT GUEST, '43.

We'll be champs
If you buy stamps. *Frances Minkiel*

Buy a stamp and lick the other side.
Diana Yankos

DURRELL CLUB NOTES

THE Durrell Club has so far participated in three debates. The first contest was with the Portia Debating Society, the girls' debating club of Somerville High School. The affirmative side of the question, "Resolved: that every able-bodied male citizen in the United States should be required to undergo one year of full-time military training before reaching the present draft age," was upheld by John Stokes and Eli Kaminsky, with the latter giving the rebuttal speech. In the lively question period after the debate, the members of the Webster Debating Society, the boys' debating club of Somerville High, put the Latin debaters through a thorough cross- examination. Ice cream was served at the end of the question period.

The next debate with Revere High School was on a topic about which nearly every Cantabrigian has a definite opinion. This debate was held here in the Latin school auditorium on the proposition, "Resolved: that the Plan E form of government should be adopted in all municipalities of Massachusetts." Rosalind Stern, William Donahue, and Edmund Lafferty of Cambridge upheld the affirmative with Robert Berman as alternate. Edmund Lafferty made the rebuttal speech.

The third debate took place at the Rindge Auditorium. This was another debate over that same question of universal military training as in the first debate, but this time Rindge upheld the affirmative side and Latin the negative. The debaters for Latin were Walter Cremens and William Sullivan, both of whom also made rebuttal speeches. Paul Haskell acted as alternate. Walter Cremens took up the question of military training from a purely military point of view; William Sullivan examined the question from its social and political aspects.

The Annual Durrell Prize Debate will be held in the Leslie L. Cleveland Auditorium. The date has not yet been announced. The subject will be the national scholastic debating proposition, "Resolved: that every able-bodied male citizen in the United States should be required to undergo one year of full-time military training before reaching the present draft age." All members of the Durrell Club who are interested in competing in the Durrell Debate should see Miss Canney in Room 225. The contestants will be divided into teams which will debate each other until all but the two best teams are eliminated. These two teams will debate each other in the Durrell Debate for the debating championship of Cambridge High and Latin School. Prizes will be warded to the winning side and to the most outstanding speaker. Everyone is cordially invited to attend this debate, which promises to be very hotly contested. For a full report on the Durrell Debate, read this column in the next issue of the Review.

ELI KAMINSKY, '43.

WE'RE DOIN' OUR PART!

Willie skips his Sunday dates
So's he kin buy some stamps
An Pa, from signin' checks 'n' things
Is gettin' writers' cramps.

Ma says her Easter permanent
'Ll wait 't least 'til fall
An' Sis and my big brother Bill
Don't use the car at all.

We cleaned our attic, bought our sand
'N' black-out curtains, too.
Me? I'm saving fer a bond.
Say there! How 'bout you?

MARY ANN BIGLER, '44.

John White, C. H. L. S. '40' and Tom Crowley, who was here only as a post graduate have won special recognition from Massachusetts Tech for their extra curricular activities.

Charles F. Hamilton, better known to his classmates of 1928 as Fred, has been appointed headmaster of Belmont Hill School.

Ray R. Louf and Victor Smith, both undergraduates of C. H. L. S. last year, are now serving Uncle Sam. Ray is with the Marines and Victor with the Navy. Last week we caught a glimpse of Walter Garland in uniform. Dana Callup, who attended C. H. L. S. for two years, has been studying aviation at Brown University where he is now a student.

A SONG TO THE SUN

The sun is shining brightly in the sky
and I
Watch it sparkle brilliantly against the blue
and you
are framed against it, solitary too.

The warmth is glowing taffeta yellow, pale
and frail—
Pulled taffy, tawny, shivering its light.
And night
Shatters the thin tissue warmth
and shadows sight. JOHN LOOFBOUROW, '45

G. A. A. REPORT

SPRING is here! And strange to say, Spring finds your correspondent strangely devoid of news. Well, let's see what we can find in the little red book.

As you know, June Becker found it necessary to resign from the G. A. A. Committee. Our officers finally decided to replace her with merry Marjorie Kelley, who plays two important things—the accordion and golf.

Oh, horrors, never! This was the cry of all G. A. A. members when we heard that, owing to necessary air-raid precautions, there could be no more night-programs at C.H.L.S. Our broken-hearted officers were forced to lay aside all their well-planned surprises for the "Fairy Festival" which was to have been in March. What fun that would have been!

Such a blow would have stopped officers with less enthusiasm than that of Pat Dias and her colleagues. But they planned many new activities to take the place of the old. Among these were ice-skating parties, during which the weather-man refused to co-operate, roller-skating parties, and golf. But, here I am talking about things which are explained in detail in the Girls' Sports Column, which you simply must read, after you finish this, my gentle readers!

Of course, the things that caused us the most sorrow was the knowledge that we could have no Spring Informal. But, just as we were getting accustomed to the thought, it was announced that we could have it in another building. The officers were so over-joyed that they set to work to make this the best Informal in the history of the G. A. A. New surprises, new place, new orchestra all combine to make this a gala affair. So get the mud-packs on, girls, and be prepared.

Too, don't forget that the G. A. A. picnic is coming the first of June. As usual it will be a lot of fun and I'm sure you won't want to miss it. Good-bye until next time!

MADELINE BIRMINGHAM, '42.

DRAMATIC CLUB NOTES

Hello Everyone!

Curtain going up—and from the apearance of the scenery I should surmise that Spring has come to our Dramatic Club as well as to the world outside. It is my opinion that "In the Spring a young actor's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of Shakespeare." Didn't you notice our thespians roaming through the corridors quoting Shakespeare? The reason, as you know by now, was "Shakespearian Afternoon." Our dramatists were well rewarded for their efforts, by a grand success. Those who partook in the plays were—in order of appearance, as usual:

"HAMLET" Directed by Miss O'Keefe

King Hamlet ..... Walter Cremens
Polonius ..... Robert Guest
Ophelia ..... Marie Buckley
Prince Hamlet ..... Lester Crowley
Queen Gertrude ..... Mary Broussard
Ghost ..... Arthur Campbell

Frances Bolger, Commentator

"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW"
Directed by Miss Hartigan

Kathrina ..... Vera Chvany
Bianca ..... Margaret Theising
Baptista ..... Francis Curran
Petruchio ..... William Sullivan
Vincentio ..... Richard Fleming

Geraldine Poitrast, Commentator

"MACBETH" Directed by Miss Canney

Lady Macbeth .. Madeline Birmingham
Macbeth ..... Walter Martin
Gentlewoman ..... Patricia Dias
Doctor ..... John Stokes

Clare Dube, Commentator
Master of Ceremonies, Carty Lynch
Stage Manager, Bill Conlan

Last month a group of our members attended the uproarious comedy "Out of the Frying Pan" at Tufts. Of course, the actors were besieged by autograph fiends. In the usual Tufts tradition, everyone had a wonderful time.

The "Massachusetts Drama Day Festival" is to be held at Emerson College, in Boston, April 11th. Although we regret being unable to inform you of the winners at this writing, we are keeping our fingers crossed in hopes of our school's success. Our play is "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals," by James M. Barrie.

THE CAST

Mrs. Dowey .... Madeline Birmingham
Mrs. Haggerty ... Marjorie MacArthur
Mrs. Twymley ..... Margaret Ford
Mrs. Mickelham ... Virginia McCauley
Kenneth ..... John Stokes
Mr. Willings ..... Lester Crowley

Stage Manager, Walter Cremens
Properties, Winifred Parker

The New England Contest will be held at Clark University, in Worcester, on April 24th and 25th. Many members plan to attend, whether we win or not in the State contest.

And now the news that I know you are all waiting for—the Spring Formal. It's going to be held on April 17th, at the Commander. The music will be furnished by Harper MacKay, and his Harvard Gold Coast Orchestra —so let's all plan to be there.

Well, there's the signal for the closing curtain—see you all at the Formal.

MARIE BUCKLEY, '42.

The original manuscript of this Cambridge High School hymn has recently come into the hands of our headmaster. We reprint it on account of its historical interest; it was the song for the graduation class 79 years ago!

Class Song for "Sixty-Three"

Classmates! let our voices mingle
Once again before we part
Ere the silken cords be broken
Twined so closely round each heart.
Let sweet Music's joyful measures
Chase the saddening thoughts away
Let her mines of precious treasures
Yield us one more gem today.

Earnest labor lies before us,
And the Future vast and dim
Opens wide its misty portal,
Voices call us from within.
Sisters! Brothers! do ye hear them?
Will ye answer to their call?
Bravely then let's face the conflict;
There is battling for us all.

Some will go to distant firesides
Some a nearer duty calls,
Some will tread the paths of learning
In old Harvard's classic halls;
But whatever duty calls us,
Whereso'er our homes may be
Classmates! let us leave on record
Glorious things of "Sixty-Three"!

ALICE GUSTAVIA HANCOCK
Cambridge High School
Friday, July 10, 1863

THIS THING CALLED SWING

A FANFARE, please! Announcing the winners of our C. H. L. S. Swing Poll Contest. We crown as "King of Bandland", that "In the Mood" man Glenn Miller. For our Prince and Princess of Song we must produce four crowns. It seems that you C. H. L. Swingsters like Bob Eberle and Bing Crosby and Helen O'Connell and Dinah Shore equally, as they all tied for top position. Hats off and congratulations to Glenn, Bob, Bing, Helen and Dinah. Keep sending us those smooth and hot licks . . . Did you know that Yvett's real name is Elsa Harris and that she used to sing with Woody Herman . . . Harry James is set to make not one but two pictures for a Hollywood Studio . . . Be on the lookout for Ray Kellog, featured vocalist with Sonny Dunham's band. He is headed for success . . . Earl Hines has joined Uncle Sam's fighting buck privates . . . Flash! Chico Marx has organized a Dance Band. He is heading Boston way for a personal appearance . . . Glenn Miller, your King of Bandland is making a new picture; the title is "Orchestra Wife" . . . Leopold Stokowski dropped in at a Los Angeles Ballroom to listen to Tommy Dorsey's music. He said he thinks the band is wonderful and that Tommy's Trumpeter, Ziggy Elman is the very best . . . Some new hit songs to watch for and listen to, "Skylark", How do I Know Its Real", "The Lamplighter's Serenade", "She'll Always Remember" . . . Those of you who liked Freddy Martin's "Piano Concerto" will get a chance to see him play it in the new movie "Mayor of 44th Street". He and your favorite singer Miss Dinah Shore are going to make a recording together of the Grieg's "Piano Concerto" and "I Can't Give You Anything but Love" . . . News Flash! Benny Goodman will give a concert which will consist of Mr. Goodman playing Mozart with a Symphonic Orchestra the first part of the evening and after the intermission dashing out the solid swing which he is noted for . . . New records to give a spin: Benny Goodman's "My Little Cousin," Hal McIntyre's "The Commando's Serenade," Harry James' "Sleepy Lagoon," Jimmy Dorsey's "Tomorrow's Sunrise."

ROBERT GUEST, '43

K. B. NOTES

ANOTHER day has come for a report of K. B. activities. The last meeting held at Polly Downey's house was the scene of much discussion as to plans for the near future. The main event is to be a formal dance at which we will again dance to the music of the Harvard Gold Coast Orchestra.

On the 30th of March the girls staged another "Splash Party" at the Harvard Pool. During the evening Marion Lyons executed some wonderful dives. As it did the last time, the high diving board gave quite a thrill to the girls as they came thru space into water.

The 15th of April, the girls had their long-awaited Bowling Party. The arrangements were made and excellently carried out by Betty Faulkner. The girls had a wonderful time seeing who could bowl the highest score.

BETTY MORRIS, '42.

FRESHMAN NOTES

AT LAST we have found one idea on which *all* Freshmen agree "My pictures didn't make me look one-half as nice looking as I really am" . . . Don't report cards come around quickly? . . . No one minded the long air raid drill until it passed 1:45 P. M. . . . Ann Matulis was the winner of the Freshman Spelling Bee . . . Beverly Blackhurst surprised many with her lovely singing voice, which she has kept hidden from us all this time . . . Joe Stanley always has good pencils, any *given* amount . . . That mystery story writer in Room 120 finds page 33 no longer a mystery to write . . . June Taylor will not be back during the remainder of the year, due to illness, nor will Edna Camenker. We miss them a great deal and look forward to seeing them next fall . . . The pupils of Room 335 have been divided among the different home-rooms . . . Clare Shulz is really studying hard . . . Dorothy Rogers has received many compliments on the patriotic dress she wore to school . . . Doris Trepahier and Anne Wagner are always together. By the way Anne has already bought a defense bond . . . Ruth Benson won a cup and had luncheon with the city officials last year as a result of writing the prize-winning essay on the care of the teeth in a city-wide contest . . . Robert Berham is open to suggestions as to how to pass the time in air-raid quarters . . . Arthur Reading was the star catcher on the Agassiz school team last year . . . Winifred Taylor was the prize winner in the essay contest on the City of Cambridge last year. She received a wonderful dictionary as a prize . . . The boys in a certain room claim that entertainments have been few and far between, since the girls have been arranging them . . . The debates in one Ancient History class have been very enlightening, especially the one on education, past and present. Richard Bond, Robert Berman, Louise Bigelow, Richard Brackley, Eliot Croft, and Maushel Babin were the debaters in one period and did splendid work . . . Dorothy Dinan wrote the prize winning essay in the entire Freshman class on the "Bill of Rights". She was the only girl in the school to be a winner and had her picture in many of the papers . . . Prices may be going up on some foods, but we are lucky to be able to get our milk at such a low price . . . Evelyn Chevelli designed a costume which was awarded a prize at a costume party . . . Charlie Grimm was telling John Cheevers about the huge fortune left to him by a relative. "What was it?" asked John. "Two good tires and ten pounds of sugar," answered Charlie . . . Room 114 is proud of Lillian Levy and John Loofbourow for having hade the Honor Roll every time. Lillian had four E's . . . June Robinson is very clever on roller skates . . . That baseball game wherein one team pitches questions at another team is proving very popular in some classes . . . Our girls must be expecting a very warm summer. Have you noticed how they have cut their hair in the new "feather bob?" Among those are Jean Newton, Marilyn Greenberg, Charlotte Herman, Violet Burg, Virginia Holmes, and Marie Cloran. Norma Crowley still keeps her little braids . . . We are glad to see Melvin Malowitz back in school, recovered from his broken leg . . . When you hear some one calling May Chipman, it usually is Jean Brogan . . . Evelyn Daley is proudly showing the picture of her brother, now in the army . . . Margurite Chandler hopes to follow the path of her uncle and become a famous swimmer . . . One girl, in telling the vocation she would like to follow, announced that she wanted to cut up people. She relieved us by adding that she hoped to become a surgeon . . . Mavis Bailey, Betty Miller and Eleanor Terry don't mind the long trip home from school. They jump rope most of the way—Marie Robinson is the girl with the bright red blouse . . . Robert Bellino is a fine example of what the well-dressed man will wear . . . Lucy Bagjot likes to write poetry and she does very well . . . Room 118 wonders what Nagel McHenry does in those silent moments during recess . . . Among those seen at the Sargent Exhibition were Mary Messinger and Ruby Morgan . . . Elizabeth Mullay is never seen without a bow in her hair. She says she has two of three for every outfit . . . Alice Shannon is now in Room 137 . . . Fred Sateriale says he can chin himself twenty-five times in Gym . . . Alice Roberts is the girl with all those pictures of relatives and friends . . . Have you ever noticed Alice Repetto's pretty blue eyes? . . . Some pupils say that Room 122 is so big that they get tired just walking to their seats . . . The latest reason for not answering in class it that the enemy might be listening . . . Seriously, we should all be very careful not to reveal any information of a military nature, such as the whereabouts of our relatives and friends.

Defense stamps maintain army camps.

Martha Zukas

EXTRA-CURRICULAR ACTIVITIES

THE freshmen, as usual, have taken an active part in all of our extra-curricular activities. A brief summary of some of these interests follows:

SPORTS—While none of our Freshmen made the first team in football, many of them made the junior-varsity team and, without doubt, will be regulars next year. Among these are Richard Bond, William Brathwaite, Anthony Travers, Donald Lester, Paul Hathaway, and Roger Sellers. Hockey and track also had many candidates who are expected to make the varsity next year. Patsy Cardillo and Ralph Sabatino were star players on the second team in basket-ball.

DRAMATIC CLUB—Many freshmen have signed up with the dramatic club and we may expect to see them taking prominent parts in the next few years. Louise Bigelow appeared in the Christmas play and Marjorie MacArthur has been signally honored by playing an important part in the play to be entered in the Massachusetts Drama Festival Contest. It is very unusual for a freshman to have the experience for such an important assignment.

DEBATING—Many of our class members have gone in for debating. Right now, John Loofbourow, Robert Berman, and Richard Brackley are preparing for a debate with Rindge. Later on these boys and others will probably enter the Durrell Prize Debate. This is fine experience for expressing our ideas clearly and quickly.

CHESS CLUB—Due to the graduation of most of last year's team, the chess club is composed largely of freshmen and sophomores. Seven of the ten team members are freshmen, including Robert Brown, Melvin Malhowitz, Howard Smollar, Marvin Rosenberg, William Klopstack, Arnold Schutzberg and James O'Brien. With the experience gained this year, these boys expect to win the league championship in the next few seasons.

G. A. A.—There are so many of our girls taking active part in the G.A.A. that we could not mention them all. However, whenever there is hiking, dancing, swimming, basketball, tennis, and baseball, we find our girls in the fore front.

MUSIC—Orchestra, Glee Club and Chorus. We have many members in the different musical organizations and we expect to have many of these individuals entertain us in the next three years as soloists. Gaetano Fratianni has been soloist with the glee club while Irene Sawyers and Mildred Davis are trumpeters with the orchestra.

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4th Marking Period

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Robert Berman
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Dorothy Bois
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Margaret Hughes
Madelon Jordan
James Kapelos
William Klopstock
Anne Krikorian
Barbara Leighton
Frances Leva
Lillian Levy
John Loofbourow
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Violet Solomon
James Sotherland
Barbara Stevens
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Louis Zacharakis

THUMBNAIL INTERVIEW WITH INA RAY HUTTON

SHE is blonde.
She is five foot two.
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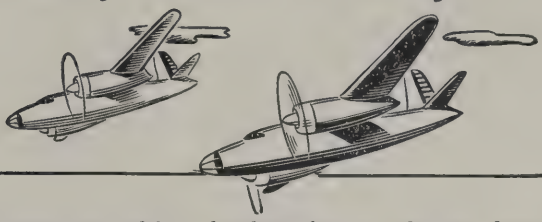
She rules her band with an iron hand, or should we say a manicured one?

ROBERT GUEST, '43.

"I'm joining the army behind the Army!"



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Charlie Wyman: No Sir, but I've got a small pack of cigarettes if you'd like one. (read again.)

George Dube: Where do all the flies go in winter?
Pinky Miller: "Search Me."
George: No thanks, I was just wondering.

There's the absentminded professor who insisted upon getting lots of fresh air so he pushed the bottom window up to the top and the top one down to the bottom.

An Austin drove into a filling station, and the occupant asked for a pint of gas and four drops of oil. The attendant then asked if he should sneeze in the tires.

Oh Well, as Rollo Laine said when he held the cat by the tail, "This is the end."

Breathe there a student
With soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said
"The heck with school
I'm going to bed."

Lester Crowley: Why are you running that steamroller over the field?
Bill Sullivan: I'm trying to raise mashed potatoes.

W. Gaynor: What shall I say about the two blondes who made such a fuss at the game?
Paul O'Rourke: Why, say that the bleachers went wild.

Doctor: Your son is expected to come around all right, Sir. We are giving him artifical respiration.
Mr. Leary: But. Doc, he's all I got in the world. Give him the real thing.

Mother: Why were you kept after school today?
G. Bruen: We were told to write an essay on the result of laziness, and I gave the teacher a blank sheet of paper.

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DAVID W. SMALL, '44.

Lick as many as you can
And soon there'll be no Japan.

Florence Cobb

As a stamp in the book you paste
Watch the Axis retreat in haste.

Gloria Fopiano

What can I do to help?

Thumb-twiddling is out, but definitely! And you can sock-knit and U.S.O. in your *spare* time. But if you are really keen to help keep things rolling . . . prepare yourself for a job. That's truly stars-and-stripes!

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The Cambridge Review

CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL

JUNE, 1942

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

VOLUME 55 NUMBER 5

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EDITORIAL

AS the final week of a happy high school career draws to a close, all seniors are looking forth grimly into a war-torn and turbulent world. Predominant in the mind of every graduate is the question, "What is to be my place among my struggling countrymen?" This question, which pervades the mind of each senior, must be answered immediately, for it is evident that the war has made the youth an important and essential instrument in the fight for victory. The graduate of today must take his place quickly in the wide-spread war effort, for the moulding of the future rests to a great extent in his hands. The work which he performs now will directly affect the fate of future generations. For the graduate of a war class, every opportunity for protecting and upholding the tenets of American freedom is offered. There are many men of this class who will, with sincere patriotism, preserve these tenets by fighting in the armed forces of our nation. Many others will do their part by working in the industries which are supporting in a vital way the war effort of our country. All, in some way, will have to meet the frightening challenge of war. With the divine guidance of Almighty God, may the class of 1942 prove themselves worthy of the name American and may they, through their supreme efforts, help to bring final victory to the United States of America!

The Caroline Close Prize Essay Contest was held this year on April 23. All those who took part in the contest are to be congratulated, but of course special commendation goes to the following pupils for their outstanding work:

English I. Winner: Winifred Taylor. Honorable Mention: Ann Walker, Yvonne Bulger, Dorothy Bettencourt, Ruth Benson, John Loofbourow, Ann Corcoran.

English II. Winner: Mary Fougere. Honorable Mention: Mary Alice Bigler, Dorothy Brezinsky, Barbara Carlson, Barbara Cook, Filomena Digioia, Paul Feloney, Paul Haskell, Doris Leavitt, Ida March, Clare Moran, Nancy Salvato.

English III. Winner: Eli Kaminsky. Honorable Mention: Thomas Leamon, Richard McCabe, Jeanne Monohan, Jean Patterson, Juanita Roop.

English IV. Winner: Julian Moynahan. Honorable Mention: Patricia Dias, Phyllis Grenier, Donald Jenkins, Doris M. Keen, Paul O'Rourke, Eva Schiffer, Mary Sullivan.

On the following pages we present the four prize winning essays.

REVIEW STAFF

HOW MY FAVORITE PIECE OF MUSIC AFFECTS MY SPIRITS

ALL musical compositions have some effect on my mood and feelings. Certain pieces have the power to change me from melancholy to good humor and certain others have just the opposite effect. Still others put me into a profound reverie in which far-off seas and strange enchanting lands rise through my thoughts in delightful processions.

But there is only one composition which has the effect of lifting me from my carnal, everyday emotions to an exalted mood of religious exultation. There is only one composition whose strains can make me realize that I am immortal and made in the likeness and image of God. And that piece of music is my favorite. Bach's greatest composition and to me the loveliest work ever written by a human being, the heaven inspired organ chorale, *Jesus, Joy of Man's Desiring.*

It is not a long piece, for it takes hardly five minutes to play. It is not a complicated polyphonic work, filled with Bach's usual intricate triple fugues and canons. Yet I claim, and I am not alone in the statement, that it is Bach's supreme masterpiece because of its depth, its grandeur, and above all because of the effect it has on its listeners. The most sensual libertine cannot help being lifted above himself, if only for a moment, by this music. And I, only an ordinary youth, have been affected profoundly by it. Let me give one incident which shows its striking effect.

One night during the past year I had stayed up until nearly midnight reviewing for a French term test, neglecting my other studies to concentrate on just this one subject. At last I closed my book. My eyes were watering; my head was aching and, beset by worries about my marks, and about the undone homework, I was angry at myself, at my teachers, and at the world. There is a program of recorded music every night from eleven to twelve on the radio; to this I turned for a few minutes before going to bed. As I turned in, I heard the voice on an announcer saying quietly, "The last composition tonight will be the Bach Chorale, *Jesus, Joy of Man's Desiring.*" The music began and I turned down the lights to listen. The softly exultant strains flowed from the radio deep into my aching, worrying heart. As I sat there my mere earthly worries fell from me. I was transported from this world to a state much nearer heaven and God. I felt God's presence. I knew that He was with me and that I had only to turn to Him for comfort regardless of what cares beset me here on earth. Five minutes later I arose at peace with myself and with my fellow men. I went to bed that night and slept like an infant, secure in the knowledge that God was with me.

The cynics may scoff and say that no earthly piece of music could have such an effect. Perhaps they are right. I sometimes wonder whether *Jesus, Joy of Man's Desiring* comes from earthly inspiration. I shall not be at all surprised if, when the time comes for me to pass the gates of heaven, there should be waiting there a celestial choir singing out the immortal measures of my favorite piece of music.

JULIAN MOYNAHAN, '42.

VOICES THAT GET ON MY NERVES

I AM not an irritable Jonathan Swift, dedicating myself to writing stinging satire rebuking my fellow-men. Neither, on the other hand, am I a fanatical missionary for speech training, attempting to convert every meek and humble citizen into an orator whose eloquence can stir multitudes. Nevertheless, there are some voices which can cause me more irritation than the bites of a dozen mosquitos.

To be sure, a person with an ear-splitting stentorian voice is not too pleasant to hear. But much worse is the soft, almost inaudible voice, or rather whisper, for it hardly deserves the title of a voice. The loud voice at least indicates that the speaker is thoughtful enough to make sure that his listeners understand him, but the soft voice seems to show that the speaker does not believe what he is saying and would rather that no one else heard him either. If that is the case, then why break the golden silence? It is certainly easier for the ears simply to hear nothing at all than to strain to hear a sound that is almost non-existent. The worst result of too quiet speaking is, of course, over the telephone, when the voice of the soft-spoken person sounds as if it were coming from ethereal spirit far out in space. All that you can do in such a circumstance is to excuse yourself politely from the telephone and send your soft-spoken friend a microphone as a birthday present, even if it is not his birthday.

Another irritating voice is the high-pitched, slightly nasal, baby-like voice, or rather whine, which is used mostly by girls. How many girls do you know who could be labelled as magnificent, gorgeous, and all the other adjectives in the Hollywood vocabulary, but who talk with voices which are too childish even to be appropriate for a child. After so much attention to dress, face, hair, and fingernails, you would think that girls might lavish some care on their voices. They should remember that teeth are

not the only things they reveal when they open their mouths regardless of what the tooth-paste advertisements say.

But now I come to that most irritating voice of all, and the one voice which cannot be altered or stopped before it is too late. It is the voice of conscience, a very necessary voice, indeed. It cannot be heard by the ears but it certainly can be irritating to the nerves. No amount of elocution can change the voice of conscience even a single bit. I have found that the best way to modulate the voice of conscience is to do what conscience dictates, but needless to say, that is not one of the easiest tasks in the world.

To return to audible voices, I should say that we all ought to pay more attention to our voices than we now do. We cannot all be radio announcers or telephone operators, but we can all see to it that we make ourselves understood in a way most pleasant to others and least difficult to ourselves.

ELI KAMINSKY

WHEN WE FED A TRAMP

IT was a lovely midsummer's morning when a loud knock on the kitchen door interrupted my poetic contemplations. Languidly I arose to find what the cause of this clatter might be. There, on the other side of the door, separated only by a screening, was a great burly brute of a man!

Poetry forgotten, I advanced, inwardly quaking. Almost before my hand touched the latch, the door swung open and—he stepped in. Striding over to the table, he picked up an apple and began to munch. In this contemplative mood, he leaned back and surveyed both the kitchen and myself.

Just as I was about to become uneasy, my small brother ran from play and looked at the man. He seemed instinctively to like the man which left me somewhat reassured. However, when the tramp sat down at the table and *demanded* the best food, my poise fled, and I was in a jumble of anger, amazement and excitement. Just as I was about to burst forth, like a geyser, he uttered a regretful sigh and patted his pocket meaningly. One look at the bulge there, and I immediately leaped to do his bidding. He smiled, but I did not know it at the time. Heaping a plate with all the goodies I could find, I served it to him, hoping to stall for time till mother should arrive.

Just as he was finishing his third piece of pie and I was wishing myself a million miles away, the front doorbell rang. Not wishing to leave the tramp unguarded, I sent my brother to the door. He came hurrying back, his face wreathed in smiles, pulling my aunt behind him. I was never so overjoyed to see a person in my life!

When she laid eyes on "our tramp", the look on her face changed. Then, at my puzzled expression, she fell into a fit of helpless laughter.

When the tangle of affairs was unsnarled, it turned out that the tramp was my uncle, whom I hadn't seen for four years.

Accusingly I pointed at him and demanded to know the cause of the hip-pocket bulge. Sheepishly, he pulled a big something out, leaving a smaller one. The big one was a doll, and for me! Pleased, but mortified, I accepted the gift. My brother got a toy truck as his reward for liking the man at first sight.

The adventure ended on a jesting note, with my poor uncle and me on the receiving end, and as long as, and after, he stayed, I was ragged for my dinner to the tramp.

WINIFRED TAYLOR

RAIN MAGIC

A WARM, misty rain fell softly about the town of Point Shirley, nestled close by the sea. The street lamps blinked on and off sleepily, trying to shake the wetness from their eyes without relaxing their vigilance over the town.

Beth and John stood on the top of the hill looking down at the choppy, gray sea frosted with whitecaps. She was the sun, the sea, and wind-swept spaces. He was tall and dark and slender.

Tiny pinpoints of light from the islands touching the horizon spilled molten gold on the trembling waters.

The rain which kissed the ocean and washed the white beach clean held a strange magic for Beth and John. It was music to them—strange, throbbing music which filled the night with misty beauty. It was the music of the sea and rain that John had written about in his composition. He had won the prize with that composition and with the money he had received he was going to send his mother to Arizona that soon she might be well and strong again.

The sad, strange notes of his music beat over the silent sea up to the darkened heavens. The street lamps winked demurely, and slowly, one by one, fell asleep.

MARY FOUGERE

SIGNS OF SPRING

THOUGH the calendar in our kitchen claims resolutely that spring has not yet arrived officially, the balmy, fresh gusts of wind have long ago pervaded Cambridge.

Not only by weather can spring be determined by the keen observer of life. Styles, restless glances, early crocuses are all signs pointing to spring. Only the other day I noticed with surprise the sudden removal of reversibles! When a reversible coat is shed by a Harvard man, to reveal his prized "jelly-bean suit", a technical and official term for suits composed at the random taste of the individual, spring certainly must be here.

Again warmer weather is proclaimed by the overwhelming influx of bicycles into Harvard Square, seriously endangering the lives of the many elderly ladies habitually on their way to the University Theatre. In the theatre itself the ushers, instead of looking at the picture featured, gaze at the speck of light in the entrance, and become cross when they are called upon to conduct the patrons to their seats. When an usher becomes bored with the latest movie, something must have caused such a calamity. I say it is spring.

The restlessness in Latin class is appalling. Instinctively the teacher realizes that her subject has lost what charm it had, and to avenge her chosen profession, lunges at the pupils with a slight translation.

In front of our home is a spot where all the neighborhood children from far and wide come to play. When I perceive that Mrs. Morgan has let her Mary wear ankle socks, I know positively that spring has come. Little boys with short trousers instead of corduroy knickers are another sign.

I have mentioned many ways to decide if spring has breathed on us again, but to me the looking forward to the summer vacation, when themes such as this do not have to be written is the most definite of all. Ah, blessed relief!

DIANA-ELIZABETH KELTY, '43.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE MOVIES ON MODERN LIVING

THERE are practically none who never have seen a movie; most go at least monthly; many attend several times a week. Therefore it is inevitable, with a preponderant portion of Americans directly exposed to an art constructed for impression, that the influence of the films be variable, widespread, and powerful. Decry them as a source of evil or extol them as a benefit to humanity, you cannot deny the extent of their sway. Since the films are primarily social and cultural in purpose, naturally it is in these fields that their influence is most clearly definable.

The soundest, most striking criticism of Hollywood is moral in its aspect. The movies have added momentum to rapid divorce rather by drawing again and again the pathetic picture of a stubborn, hateful wife, struggling with her nasty offspring against a saintly secretary for the husband's love. Finally the villain is cast off as she so richly deserves, leaving her husband and Claribelle, the secretary, the triumph of true love. Another treatment, far more subtle, certainly not a bit less harmful, is to regard divorce as a commonplace, natural occurrence, not worthy of any special regard. If the films have discouraged with heat the permanence of marriage, they have propounded with equal fervor the doctrine of early marriage. Joe and Mary Smith marry on ten dollars, borrowed from her uncle, leave their suitcases when they clamber down a firescape, the breath of an irate hotel manager on their necks, spend a few nights sleeping under God's canopy, dine soul-satisfyingly from "Planter's Peanuts," end up after a week at the Waldorf Astoria, Joe having inherited a million sheep from a long lost uncle. This is not life, but repeated a thousand times on youthful minds, it brings results. A few years ago, we were revolted spectators at the most perverted adulation in history. Dillingers, Baby Face Nelsons, Pretty Boy Floyds were held up as romantic, dashing, twentieth-century "Robin Hoods" with Thomson sub-machine guns. I doubt if many were inspired to murder, but the weakening of respect for law and order essential to any civilized state did incalculable harm. Again in specific instances, too well known for mention, the films have encouraged or preached from time to time, such evils as extravagant gambling, lack of faith in God and man, socialism, and atheism. Steeped in all this iniquity, the films still manage to command mankind's largest audience. For the partial answer to such a following, we

must examine the helpful part the movies have played in shaping the American way of life.

Innumerable are the means the movies have to raise the American standard of living, through the common acquaintance with luxury items which might not be familiar and sought after, if not envisioned through the medium of the celluloid. Chaise longues, chromium furniture, slacks for women, elaborate coiffures, French telephones, these and countless innovations of a more or less beneficial nature, can be traced to the films as the creator for their demand. Lana Turner boosted the sweater industry, Joan Crawford raised the sales of lipsticks, the late Jean Harlow certainly gave an added boost to the nation's consumption of peroxide. Cecil B. DeMille even performed a service to mankind when he glorified the humble bath tub, transforming it into a glittering work of art, the size of the "old swimmin' hole."

However, the weightier advantages of the movies have come in their careful presentation and inculcation of that attitude of mind on which American living must be based. "The Informer," "How Green Was My Valley," "Cavalcade," have broadened the American mind by giving it that tolerance of others which can arise only from sympathetic understanding. Again, films like "Emile Zola" and "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" have taught us the value of freedom, the blessed inheritance of our democracy. Finally, Frank Capra through Mr. Deeds, Mr. Smith, and John Doe, humble citizens all, has attempted to shake us out of our lethargy, to point out to us the ancient, ever appropriate lesson that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." Many times those films of poverty and ugliness, carrying their half-truths, under a coating of vulgarity often reeking with filth, have somehow managed to achieve worthwhile reforms. Again in such instances as "The Citadel" the mask of hypocrisy has been stripped from the profession of medicine, where none had dared to raise a righteous protest. Here may be seen some of the genuine contributions of the silver screen to intelligent living.

Should we exterminate an industry for its sins or should we, overlooking them, peal an anthem of praise? The sins are ours; the responsibility for the faults of this industry rests with us. We shall get no better, no worse, no different pictures from those we demand. For the films can only strengthen in our minds a desire or a principle already determined, for though they are a tremendous stimulating force, the movies are static. If you are completely dissatisfied with the films, then you must turn your back on mankind magnified; for they are the visual art through which the characteristics of a few in any class lose their identity by transmission to the masses. The movies make these characteristics American. The only solution, while waiting for the general public to swing into line with us, must of necessity lie in our own discrimination.

William Dowling, '42.

A DISMANTLED MUSEUM

A MUSEUM was commonly a temple and sanctuary to the Muses; later, a museum was a place devoted to the collection and preservation of works of art.

Because Greece contains many preserved pieces of art and antiquity, the whole country itself might rightly be called a museum, for the Greeks have preserved many unsurpassed works of art in the fields of architecture, poetry, and sculpture. The Acropolis which stands in all its grandeur outside the city of Athens is truly a beautiful example of architectural design. Epic poetry is ably represented by Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. The Winged Victory stands as a truly great monument of Greek sculpture. Because the ravaging and plundering of previous wars scattered many objects of art throughout Greece, it remained for some conscientious scholar to preserve the discovered pieces of art for posterity.

Now Greece is again laid waste by barbaric invaders who know no law except their own. Because of the heinous crimes of the invading armies, many of the works of art, painstakingly gathered throughout the centuries, have been demolished and Greece has become a dismantled museum. Many works of art were hidden, whereas others were photographed so at least the photographs might be passed on through the ages. No more does Apollo stand upon his lofty pedestal; no more does Pluto sit in grandeur in Tartarus. Diana cannot hunt in the glades of Arcadia any longer; and Zeus, wielding his thunderbolts no longer looks down with haughty disdain upon the invaders since his marble form is shattered into a thousand pieces by an invader's gun. All that could be hidden was hidden; all that could be reproduced was reproduced. And those works of art which could be hidden or reproduced stand as a living reminder of the glorious works of antiquity that have been saved from this dismantled museum and testify that Greece will again become an inviolate sanctuary of the Muses.

Arthur Voudouris, '41.

INFORMAL NOTES ON THE INFORMAL

DAVE SMALL, THAT LOVER OF SYMPHONIES, JUST STOOD ON TH' SIDELINES AND TALKED~ AND TALKED~AND TALKED

'SPUD' TH' BOY ON TH' RUBBER STAMP, SURE SAW PLENTY OF ACTION

SEEN IN TH' LOBBY~ MARIE BUCKLEY SEATED IN TH' BIG~ GEST CHAIR IN THE PLACE -

TALL BILLY VINCENT AND JEAN 'HOSTEL' McCONNELL~ SMOOTH AND CONSERVATIVE

ANN FARR AND TH' MASTER OF TERPSICHORE HIMSELF, WARREN JOHNSON, SEEMED TO ENJOY THEMSELVES!

ART THOMAS ACCOMPANIED BY NANCY CASS SHOWED US SOME PRETTY NEAT STEPPING!

WHILE SMALLISH JOHNNY CAHILL AND PARTNER WERE JUST TH' OPPOSIT!

AND ONCE MORE THE GAA INFORMAL ROLLS AROUND. YES, IT WAS JUST AS MUCH, IF NOT MORE THAN, A SUCCESS AS IN FORMER YEARS. THIS YEAR A NEW ANGLE WAS INTRODUCED -TH' ONE AND ONLY--

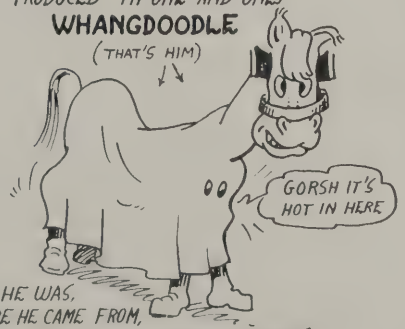
THAT INDIA-RUBBER ENDURANCE MAN, BOB HECKMAN, WANDERING THRU TH' HALL TRYING TO KEEP TABS ON DATE PAT LEONARD ~

POPULAR EX-LATINITE CHARLES "EMMY" LYNCH WAS SEEN IN TH' LOBBY TOWERING OVER THE PALMS ~

THIS CHARMING LITTLE SCENE WAS ENACTED SEVERAL TIMES DURING THE COURSE OF THE EVENING!

WHANGDOODLE

(THAT'S HIM)



WHO HE WAS, WHERE HE CAME FROM, WHAT HE WAS FOR ~ NOBODY KNOWS~ EXCEPT MAYBE THE GAA OFFICERS~ BUT HE SURE THREW A MEAN LEG AT THE HEAD OF THAT CONGA LINE! A FEW EVEN HEARD THAT WHANGDOODLE WAS YEHUDI'S OWN PRIVATE HOSS! WELL, WHO KNOWS---??

AND YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN SOME OF THOSE ALLEGED RHUMBAS -EVERYTHING FROM TH' DANCING BEAR TYPE TO TH' CARMEN MIRANDA SPECIAL!

PINCH ME I'M DREAMIN'!

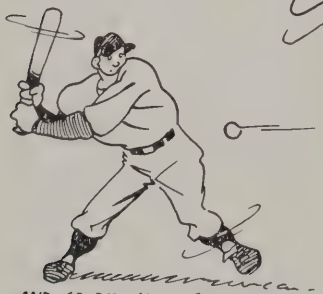
TAKE A LOOK THRU TH' RECORDS AND SEE IF YOU CAN FIND A CRAZIER GAME OR A MORE TOP-HEAVY SCORE IN THE ANNALS OF RINDGE~LATIN CONTESTS. WHY THEY CALLED IT A GAME, I DUNNO! IT WAS MORE LIKE LATIN' HAVING HEAVY BATTING PRACTICE!

LARGE-FRAMED BILLY REARDON HELPED TH' CAUSE WITH A ROARING TRIPLE~

RELIABLE JOHNNY MURPHY ONCE MORE PITCHED A SWELL GAME~ THIS TIME HE LIMITED THE MECHANICS TO A MEAGER TWO OR THREE HITS!

RICHEY AYLWARD POUNDED OUT THREE HITS

AND WHILE WE ARE AT IT, HERE'S A ROUSING CHEER FOR FLYING JOE AGNETTA, OUR FINE SHORTSTOP!

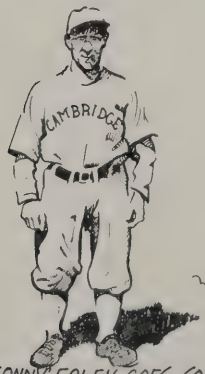


AND SO DID AL TUSKY WITH HIS BIG BAT

AND HERE'S A SLIGHTLY EXAGGERATED PICTURE OF RINDGE'S TINY OUTFIELD ACE, BENARI---

--BUT--

--HE PLAYED A GREAT GAME IN SPITE OF HIS SIZE



AS 'SONNY' FOLEY GOES, SO GOES TH' GAME. YOU CAN ALWAYS TELL HOW OUR BOYS ARE DOING BY 'SONNY'S' ANTICS ON TH' SIDELINES.

AL TOSCANO AND BILLY REARDON PULLED A HOT ONE IN TH' FIFTH. WITH THE SACKS FULL, BILL HIT A SINGLE. 'TUSKY' WENT TO 2ND INSTEAD OF STOPPING AT 1ST. BILL KEPT GOING. NEEDLESS TO SAY HE WAS KIND OF SURPRISED TO SEE 2ND OCCUPIED. IN THE RESULTING CONFUSION A RUN CAME IN, BILL GOT BACK TO 1ST AND EVERYONE WAS HAPPY ~ (EXCEPT RINDGE)!

QUIET, UNASSUMING DICK ERNEST, AS USUAL, PLAYED A BEAUTIFUL GAME. HE HANDLED THAT HOT CORNER IN AN EQUALLY HOT MANNER THRU NINE SPARKLING INNINGS!

TOM LEHMAN '41

DURING THE NIGHT WATCH

FRANCOIS, a lonely shepherd, aroused himself from the semi-slumber with a start. Something was wrong! After throwing several branches on the glowing embers of his little camp fire, he peered through the Stygian blackness that enveloped the little valley where all the villagers kept their sheep at night. The nervous animals pawed restlessly and the little lambs, sensing something wrong, bleated piteously and nestled more closely to their mothers.

Against the darkness of the earth, the tender of the flock could discern a large gray form with smouldering, hungry, yellow eyes which flashed fire as they caught the flickering flames of the replenished fire. As the branches caught and the flames mounted, Francois could see another pair of burning eyes and still another.

Meanwhile, the sheep stamped nervously and huddled closely together as the wolf scent grew stronger, and for a moment panic tore at the heart of their lone guardian. There was but one thing Francois could do. Wolves, even hungry ones, were deathly afraid of fire. Snatching an ignited brand, he hurled it at the nearest gray hulk. With a yelp of pain the wolf bounded back, whining as he licked his injured paw.

All night long the wolves hovered around the fold and all night long the man repelled them with searing brands of fire. Finally as the sun cast its first message of day upon the towering peaks of nearly mountains, Francois knew the sheep were safe, for once daylight came, the wolves would skulk away.

MARY ALICE BIGLER, '44.

CONDUCTORS' CHORUS

1 What he says!

Nickel in the box, ready with your fare,
Let 'em off first, step lively there.
Right in, madam, rear of the car,
Transfer, sir? Here you are.

All right, madam, I'll call out your street.
Right in the back, Miss, you'll find a seat.
O.K. lady, let the kid ride free,
You'll get there, leave it to me.

2 What he thinks!

Whew! it's hot, get in you.
What time is it? Wish I was through.
C'mon, get in, push to the rear.
All right, fatty, get off here.

Well, stupid! make it snappy.
Take a transfer if it makes you happy.
All this job brings me is grief,
Think I'll quit and go on relief.

ALEX STEWART, '43.

AIR RAIDS

ALMOST thirty years ago, in southeastern Europe, which is often referred to as the "powder keg" of the world, the first successful air raid occurred. At this time the Balkan war was in full swing. The Greek and Serbian forces were driving back the larger and better equipped Turkish hordes on every sector. The great Turkish empire had been crumbling for the past century and, now, as the Allied armies slashed at the Pasha's crack divisions, the empire was facing complete collapse. Moreover, during the siege of Adrianople, the Bulgars, reinforced by a famous Greek Evzone division, threatened the city. However, the most important phase of this battle took place in the air. A Russian aviator from France, flying the colors of the Bulgar, staged a one-man air raid. His mission was to make observations of Turkish activities behind the city's fortifications. However, Effimoff took along a few light bombs and at an opportune moment released them on an enemy fortress. The results were insignificant in respect to casualties but panic broke out among the enemy ranks, giving the besiegers an opportunity to stage a successful offensive.

Since that day, great strides have been taken in military aviation. Nowadays, great bombing planes with huge loads release them on populated cities in every corner of the world. Respect for civilians, especially women and children, has been abandoned by the ruthless Axis militarists. Their aim is conquest at any price. They understand that retaliations by the warriors and defenders of democracy are inevitable, but this does not hinder their ruthlessness. In the last war fighting was confined, with a few slight exceptions, to the battlefield. In this war we have discovered a grim change. In fact a great proportion of the activities of warfare has occurred over and around populated cities. Great balloon barrages have been strung up about the cities; anti-aircraft batteries by the thousands have been erected; fighter squadrons have been placed in positions ready to go to the city's aid; air-raid precautions, unknown to the world before, have been taken; air-raid shelters have been constructed to protect the city's populace; on the whole, billions of dollars and superhuman energy have gone to the defense of cities from air-raids.

The people of America have finally felt the grim reality of air raids. Pearl Harbor was bombed through a dastardly attack by the Japanese on December seventh. This attack constituted the first air raid in history over American soil. America is slowly awakening to the

facts of an all-out warfare. School children, factory workers, and others are even now undergoing drills in preparation for the real thing. Therefore the people of this hemisphere now stand united to meet any eventuality with the phrase "Remember Pearl Harbor" strongly embedded in their minds.

Louis Fillios, '42.

BETWEEN END AND BEGINNING

How fast life's light-winged, carefree while has flown!
Behind us now are trifling, childish things,
And with regret and gratitude we leave
To reap what all our four years' guides have sown,
While we, like bees and drones on yellowed wings,
Swarmed humming, to flower by flower in turn to cleave,
Beneath a tender, speckless, peaceful blue,
And buzzed, with sweetness drunk and laden, home.
For now we zoom with deeper note, more grave,
Prepared at last to start a trip anew
Of faith in God, strength, confidence, not roam
Ungrateful loafers. Fearless flights we crave—
And look, and stare: The friendly sky obscured
By threatening clouds: the air hangs heavy, drawn
Ensnaring veils around the breathless trees;
The earth, in mourning over children lured
To greed's temptation, dark on field and lawn.
Whose senses are not numbed, remotely sees
The flash of lightning, hears the thunder roll,
Feels bullets hiss and pierce the thick, charged air.
Tight-nerved we wait; for now—or now—or now—
The storm may break. But ours is a young, strong soul!
The fiercest fury crushing treasures rare,
Scorching the earth, or with its deadly blow
Purpling the tender grass, had no power yet
O'er lilac-fragrance, nor o'er growth and bloom,
Nor will have while God's mandate is supreme.
Then we rush forth; and may our sun not set
Till victory is gained and to their doom
Are tyrants sent. If radiantly gleam
Our faces, it is from an internal light
That dims the fires of strife and gives us strength,
When fight for country and for freedom's done,
To raise the fallen and the wronged to right,
Make safe the sea, replant the land at length,
And in new sunshine dwell, of a bright, blessed sun.

Eva Schiffer, '42.

THE ESCAPE

HANS was at one time, when Norway was free, a lieutenant in her army. With this fact in mind, Quisling traitors to Norway kept a watchful eye on him. In spite of this fact, Hans continued to serve his country; he was one of the many saboteurs in Norway. One day while printing some pamphlets which disclosed valuable secrets about German gun emplacements on the French coast, storehouses, docks, and ammunition depots, he was warned by a friend that the Storm Troopers were after him. He was seized that very afternoon.

Meanwhile, word of his capture was carried by the underground communication system. Plans were made and agents throughout the city set out on their tasks.

As these agents rushed to aid him, Hans was being beaten mercilessly by the Nazis who were trying to extract information from him concerning the whereabouts of his friends. Soon his body could withstand no more, and he collapsed. Hans was in a very serious condition; yet these men did not want him to die until he had told them what they wanted to know. He was put into a hospital and his wounds were treated.

That night three troopers stamped noisily into the hospital and demanded to see Hans. The Quisling doctor answered like a parrot and obeyed like a dog. Hans was brought before the men and brusquely ushered out of the hospital and into a cab waiting outside.

As soon as the cab rounded a corner, the men laughed boisterously. They were Hans' friends and had tricked the Germans again. That night a little boat glided out of a hidden cove on the bleak Norwegian coast. Hans was a passenger.

Paul McCree, '44.

TO THE CLASS OF 1942

The time has come for us to say farewell,
But oh, how sad it is for us to part,
To go, and leave behind us years of work,
Of play, of study, all of these and more,
To launch ourselves upon a world of stress,
Of chaos, of destruction, and of ruin
Where men are beasts who prey on others' rights,
Not caring that there be enough for all
To live as brothers should—in peace.
It is for us, but boys and girls today,
Who are the men and women of tomorrow,
To try to bring about a saner world
And leave a fruitful land to all our heirs
As left to us by those who've gone before
To face their Judge and claim their just rewards
For holding and preserving us a nation.

Mary Ferdinand, '42.

C. H. L. S. SPOTLITE

RATIONS! Vacations!—What could be better? Perhaps you'll find the answer after reading this column.

Betty Crane and Peg Theising are seen at the Charles River Tennis Courts both day and night.—Peggy Drolette, Leon La Freniere, and Dick McCabe are the only three from Beta class to take the Math Prize exams.—A summer on a farm wouldn't do John Polimo and Herbert Cronin a bit of harm.—Mary Ellen Sullivan, Jane Hayes, and Shorty Russell had a lively week-end in the country.—Ray Fitz, Charlie Herlihy, Paul O'Rourke, Aaron Krute, George Guild, and others have been admitted to Harvard.—The G. O. P. jrs. found the game "Sardines" terrific at their recent supper dance.—Members are a bit uneasy over the matter of 47 snaps.—Richey Ernst is very bashful.—The G. A. A. formal was a success; many, including Nancy Cass, Art Thomas, Mae Mac Sorely, Dot Stratton, Emmie Lynch, Norman Bootlier, and Warren Johnson were at the Old Mill afterwards.—Marie Russell always knows her French.—Everyone is looking forward to the Senior Reception, Anne Farr especially.—When will Bill Conlan learn that spaghetti, cranberry sauce, and strawberry shortcake just won't mix. —Rollo Laines and Alex Stewart's hobbies are ornithology, herpetology and doctiology.—(Please, I take it all back)—Frank Tonkanow and Ralph Davian actually play golf—honest!!! —Now that the Chemical Prize Exam. is over George Dube can stop annoying 304 with formulas.—What's this I hear about being able to hear the proverbial pin drop during the fourth period lunch?—Joan McConnell has paid her debt in full—and I do mean full!!—Art Bloomberg's cousin from down Tennessee way, sho has a heavy drawl.—What's this I hear about Art taking five hours to do his geometry.—Eleanor Swisher made many new friends at the Worcester Excursion — mutual friendships, Swish?—Ted Edwards and Bill Vincent were seen at the Harvard Freshman Dance the other night. These boys get around.—Peggy Reynolds is the latest addition to the G. O. P. jrs.—Bill Sullivan deserves much credit for his excellent negative replies in the Durrell Debate.—Theresa Burne can really cover that first base position—She is a member of the C. H. L. S. girls' team.—That illustrious G. O. P. treasurer is having trouble finding someone who can keep "his" financial accounts in order.—The old familiar saying "What's cookin' "? has an answer now—it is "a lot of corn" (ha ha—laugh, will ya)—Teachers will certainly miss Jerry Riley's "D" work—Speaking of missing people, I feel I can strongly say we all miss YOU, Barbara ("Bobby") Nauffts.—Marilyn Rose's promenades on Brattle Street seem to be useless.—First thing you know, Hood's will be charging parking fees to Ruth Doyle, Ann Sullivan, Warren Johnson, Tommy Young, and various others that haunt the establishment after school.—Billy Larsen and Star Davin were ALMOST the stars of a play given by the Parish players of this city.—Bob Guest also was involved in a play given by the Y. W. C. A. —Gary Fitzpatrick, the ex-Melrose athlete, is an excellent sports cartoonist.—Pat Leonard is really a smooth dancer.—Speaking of dancing, Marilyn McNeil has the Rhumba down pat.—Eddy Hopstead's wallet sure got a big hole in it on the night of the G. A. A. Informal.—You ought to see the struggle Vera Buckley has with her locker sometimes! Have you heard that the Conways—Pat and Anne—prefer dancing without shoes.—Jim Bloomquist Latin's ace hurler is known as the "Parson".—Charley Daskolas answers to the name of Caesar—Paul Moody is really a smart boy—ask him.—Doris Mahoney and Helen McQuade are seen on Saturdays throwing "cream puffs"—Dot Reardon is always in company—Ginny Connors is still the blushing school girl. Mary Messinger, who has broken her ankle, is missed by her friends. —Terry Carcio is a good nomination for the best dressed freshman.—"Kate" Connors has taken a sudden interest in bowling; but John Klien is an expert in this field—Every one at the G. A. A. Informal noticed Barbara Murphy's beautiful corsage—Bob Heckman is an expert rug-cutter—Home rooms 202, 203, 201, 206, are battling it out to see which room buys the most war stamps.—Chuck Darling told the rationing board he has to drive his friends "to the factory" every morning.—Paul McCree is an honor student in French.—Eleanor Carroll still likes to hear the song "O Ma!" better than "He's Just My Bill."—Ed Randolph is going to take the summer course at Harvard—congrats to Anne Cahill who won a college scholarship.—When Messieurs Oster, Anastos, Cahill, McCabe, and Kaminsky put their heads together you can be sure that they are concocting a new theory of evolution. Why do Eleanor Regan and Joey White become hysterical with laughter during study periods?—Bucky Hooker has discovered something new has been added on Wendell Street.—Have you noticed glamorous Barbara Sheehan and her dark glasses?—Roz Kirk, Gloria Gregware and Anna Lundquist are known as the "Debs".—Art Shea has become very patriotic with his "V" for Victory hair cut.—The young man with all the personality

is none other than Artie Flink.—Ask Barbara Sheehan what size shoe she takes.—Have you heard the rumor about Anne Conway yet?—What was Dot Reardon doing the night of May 17? We all know—Anne Sullivan, senior, used to dislike sailors' uniforms. What made her change her mind?—Have you seen Emmie Lynch's new bomber?—I wonder if Dot Reardon learned the Jersey Bounce?—I hear she confused it with a string of pearls.—Do you think Marie Ryan has had enough use of her new evening gown?—I guess everybody has seen Red Mulcahy's sharp hat.—Pat Conway had a leg of chicken for lunch the other day.—It was consumed second period by Virginia Reardon, Warren Johnson, Eleanor Murphy, and Pat.—Nancy Sullivan has been sighted at all the local dances recently.—Anne Conway, Virginia Reardon, Barbara Sheehan almost came to blows the other day in the movies.—We are still wondering over what. They seem to be keeping it a secret from Anne.—Eleanor Quinn seems to be having quite a bit of trouble with her shoes lately. Maybe it's because of borrowing other peoples' shoes, so, a certain party could go to a Latin Exam feeling quite comfortable.—Why does Miss Eleanor Carroll eat so much? I am beginning to wonder if she's being starved at home.—Paul Erickson's new name is "The Doctor". We must hand it to Ray Fitz and Charlie Herlihy and the lads for the Harvard Exams.—Marion Looney's red and white dress hits you smack in the face when she passes you in the corridor.—I hear Bobbie Nauffts is working quite hard now as a stenographer in a bank.—Art Thomas is working hard after school in a defense factory.—Has everyone sent a card to Bill Hayes, who is in the hospital?—Ask Jane Hayes how she enjoyed her vacation. She'll tell you she had a wonderful time! Huh, Jane?—Eleanor Hammond had a party the other day, and everyone had fun breaking records over everyone's head.—Have you seen Nancy Farr's new go-to-meeting hat?—Anne Harney is very good about washing dishes.—Shorty Russell is quite thirsty lately. Every time I see her she's running for the bubbler.—Nancy Cass, as usual, is seen bouncing down the corridor.—Every Sunday Joe Sullivan works awfully hard in the University Theatre.—Joe MacDavitt is seen carrying a load of books from one class to another. Why don't you get a brief case, Joe?—While wandering around Harvard Square yesterday I saw Gloria Gregware raving over a very pretty dress in one of the shops.—We are just wondering when she is coming to school in it.—John Dwyer tries to get change in the school bus every morning. What's the matter, John—too much money?—Congrats to Dick Aylward on his performance in our school sports.—Well, folks, this is all until next fall—I hope you've liked our comments, congrats, and so on—as your Aunt Falter would say, "I've made my last fault(er)". Thanks for reading this and for bearing with us. For myself and for Aunt Falter, I wish you all good luck!!

Uncle Falter Pinchell,
Eugene Callender, '43.

SPORTS

CAMBRIDGE LATIN, last year's Suburban League Champions, opened the season with a victory over Waltham. Jim Bloomquist, Latin mound ace, pitched a masterful game and was never in trouble. Bill Reardon of hockey fame hit a terrific home run in the sixth inning with two men on base. Bob Heavern and Sonny Capobianco played no little part in the 10 to 5 Latin triumph.

Losing 9 to 1 going into the seventh inning, the Latin bats came to life banging out a 10 to 9 victory over a stronger Brookline team. The relief pitching of Buddie Donahue and the hitting of Sammy Zadoorian and Captain Al Toscano were the main factors in the Latin win.

Pitchers Jim Bloomquist and Bud Donahue combined to defeat Newton by the score of 7 to 5. Donahue relieved Bloomquist and rereived credit for the win. Captain Al Toscano was the big noise at the plate, collecting three hits. "Revenge is sweet", and Johnnie Murphy made up for defeats sustained as a basketball star by holding our traditional rivals, Rindge, to seven hits. Joe Agnetta, Sonny Capobianco, and Sammy Zadoorian led a 15-hit attack which netted twelve runs for the Latinites. The final score was 12 to 0.

With both teams tied for first place, Latin was defeated by Arlington 7 to 1. Latin fell apart at the seams in the eighth inning when Donohue, the pitcher, loaded the bases. A two-base error enabled Arlington to score all their runs. This loss put Latin back into second place in the league.

Curve ball artist Jim Bloomquist shut out the Watertown nine with six hits. Bill Reardon, Joe Agnetta, and Richie Ernest starred for Latin in a game that wound up 8 to 0 in our favor.

Johnnie Murphy came through with a well-pitched game to defeat the Brookline High team by the amazing score of 16 to 4. Bob Heavern, Dick Aylward, and Sammy Zadoorian were the offensive stars for Latin.

The Cantabs beat the Newtonites by the

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score of 11 to 3. Although Buddie Donahue pitched good ball for five innings, he became wild and was relieved by McLoud, who in turn was relieved by Bloomquist. Joe Agnetta and Sammy Zadoorian hit homers, while Bill Reardon collected four hits in six trips to the plate.

Jim Bloomquist, Latin star, defeated Rindge's Spud McMullin in a pitchers' duel, 2 to 1. Latin collected four hits, while Rindge collected only three hits from "Curve Ball Jim." The game was tied until the ninth inning when Dick Aylward scored Bloomquist from third with a long fly to deep center. This win marked the eighth victory in nine games for the Latinites.

Latin lost a free scoring game to Somerville, the 1941 State Champs, by the margin of five runs; the final score was 13 to 8.

The Cantabs lost to a powerful, first place, Arlington nine at Spy Pond field. Although Latin filled the bases twice, they were held to only one run. Sam Zadoorian collected two of the five Latin bingles.

Due to poor support, Latin succumbed to Waltham, 5 to 4. Although Latin outhit Waltham, miscues forced Jim Bloomquist to lose his first game. Sonny Capobianco and Bill Reardon hit well for Latin.

Cambridge Latin is in second place in the Suburban League; the credit for this fact goes to Coach "Sonny" Foley, Captain Al Toscano, and to Managers George Croucher and Caesar Dosholos. One thing very evident is the lack of support given by the students. Less than half of the students of the school bought a ticket costing ten cents, which admitted them to every one of our games. This shows some school spirit!

William Gaynor, '42.
Alex Stewart, '43.

ALUMNI NOTES

ATTENTION all members of the alumni! We're back again with more interesting news about your old classmates! C. H. L. S. can be justly proud of her graduates' enthusiastic response to Uncle Sam's call for help; we are well represented in every branch of the service. Down at Paris Island Ed Manning, '41; Walter Haley, '40; Claude Henry, '40, and Walter Garland are being trained to lick the Japs. Paul Lowry, '38, plans to enter the air corps soon. Mr. Lovett, a member of the faculty, has received a commission in the navy. Mr. Berkeley, '23, until recently a member of the faculty of Rindge, has gone to Miami as an instructor in the air corps. Serving as captain in this same branch of the service is Malcolm Derry, whom you may remember as a football star.

The first C. H. L. S. alumnus to die in action was ..... We are proud to acknowledge in these pages the patriotism of this young man, and express with confidence that his example will be an inspiration to the many other Latinites who are also in their country's service.

Joe Connelly, '40, has just received another promotion in the metallurgy department at Tech. Helen Roche, '39, was one of the May Day attendants in the exercises at Framingham Teachers' College. John Morris, '25, is chief air raid warden of New York City. Edna Hyrnewick, '38, will graduate from Simmons this year. Marie McCabe, '39, is on the Dean's List at Emmanuel. Frank Rossi, a talented alumnus who has written and produced several plays, will appear at the Cambridge Summer Theatre during the coming season. Doing graduate work at Radcliffe is Caroline Wood, '37. Jack Moynihan, '40, is working at Lever Brothers. One of the speakers in the *I Am an American Day* program was Jackie Moriorty, '40, who is still winning prizes for oratory. Martha Merrill, '37, is married and is living in the Middle West. Among the June brides who will soon be middle-aisling it are Phylis Fawcett, '38, Betty Collins, and Frances Heise, '41.

Victor Smith, '41, of the United States Navy, who was reported to be among the missing, came back to give his old friends a pleasant surprise about two weeks ago. He had some thrilling stories to tell us about his harrowing experiences. Victor will resume his duties soon. Good luck, sailor! Well, that's all the news for the present but watch for more Alumni News in the next *Review*. In the meantime, have a pleasant summer!

Anne Cahill, '42.

G. A. A. REPORT

HAIL and farewell! This is the last time I shall have the pleasure of writing the G. A. A. report. I only hope that my lucky successor will enjoy herself as much as I have.

At the time of this writing, a spirited battle is going on down in the gym. Now, now, don't get excited. I mean for the G. A. A. elections. The nominations have been polled, and the results tabulated as follows: Marjory Kelly and Pat Churchill for president; Faith Webster and Frances Bolger for vice-president; Barbara Murphy and Ruth Coleman for secretary. By the time you read this little ditty, you will undoubtedly know your next-year officers.

Did you have fun at the G. A. A. Informal? Of course you did. You could hardly help it after all the arduous work our officers went

through. In spite of not being able to publicize the dance because of the long vacation, it was a huge success. This year the informal was held at the Hotel Commander, and the music was provided by Russ Randolph's Orchestra. Although a maximum of jivin' was very much in evidence, some of the numbers were suitable to the waltzers. Most of the boys and girls, sad to say, did not enjoy themselves as thoroughly as we expected, due to their lack of knowledge where Wangdoodle was concerned. But when he, or should I say it, appeared, it was greeted with gales of laughter. *It* was a horse, but what a horse. Slightly bow-legged in the front and knock-kneed in back, its head all askew, and its tail wagging furiously, it frightened our poor patrons and patronesses out of their wits. After valiantly trying to lead a Conga, poor Wangdoodle was led off the ballroom floor by an indignant (?) arm of the law. Our patrons and patronesses, Miss McLaughlin, Miss Brown, Mr. Kelly, and Mr. and Mrs. Santoro were presented with gifts. And a highly successful evening ended with a grand march, led by Pat Dias and escort Henry Fields.

The tennis tournament is now in full swing. The cup is now in possession of Madeleine Cajolet, a senior of last year, who will battle the winner of the tournament this year, for possession of the cup.

Although it has been necessary to cancel two games with Somerville and Revere because of lack of transportation, there are two more baseball games coming up. One is with Belmont on May 22, and the other with Arlington, May 29. There will be no Class Teams this year, but instead, one Varsity team which will play these baseball games.

Thus has another season come to its end. But don't forget the G. A. A. Picnic on June 6, at Kendall Green. It's no usual picnic, either, for our officers have planned many surprises that will thrill you, chill you, or kill you. So I'll see you there!

Madeline Birmingham, '42.

EXCHANGES

Swampscotta—Swampscott High School.

In your well-balanced magazine, we especially admire the work of the Alumni editor, who presented her news in a very interesting manner. We also enjoyed your large and entertaining humour column and your literary section, which has great variety.

Ship Ahoy—Wildwood High School, New Jersey.

Commended: Your editorials and also the amusing Hall of Fame. Don't you think that an enlarged literary section would be an improvement? Your advertising staff has done a fine piece of work.

The Student's Pen—Pittsfield High School, Massachusetts.

The column entitled *It's the Style* attracted our attention immediately. We liked your Who's Who column and also June Parker's poems. Orchids to Eleanor Franck for a very attractive cover.

The Item—Dorchester High School for Girls, Massachusetts.

Congratulations for publishing such an entertaining magazine! It held our interest from cover to cover. We laughed loud and long over Jean Healey's story "Today I Am a Man-ning." Keep up the good work!

Canary and Blue—Allentown High School, Pennsylvania.

In your February issue we found many points which were worthy of praise, such as your striking cover and your well written editorials. Uncle Joey's column continues to be popular with us—also Peoria's Diary. We wish that we could see more news about school activities.

Anne Cahill, '42.

K. B. NOTES

ANOTHER year of K. B. dates is being filed away in our memory books. From the beginning of the year, the girls have taken part in many varied activities. Since October, we have had two swimming parties, a bowling party, and two formals. The first formal, as you will remember, was open to all members of the school, and, we are proud to say, was the most successful the club has ever held. The second formal, a buffet supper and dance, attended only by the members of the club and their escorts, was held on the 15th day of May at the Hotel Continental.

This year, the girls have taken an active part in charity work. Besides giving a Thanksgiving basket, they have given their time to sewing for the Red Cross and knitting for the soldiers and sailors.

Now, with only a few weeks left for school, we must plan the meeting at which the officers of the club for next year will be elected. After this meeting, the newly-elected officers will be given the K. B. oath at the home of the outgoing president.

With these pleasant memories already on file, we make room for the next few while saying "Many thanks" to Miss McElroy and Miss Buckley for their guidance and patience throughout the year.

Betty Morris, '42.

DRAMATIC CLUB NOTES

Hello Again,

I KNOW you are all wishing to hear the results of the Drama Festival held at Worcester last April. Well, here they are: Manchester High School in Connecticut won first place, with its presentation of "Pink and Patches". Revere High School won second place with the play "Dear Brutus", and Brunswick High School in Maine took third place with "A Doctor in Spite of Himself". All those of the Dramatic Club who went to Worcester had a glorious time. Clark University is certainly a grand place, and Professor Illingworth, our host, saw that there was not a dull moment during the week-end that we spent there. A banquet and formal were only two of the highlights of our visit. I know that it was a week-end in our lives which we shall never forget.

On Thursday afternoon, May 21, the Liberty Medal Prize Speaking Contest was held in the Auditorium. Those who took part, and their selections were:

The White Cliffs ..... Frances Bolger
America Is American ..... John Stokes
A Lady Is Made ..... Margaret Ford
So Long, Son ..... William Sullivan
The Meeting of Two Queens
Madeline Birmingham
With Freedom's Holy Light ..... Francis Curran
Peter Pan ..... Jean Patterson
Air Raid ..... Lester Crowley

The Glee Club, under the direction of Miss Wait, gave two vocal ensembles—"The Countess Dances", and "Old Folks at Home".

The judges were: Reverend John Louis Bonn, S.J., Mrs. Margaret Strickland Hurley, and Mr. Frederick C. Packard.

The coveted Medals were won by Madeline Birmingham and Lester Crowley. Congratulations, winners!

Well, did you have fun at the Formal? For those of you who didn't go, I just want to tell you that it was a grand success, and that Sheila O'Connell was chosen as "Belle of the Ball".

At our last meeting the Officers for next year were elected. The results were: President, Bob Guest; vice-president, M. Broussard; treasurer, Richard Flemming; secretary, Virginia McCauley; executive committee, Marjorie McArthur, Mary Alice Bigler, Gloria Gayner, Marilyn Rose and Lester Crowley.

As all good things must draw to a close, this school year is rapidly coming to an end. The Senior members, amid the hustle and bustle of Graduation plans, bid a fond farewell to the Dramatic Club, finding consolation in parting, only in the hope that they may be remembered as its future Alumni. We will never forget the assistance of Miss Hartigan, Miss O'Keefe, and Miss Canney, without whom we should never have had the Senior Drama, and all the other entertainments which we shall always remember.

The curtain closes on the last act. . . .

"Parting is such sweet sorrow . . ."

MARIE BUCKLEY, '42.

SPRING FINANCES

IN winter, when the somber gloom settles over the weary world, I feel as rich as a king. My purse is fat and bulky, my bank account wears a grin of growing contentment, and I, myself, have no way to spend money. I am content to remain by the home fireside, reading, or to stroll dreamily in the gathering snowdrifts, contemplating a cheery welcome at the home of a friend or relative. This state of ecstasy within my bosom retains its cheery composure, however, only until the very first hint of spring peeps within my vision.

The first bedraggled robin thrilling without my window-pane sets my heart to singing, and my purse to groaning. Alas for me, I find I have no control over my expenditures! I rush to plays in the fever of the moment, buy frivolous dresses and delicate shoes, gorge on ice-cream and fancy pastries, and buy unsuitable presents for long forgotten acquaintances.

I have long since discovered that there is in all matters a day of reckoning, and that finances cannot be treated with reckless indifference. By the time that spring has truly arrived, my foolish purchases are gathering dust in the darkest cupboard available, and pressing needs are looming on the horizon. No sooner does spring begin than a great jagged hole gapes at me from the very middle of my long-suffering soles. Through winter's storms and gales my raincoat remains intact, but April's first shower reveals a slit seam or a hopeless tear. Thus with exactly nothing I must buy shoes, a new raincoat, and replenish a sordid looking wardrobe.

The warm spring sunshine, the glowing flowers, the twittering birds, and the cheery smiles about me have no effect upon my general disposition, for what can remedy an empty purse? I am the only gloom of spring and the world's gravest mourner. How can my bitter experience each spring help but make of me a sadder yet wiser girl?

JUANITA ROOP, '43.

These two poems were written by members of Miss Butler's English class in imitation of the dramatic monologues of Robert Browning.

LUCREZIA

Why should I quarrel any more with you?
A look suffices when I want my way.
I'll sit with you; I'll hold your hand. The time
I give to you is slight enough, I know.
You hold it dear, poor doting, simple fool!
One word from me, and all the heat and flame
Aroused in our quarrel dies. And there's your fault.
That's why I leave you for inferior men.
That's why your faultless painting lacks a soul;
You have no violent passions in your heart.
You love me—yes, more than you prize your word;
But have you ever shown that love to me?
You hold my hand. Kiss tenderly—my brow.
And wonder why I leave you so alone.
I am a woman, fair—not old, but young;
I must have love expressed as well as thought.
The man who holds my fancy and my love,
Must kiss, caress, breathe words of fervent passion.
I want not adoration, I'm no nun,
And yet I'm wedded with a monk austere
And cold as though he loved a saint in heaven.
So, too, it is with all your works of art
Transcending Raphael and yet worth nothing.
See over there the prior of the abbey;
Sketch me his face, so holy and inspired,
Kneeling in prayer within the abbey yard.
So soon it's done! And yes, a perfect likeness,
But where's the soul—the light upon that face?
No painter's craft could make a better likeness;
No student, talentless, could miss so thoroughly
The sainted spirit of that countenance.
And so it is, and so must always be—
In love and work you have the same bad lack;
Your high ideals in love and art evade you
Because you work and love with mind alone.

JULIAN MOYNAHAN, '42.

LUCREZIA

Paint on, you faultless painter; what care I?
And were you twice the artist that you are,
Could your work rise above the Sistine frescoes,
Not perfect be, but bitter imperfection,
I should, believe me, love you none the more
Or try to comprehend a bold brush sweep,
A glaring color, meaningless to me, not more.
Besides, you love me only as a doll
That was by chance with winsome features formed
Of that same dust of which you, too, are made.
Your love is weak, a feeble offspring of
Your woman's heart. You are the helpless slave
Of that same doll you so adore, so love,
Whose pretty, cruel face, you own with pride
To copy, frame, and glorify. For shame!
Were you a man, perhaps I'd humor you.
'Tis well you are at last so just to blame
None but yourself, not me, for your own sin.
If I did call you home from France, indeed,
Why did you come? You are no man. For love?
Love can not always be with love repaid.
You want affection, only pride in you?
Must I admire what other men have praised?
You say yourself you rise not from the earth.
Had you but sent more money, you know well
I would have been content to let you be,
To climb the ladder of success material,
Though surely you could never gain the other.
Was it my fault that you betrayed your trust?
You longed for this our house as much as I
Because you knew I did. Weak, false!
Do you feel peaceful? Restless, I. You would
I stayed with you a while? Nay, then, I'll go.
My pleasant cousin waits impatiently.
You think me cruel, heartless; be it so!
Am I not cold, too, selfish, full of sin?
Would you be rid of me? Say but the word!
But no, I'll be your model yet a while
On one condition, which you know full well.
Good night, my faultless painter. Did you speak?
I heard you not. The cousin's whistle calls me
To my pleasure. Love, at last I come!

EVA SCHIFFER, '42.

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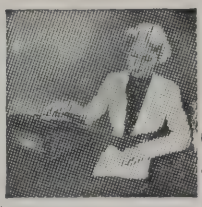

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